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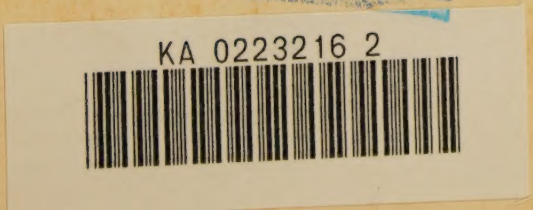

LETTERS OF

HORACE WALPOLE

MRS. PAGET TOYNBEE

HENRY FROWDE, M.A.
PUBLISHER TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD
LONDON, EDINBURGH
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Horace Walpole

from a print after Rosalba.

THE LETTERS

OF

HORACE WALPOLE

FOURTH EARL OF ORFORD

CHRONOLOGICALLY ARRANGED

AND EDITED WITH NOTES AND INDICES

BY

MRS. PAGET TOYNBEE

IN SIXTEEN VOLUMES

WITH PORTRAITS AND FACSIMILES

VOL. IV: 1756—1760

OXFORD

AT THE CLARENDON PRESS

MCMIII

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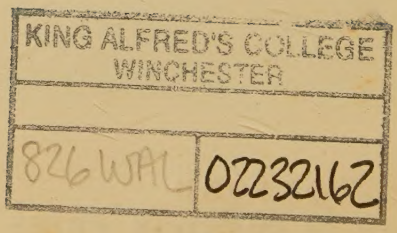

CONTENTS OF VOL. IV

	PAGES
List of Portraits	vi
List of Letters in Volume IV	vii–xii
Letters 492–720	1–457

LIST OF PORTRAITS

HORACE WALPOLE . . . . . *Frontispiece*
From print after pastel by Rosalba.

CHARLES LYTTELTON, Dean of Exeter (afterwards Bishop of Carlisle) . . . . . *To face p.* 81
From mezzotint by James Watson *after painting by* Francis Cotes.

MARIA WALPOLE, COUNTESS WALDEGRAVE (afterwards Duchess of Gloucester) . . . . . „ 254
From painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds *in possession of* Earl Waldegrave.

JAMES WALDEGRAVE, SECOND EARL WALDEGRAVE . . . . . „ 283
From painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds *in possession of* Earl Waldegrave.

LIST OF LETTERS IN VOL. IV

T			C
		1756.	
492	Oct. 14, 1756	George Montagu.	480
493	Oct. 17, 1756	Sir Horace Mann	482
494	Oct. 28, 1756	George Montagu.	483
495	Nov. 4, 1756	Sir Horace Mann	484
496	Nov. 6, 1756	George Montagu.	485
497	Nov. 13, 1756.	Sir Horace Mann	486
498	Nov. 25, 1756.	George Montagu.	487
499	Nov. 29, 1756	Sir Horace Mann	488
500	Dec. 8, 1756	Sir Horace Mann	489
501	Dec. 16, 1756	Sir Horace Mann	490
502	Dec. 23, 1756	George Montagu.	2658
503	Dec. 23, 1756	Sir Horace Mann	491
		1757.	
504	Jan. 6, 1757	Sir Horace Mann	492
505	Jan. 17, 1757	Sir Horace Mann	493
506	Jan. 30, 1757	Sir Horace Mann	494
507	Feb. 13, 1757	Sir Horace Mann	495
508	Feb. 27, 1757	John Chute	496
509	March 3, 1757	Sir Horace Mann	497
510	March 17, 1757	Sir Horace Mann	498
511	April 7, 1757	Sir Horace Mann	499
512	April 20, 1757	Sir Horace Mann	500
513	May 5, 1757	Sir Horace Mann	501
514	May 12, [1757]	George Montagu.	465
515	May 13, 1757	Hon. George Grenville	502
516	May 19, 1757	Sir Horace Mann	503
517	May 19, [1757]	George Montagu.	418
518	May 27, 1757	George Montagu.	504
519	June 1, 1757	Sir Horace Mann	505
520	June 2, 1757	George Montagu.	506
521	June 9, 1757	Sir Horace Mann	507
522	June 14, 1757.	Sir Horace Mann	508
523	June 18, [1757]	George Montagu.	472
524	June 20, 1757.	Sir Horace Mann	509
525	July 3, 1757	Sir Horace Mann	510

T			C
526	July 4, 1757	Earl of Strafford	511
527	July 12, 1757	John Chute	512
528	July 16, 1757	George Montagu	513
529	July 25, 1757	Sir Horace Mann	515
530	July 26, 1757	John Chute	516
531	Aug. 4, 1757	Sir Horace Mann	517
532	Aug. 4, 1757	Charles Lyttelton.	
533	Aug. 4, 1757	George Montagu	518
534	Aug. 6, 1757	Lord George Sackville.	
535	Aug. 14, 1757	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	519
536	Aug. 25, 1757	Lord Lyttelton	520
537	Aug. 25, 1757	George Montagu	521
538	Sept. 3, 1757	Sir Horace Mann	523
539	Sept. 8, 1757	George Montagu	524
540	Sept. 13, 1757	Lady Hervey	525
541	Sept. 29, 1757	Sir Horace Mann	526
542	Saturday [Oct. 8, 1757]	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	527
543	Oct. 11, 1757	Earl of Strafford	528
544	Oct. 12, 1757	Sir Horace Mann	529
545	Oct. 13, 1757	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	530
546	Oct. 18, 1757	George Montagu	531
547	Oct. 24, 1757	Sir Horace Mann	532
548	Nov. 20, 1757	Sir Horace Mann	533
549	[Nov.] 1757	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.	
550	Saturday [Nov. 1757]	Grosvenor Bedford	534
551	Sunday evening	George Montagu	535
552	Dec. 25, 1757	Dr. Ducarel	537
553	Tuesday night	Lady Mary Coke.	

1758.

554	Jan. 11, 1758	Sir Horace Mann	538
555	Jan. 12, 1758	Dr. Ducarel	539
556	Feb. 9, 1758	Sir Horace Mann	540
557	Feb. 10, 1758	Sir Horace Mann	541
558	Feb. 23, 1758	Sir Horace Mann	542
559	March 21, 1758	Sir Horace Mann	543
560	March 23, 1758	Charles Lyttelton.	
561	April 14, 1758	Sir Horace Mann	544
562	May 4, 1758	Dr. Birch	545
563	May 4, 1758	George Montagu	546
564	May 31, 1758	Sir Horace Mann	547
565	June 4, 1758	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	548
566	June, 1758	Dr. Ducarel	549

T			C
567	June 11, 1758 . . .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	550
568	June 16, 1758 . . .	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	551
569	June 16, 1758 . . .	Earl of Strafford . . .	552
570	June 18, 1758 . . .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	553
571	June 20, 1758 . . .	Lord Lyttelton	554
572	June 29, 1758 . . .	Sir David Dalrymple . .	555
573	June 29, 1758 . . .	John Chute	556
574	July 6, 1758 . . .	George Montagu	557
575	July 8, 1758 . . .	Dr. Birch	558
576	July 8, 1758 . . .	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	559
577	July 8, 1758 . . .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	560
578	July 15, 1758 . . .	David Hume	561
579	July 21, 1758 . . .	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	562
580	Aug. 3, 1758 . . .	Rev. Henry Zouch . . .	563
581	Aug. 12, 1758 . . .	Rev. Henry Zouch . . .	564
582	Aug. 12, 1758 . . .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	565
583	Aug. 20, 1758 . . .	George Montagu	566
584	Aug. 22, 1758 . . .	John Chute	567
585	Aug. 24, 1758 . . .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	568
586	Aug. 29, 1758 . . .	Grosvenor Bedford . . .	569
587†	Aug. 29, 1758 . . .	George Augustus Selwyn.	
588	Sept. 2, 1758 . . .	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	570
589	Sept. 8, 1758 . . .	David Mallet	571
590	Sept. 9, 1758 . . .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	572
591	Sept. 14, 1758 . . .	Rev. Henry Zouch . . .	573
592	Sept. 19, 1758 . . .	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	574
593	Sept. 22, 1758 . . .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	575
594	Oct. 3, 1758 . . .	George Montagu	576
595	Oct. 5, 1758 . . .	Rev. Henry Zouch . . .	577
596	Oct. 17, 1758 . . .	Lady Hervey	578
597	Oct. 17, 1758 . . .	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	579
598	Oct. 21, 1758 . . .	Rev. Henry Zouch . . .	580
599	Oct. 24, 1758 . . .	George Montagu	581
600	Oct. 24, 1758 . . .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	582
601	Nov. 12, 1758 . . .	Duke of Newcastle.	
602	Nov. 26, 1758 . . .	George Montagu	583
603	Nov. 27, 1758 . . .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	584
604	Dec. 9, 1758 . . .	Rev. Henry Zouch . . .	585
605	Christmas Day, 1758 .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	586
606	Dec. 26, 1758 . . .	George Montagu	587
		1759.	
607	Jan. 12, 1759 . . .	Rev. Henry Zouch . . .	588

† Now printed for the first time.

T			C
608	Jan. 18, 1759 . . .	Dr. Robertson	589
609	Jan. 19, 1759 . . .	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	590
610	[1759]	Dr. Robertson	591
611	Jan. 28, 1759 . . .	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	592
612	Feb. 1, 1759 . . .	John Chute	593
613	Feb. 2, 1759 . . .	John Chute	594
614	Feb. 3, 1759 . . .	Hon. Henry Bilson Legge.	
615	Feb. 3, 1759 . . .	Grosvenor Bedford . . .	595
616	Feb. 6, 1759 . . .	John Chute.	
617	Feb. 9, 1759 . . .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	596
618	Feb. 15, 1759 . . .	Thomas Gray	597
619	Feb. 20, 1759 . . .	Lady Hervey	598
620	Feb. 25, 1759 . . .	Sir David Dalrymple . .	599
621	March 4, 1759 . .	Dr. Robertson	600
622	March 4, 1759 . .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	601
623	March 13, 1759 . .	John Chute	602
624	March 15, 1759 . .	Rev. Henry Zouch . . .	603
625	March 25, 1759 . .	Sir David Dalrymple . .	604
626	April 11, 1759 . .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	605
627	April 26, 1759 . .	George Montagu. . . .	606
628	May 10, 1759 . . .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	607
629	Wednesday, 9th . .	Grosvenor Bedford . . .	608
630	May 14, 1759 . . .	Rev. Henry Zouch . . .	609
631	May 16, 1759 . . .	George Montagu. . . .	610
632	June 1, 1759 . . .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	611
633	June 2, 1759 . . .	George Montagu. . . .	612
634	June 5, 1759 . . .	George Augustus Selwyn.	
635	June 8, 1759 . . .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	613
636	June 12, 1759 . .	Earl of Strafford. . . .	614
637	June 22, 1759 . .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	615
638	June 23, 1759 . .	George Montagu. . . .	616
639	July 8, 1759 . . .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	617
640	July 11, 1759 . . .	Sir David Dalrymple . .	618
641	July 17, 1759 . . .	George Montagu. . . .	619
642	July 26, 1759 . . .	George Montagu. . . .	620
643	Aug. 1, 1759 . . .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	621
644	Aug. 8, 1759 . . .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	622
645	Aug. 9, 1759 . . .	George Montagu. . . .	623
646	Aug. 9, 1759 . . .	Earl of Strafford. . . .	624
646*	Thursday night, 10 o'clock [Aug. 9]	George Augustus Selwyn.	
647†	Aug. 14, 1759. . .	George Augustus Selwyn.	

† Now printed for the first time.

T			C
648	Aug. 14, 1759. . .	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	625
649	Aug. 29, 1759. . .	Sir Horace Mann	626
649*	Aug. 29, 1759. . .	George Augustus Selwyn.	
650	Sept. 13, 1759. . .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	627
651	Sept. 13, 1759. . .	Earl of Strafford. . . .	628
652	Sept. 13, 1759 . .	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	629
653	Oct. 11, 1759 . . .	George Montagu. . . .	630
654	Oct. 14, 1759 . . .	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	631
655	Oct. 16, 1759 . . .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	632
656	Oct. 18, 1759 . . .	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	633
657	Oct. 19, 1759 . . .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	634
658	Oct. 21, 1759 . . .	George Montagu. . . .	635
659	Oct. 30, 1759 . . .	Earl of Strafford. . . .	636
660	Nov. 3, 1759 . . .	Lady Hervey	637
661	Nov. 8, 1759 . . .	George Montagu. . . .	638
662	Nov. 16, 1759 . . .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	639
663	Nov. 17, 1759. . .	George Montagu. . . .	640
664	Nov. 19, 1759. . .	William Pitt	641
665	Nov. 30 of the Great Year	Sir Horace Mann . . .	642
666	Dec. 13, 1759 . . .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	643
667	Dec. 23, 1759 . . .	George Montagu. . . .	644
668	Dec. 23, 1759 . . .	Rev. Henry Zouch . . .	645
669	Dec. 27, 1759 . . .	Lady Mary Coke.	
670	Dec. 29, 1759 . . .	Countess of Ailesbury.	

1760.

671	Jan. 12, 1760 . . .	Lady Hervey	647
672	Jan. 14, 1760 . . .	George Montagu. . . .	648
673	Jan. 20, 1760 . . .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	649
674	Jan. 28, 1760 . . .	George Montagu. . . .	650
675	Feb. 3, 1760 . . .	Sir David Dalrymple . .	651
676	Feb. 3, 1760 . . .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	652
677	Feb. 4, 1760 . . .	Rev. Henry Zouch . . .	653
678	Feb. 19, 1760 . . .	Lady Mary Coke.	
679	Feb. 28, 1760 . . .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	654
680	March 4, 1760 . .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	655
681	March 26, 1760 . .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	656
682	March 27, 1760 . .	George Montagu. . . .	657
683	April 4, 1760 . . .	Sir David Dalrymple . .	658
684	April 19, 1760 . .	George Montagu. . . .	659
685	April 20, 1760 . .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	660
686	April 29, 1760 . .		

T			C
687	May 3, 1760	Rev. Henry Zouch	661
688	May 6, 1760	George Montagu.	662
689	May 7, 1760	Sir Horace Mann	663
690	May 15, 1760	Sir David Dalrymple	664
691	May 24, 1760	Sir Horace Mann	665
692	June 7, 1760	Earl of Strafford.	666
693	June 20, 1760.	Sir Horace Mann	667
694	June 20, 1760.	Sir David Dalrymple	668
695	June 21, 1760.	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	669
696	June 28, 1760.	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	670
697	July 4, 1760	George Montagu.	671
698	July 7, 1760	Sir Horace Mann	672
699	July 10, 1760	George Montagu.	674
700	July 19, 1760	George Montagu.	673
701	Aug. 1, 1760	Sir Horace Mann	675
702	Aug. 7, 1760	Earl of Strafford.	676
703	Aug. 7, 1760	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	677
704	Aug. 12, 1760.	George Montagu.	678
705	Aug. 23, 1760.	Countess of Ailesbury	679
706	Aug. 28, 1760.	Sir Horace Mann	680
707	Sept. 1, 1760	George Montagu.	681
708	Sept. 4, 1760	Earl of Strafford.	682
709	Sept. 19, 1760.	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	683
710	Oct. 2, 1760	George Montagu.	685
711	Oct. 5, 1760	Sir Horace Mann	686
712	Oct. 14, 1760	George Montagu.	687
713	Oct. 26, 1760	George Montagu.	688
714	Oct. 26, 1760	Earl of Strafford.	689
715	Oct. 28, [1760]	George Montagu.	690
716	Oct. 28, 1760	Sir Horace Mann	691
717	Oct. 31, 1760	George Montagu.	692
718	Nov. 1, 1760	Sir Horace Mann	693
719	Nov. 4, 1760	George Montagu.	694
720	Nov. 13, 1760.	George Montagu.	695

ERRATUM.

By an oversight Letter 629 (No. 608 in Cunningham's edition, addressed to Grosvenor Bedford, dated 'Wednesday, 9th,' without mention of year) has been allowed to remain where it was placed by Cunningham, i.e. among the letters of May, 1759. The references to the Strawberry Hill Printing Press (which was set up in June, 1757) and to MacArdell's engraving after Reynolds' portrait of Horace Walpole (which is dated 1757) show that the letter must have been written during the latter half of 1757, and not in 1759.

THE LETTERS

OF

HORACE WALPOLE

492. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 14, 1756.

I shall certainly not bid for the chariot for you; do you estimate an old dowager's new machine but at ten pounds? You could scarce have valued herself at less! it is appraised here at fifty. There are no family pictures but such as you might buy at any perpe[tu]al sale, that is, there are three portraits without names. If you had offered ten pounds for a set of *Pelhams*, perhaps I should not have thought you had underprized them.

You bid me give you some account of myself; I can in very few words: I am quite alone; in the morning I view a new pond I am making for gold-fish, and stick in a few shrubs or trees, wherever I can find a space, which is very rare: in the evening I scribble a little; all this mixed with reading, that is, I can't say I read much, but I pick up a good deal of reading. The only thing I have done that can compose a paragraph, and which I think you are Whig enough to forgive me, is, that on each side of my bed I have hung the *Magna Charta*, and the Warrant for King Charles's execution, on which I have written *Major Charta*; as I believe, without the latter, the former by this time would be of very little importance. You will ask where Mr. Bentley is; confined with five sick infantas, who live in spite of the epidemic distemper, and as if they were infantas, and in bed himself with a fever and the same sore throat, though he sends me word he mends.

The King of Prussia has sent us over a victory[1]; which is very kind, as we are not likely to get any of our own—not even by the secret expedition, which you apprehend, and which I believe still less than I did the invasion.—Perhaps indeed there may be another port on the coast of France which we hope to discover, as we did one in the last war. By degrees, and somehow or other, I believe, we shall be fully acquainted with France. I saw the German letter you mention, think it very mischievous, and very well written for the purpose.

You talk of being better than you have been for many months; pray, which months were they, and what was the matter with you? Don't send me your fancies; I shall neither pity nor comfort you. You are perfectly well, and always was ever since I knew you, which is now—I won't say how long, but within this century. Thank God you have good health, and don't call it names.

John and I are just going to Garrick's, with a grove of cypresses in our hands, like the Kentish men at the Conquest. He has built a temple to his master Shakespear, and I am going to adorn the outside, since his modesty would not let me decorate it within, as I proposed, with these mottoes:

Quod spiro et placeo, si placeo, tuum est.

That I spirit have and nature,
That sense breathes in ev'ry feature,
That I please, if please I do,
Shakespear, all I owe to you.

Adieu!

Yours ever,

H. W.

LETTER 492. —[1] At Lobositz in Bohemia, where, on Oct. 1, 1756, Frederick defeated the Austrians under Marshal Brown.

493. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 17, 1756.

Lentulus[1] (I am going to tell you no old Roman tale; he is the King of Prussia's aide-de-camp) arrived yesterday, with ample confirmation of the victory in Bohemia.—Are not you glad that we have got a victory that we can at least call *Cousin*? Between six and seven thousand Austrians were killed: eight Prussian squadrons sustained the *acharnement*, which is said to have been extreme, of thirty-two squadrons of Austrians: the pursuit lasted from Friday noon till Monday morning; both our countrymen, Brown[2] and Keith[3], performed wonders—we seem to flourish much when transplanted to Germany—but Germans don't make good manure here! The Prussian King writes that both Brown and Piccolomini are too strongly intrenched to be attacked. His Majesty ran *to* this victory; not *à la* Molwitz[4]. He affirms having found in the King of Poland's cabinet ample justification of his treatment of Saxony—should not one query whether he had not those proofs in his hands antecedent to the cabinet[5]? The Dauphiness[6] is said to have flung herself at the King of France's feet and begged his protection for her father; that he promised 'qu'il le rendroit au centuple au Roi de Prusse.'

Peace is made between the courts of Kensington and Kew: Lord Bute, who had no visible employment at the

Letter 493.—[1] Lieutenant-Colonel Lentulus, a Swiss.

[2] Field-Marshal Ulysses Maximilian von Brown (1705–1757), the son of an Irish officer in the Austrian service. He was mortally wounded at the battle of Prague.

[3] Brother of the Earl Marechal. *Walpole.*—Field-Marshal Hon. James Francis Edward Keith (1696–1758), killed at the battle of Hochkirch (Oct. 14, 1758).

[4] The King of Prussia was said to have fled from his first battle, though it proved a victory. *Walpole.*

[5] He had procured copies of all Count Brühl's dispatches by bribing a secretary. *Walpole.*

[6] The second wife of the Dauphin was daughter of Augustus, King of Poland. *Walpole.*

latter, and yet whose office was certainly no *sinecure*, is to be Groom of the Stole to the Prince of Wales; which satisfies. The rest of the family will be named before the Birthday—but I don't know how, as soon as one wound is closed, another breaks out! Mr. Fox, extremely discontent at having no power, no confidence, no favour (all entirely engrossed by the old monopolist [7]), has asked leave to resign [8]. It is not yet granted. If Mr. Pitt will—or can—accept the seals, probably Mr. Fox will be indulged,—if Mr. Pitt will not, why then, it is impossible to tell you what will happen. Whatever happens on such an emergency, with the Parliament so near, with no time for considering measures, with so bad a past, and so much worse a future, there certainly is no duration or good in prospect. Unless the King of Prussia will take our affairs at home as well as abroad to nurse, I see no possible recovery for us—and you may believe, when a doctor like him is necessary, I should be full as willing to die of the distemper.

Well! and so you think we are undone!—not at all; if folly and extravagance are symptoms of a nation's being at the height of their glory, as after-observers pretend that they are forerunners of its ruin, we never were in a more flourishing situation. My Lord Rockingham [9] and my nephew Lord Orford have made a match of five hundred pounds, between five turkeys and five geese, to run from Norwich to London [10]. Don't you believe in the transmigration of souls? And are not you convinced that this

[7] The Duke of Newcastle. *Walpole.*

[8] Fox resigned on Oct. 27.

[9] Charles Wentworth, second Marquis of Rockingham. *Walpole.*

[10] 'A match has been made at Newmarket for a hundred guineas, half forfeit, between a nobleman and a gentleman in the army, to be walked from Norwich to Mile-End turnpike, between five geese and five turkies, that person to win who first brings in most cattle alive to the turnpike. Both sides have begun to train for this expedition, which is to be performed on the 10th day of December, and the following days.' (*Gent. Mag.* 1756, p. 498.)

race is between Marquis Sardanapalus and Earl Heliogabalus? And don't you pity the poor Asiatics and Italians who comforted themselves on their resurrection with their being geese and turkeys?

Here's another symptom of our glory! The Irish Speaker Mr. Ponsonby has been *reposing* himself at *Newmarket*: George Selwyn, seeing him toss about bank-bills at the hazard-table, said, 'How easily the Speaker passes the money bills!'

You, who live at Florence among vulgar vices and tame slavery, will stare at these accounts. Pray be acquainted with your own country, while it is in its lustre. In a regular monarchy the folly of the Prince gives the tone; in a downright tyranny, folly dares give itself no airs; it is in a wanton overgrown commonwealth that whim and debauchery intrigue best together. Ask me which of these governments I prefer—oh! the last—only I fear it is the least durable.

I have not yet thanked you for your letter of September 18th, with the accounts of the Genoese treaty and of the Pretender's quarrel with the Pope—it is a squabble worthy a Stuart[11]. Were he, here, as absolute as any Stuart ever wished to be, who knows with all his bigotry but he might favour us with a reformation and the downfall of the mass? The ambition of making a Duke of York vice-chancellor of holy church would be as good a reason for breaking with holy church, as Harry the Eighth's was for quarrelling with it, because it would not excuse him from going to bed to his sister after it had given him leave.

I wish I could tell you that your brother mends! indeed I don't think he does: nor do I know what to say to him; I have exhausted both arguments and entreaties, and yet if

[11] On account of the refusal of Benedict XIV to promote the Cardinal of York to an office already promised to another.

I thought either would avail, I would gladly recommence them. Adieu!

494. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Oct. 28, 1756.

Can you recommend one a First Minister, ho[1]? We want one so much, that we do not insist upon his having a character from his last place: there will be good vails.—But I forget; one ought to condole with you; the Duke of Newcastle is your cousin; and as I know by experience how much one loves one's relations, I sympathize with you! But, alas! all first ministers are mortal; and, as Sir Jonathan Swift said, crowned heads and cane heads, good heads and no heads at all, may all come to disgrace. My father, who had no capacity, and the Duke of Newcastle, who has so much, have equally experienced the mutability of this world! Well-a-day! well-a-day! his Grace is gone! He has bid adieu to courts, retires to a hermitage, and will let his beard grow as long—as his Duchess's.

And so you are surprised! and the next question you will ask will be who succeeds? Truly that used to be a question the easiest in the world to be resolved upon change of ministries. It is now the most unanswerable. I can only tell you that all the atoms are dancing, and as atoms always do, I suppose, will range themselves into the most durable system imaginable!

Beyond the past hour I know not a syllable; a good deal of the preceding hours—a volume would not contain it—and yet you will believe that I shall try whether a volume will contain it[2]. There is some notion that the Duke of Bedford and your cousin Halifax[3] are to be the Secretaries

Letter 494.—[1] The Duke of Newcastle resigned on Oct. 26.

[2] Alluding to his *Memoirs*.

[3] The new Secretaries of State were William Pitt and the Earl of Holdernesse.

of State—as Witwoud says, they will sputter at one another like roasted apples.

The Duchess of Hamilton has brought her beauty to London at the only instant when it would not make a crowd.—I believe we should scarce stare at the King of Prussia, so much are we engrossed by this ministerial ferment.

I have been this morning to see your monument; it is not put together, but the parts are admirably executed—there is a helmet that would tempt one to enlist. The inscription suits wonderfully, but I have overruled the gold letters, which not only are not lasting, but would not do at all, as they are to be cut in statuary marble. I have given him the arms, which certainly should be in colours, but a shield for your sister's would be barbarous tautology. You see how arbitrary I am, as you gave me leave to be.

Adieu! Yours ever,

H. W.

495. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Nov. 4, 1756.

I DESIRED your brother last week to tell you that it was in vain for me to write while everything was in such confusion. The chaos is just as far from being dispersed now; I only write to tell you what has been its motions. One of the Popes, I think, said soon after his accession, he did not think it had been so easy to govern. What would he have thought of such a nation as this, engaged in a formidable war, without any government at all, literally, for above a fortnight! The foreign ministers have not attempted to transact any business since yesterday fortnight. For God's sake, what do other countries say of us?—but hear the progress of our interministerium.

When Mr. Fox had declared his determination of resign-

ing, great offers were sent to Mr. Pitt; his demands were much greater, accompanied with a total exclusion of the Duke of Newcastle. Some of the latter's friends would have persuaded him, as the House of Commons is at his devotion, to have undertaken the government against both Pitt and Fox; but fears preponderated. Yesterday se'nnight his Grace declared his resolution of retiring, with all that satisfaction of mind which must attend a man whom not one man of sense will trust any longer. The King sent for Mr. Fox, and bid him try if Mr. Pitt would join him. The latter, without any hesitation, refused. In this perplexity the King ordered the Duke of Devonshire to try to compose some ministry for him, and sent him to Pitt, to try to accommodate with Fox. Pitt, with a list of terms a little modified, was ready to engage, but on condition that Fox should have no employment in the cabinet. Upon this plan negotiations have been carrying on for this week. Mr. Pitt and Mr. Legge, whose whole party consists of from twelve to sixteen persons, exclusive of Leicester House (of that presently), concluded they were entering on the government as Secretary of State and Chancellor of the Exchequer; but there is so great unwillingness to give it up totally into their hands, that all manner of expedients have been projected to get rid of their proposals, or to limit their power. Thus the case stands at this instant: the Parliament has been put off for a fortnight, to gain time; the Lord knows whether that will suffice to bring on any sort of temper! In the meantime the government stands still; pray Heaven the war may too! You will wonder how fifteen or sixteen persons can be of such importance. In the first place, their importance has been conferred on them, and has been notified to the nation by these concessions and messages; next, Minorca is gone; Oswego[1] gone;

LETTER 495.—[1] Oswego was captured by Montcalm on August 14, 1756.

the nation is in a ferment; some very great indiscretions in delivering a Hanoverian soldier from prison by a warrant from the Secretary of State have raised great difficulties; instructions from counties, boroughs, especially from the City of London, in the style of 1641, and really in the spirit of 1715[2] and 1745, have raised a great flame; and lastly, the countenance of Leicester House, which Mr. Pitt is supposed to have, and which Mr. Legge thinks he has, all these tell Pitt that he may command such numbers without doors as may make the majorities within the House tremble.

Leicester House is by some thought inclined to more pacific measures. Lord Bute's being established Groom of the Stole has satisfied. They seem more occupied in disobliging all their new court than in disturbing the King's. Lord Huntingdon, the new Master of the Horse to the Prince, and Lord Pembroke, one of his Lords, have not been spoken to. Alas! if the present storms should blow over, what seeds for new! You must guess at the sense of this paragraph, which it is difficult, at least improper, to explain to you; though you could not go into a coffee-house here where it would not be interpreted to you. One would think all those little politicians had been reading the memoirs of the minority of Louis XIV.

There has been another great difficulty: the season obliging all camps to break up, the poor Hanoverians have been forced to continue soaking in theirs. The country magistrates have been advised that they are not obliged by law to billet foreigners on public-houses, and have refused. Transports were yesterday ordered to carry away the Hanoverians! There are eight thousand men taken from America! for I am sure we can spare none from hence. The negligence and dilatoriness of the ministers at home, the wickedness of our West Indian governors,

[2] Meaning that the Jacobites excited the clamour. *Walpole.*

and the little-minded quarrels of the regulars and irregular forces, have reduced our affairs in that part of the world to a most deplorable state. Oswego, of ten times more importance[3] even than Minorca, is so annihilated that we cannot learn the particulars.

My dear Sir, what a present and future picture have I given you! The details are infinite, and what I have neither time, nor, for many reasons, the imprudence to send by the post: your good sense will but too well lead you to develop them. The crisis is most melancholy and alarming. I remember two or three years ago I wished for more active times, and for events to furnish our correspondence. I think I could write you a letter almost as big as my Lord Clarendon's *History*. What a bold man is he who shall undertake the administration! How much shall we be obliged to him! How mad is he, whoever is ambitious of it! Adieu!

P.S. Mention the receipt of this, and of what letters of mine you have had lately.

496. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Nov. 6, 1756.

After an interministerium of seventeen days, Mr. Pitt has this morning accepted the government as Secretary of State; the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Fox being both excluded. The Duke of Devonshire is to be at the head of the Treasury; the Chancellor[1] retires, the seals to be in commission. Remnants of both administrations must be preserved, as Mr. Pitt has not wherewithal to fill a quarter of their employments.—Did you ever expect to see a time

[3] The destruction of the English post at Oswego ensured to France the command of Lake Ontario, and communication with the West.

Letter 496.—[1] The Earl of Hardwicke.

when he would not have cousins enough? It will take some days to adjust all that is to follow. You see that, unless Mr. Pitt joins with either Fox or Newcastle, his ministry cannot last six months; I would bet that the *lightness* of the latter emerged first. George Selwyn, hearing some people at Arthur's t'other night lamenting the distracted state of the country, joined in the discourse with the whites of his eyes and his prim mouth, and fetching a sigh, said, 'Yes, to be sure it is terrible! There is the Duke of Newcastle's faction, and there is Fox's faction, and there is Leicester House! between two factions and one faction we are torn to pieces!'

Thank you for your Exchequer-ward wishes for me, but I am apt to think that I have enough from thence already—don't think my horns and hoofs are growing, when I profess indifference to my interest.—Disinterestedness is no merit in me; it happens to be my passion. It certainly is not impossible that your two young lords may appear in the new system. Mr. Williams is just come from his niece, Lady North's[2], and commends her husband exceedingly. He tells me that the plump Countess[3] is in terrors lest Lord Coventry should get a divorce from his wife, and Lord Bolingbroke should marry her—'tis a well imagined panic!

Mr. Mann, I trust, does not grow worse; I wish I could think he mended. Mr. B.[4] is sitting in his chimney corner literally with five girls; I expect him to meet me to-morrow at Strawberry.

As no provision is made for the great Cû[5] in this new arrangement, is it impossible but he may pout a little?

[2] Anne (d. 1797), daughter and heiress of George Speke, of White Lackington, Somerset; m. (1756) Frederick North, Lord North, afterwards second Earl of Guildford.

[3] The Countess of Guilford, stepmother of Lord North, and aunt of Lord Bolingbroke.

[4] Mr. Bentley.

[5] The Earl of Halifax.

My best compliments to your brothers and sisters. Adieu! Will this find you at Greatworth!

Yours ever,
H. W.

497. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Nov. 13, 1756.

Your brother has told you that Mr. Pitt accepts your Southern Province[1], yielding to leave Lord Holderness in the Northern. I don't know what calm you at this distance may suppose this will produce; I should think little; for though the Duke of Newcastle resigned on Thursday, and Mr. Fox resigns to-day, the chief friends of each remain in place; and Mr. Pitt accedes with so little strength, that his success seems very precarious. If he Hanoverizes, or checks any inquiries, he loses his popularity, and falls that way; if he humours the present rage of the people, he provokes two powerful factions. His only chance seems to depend on joining with the Duke of Newcastle, who is most offended with Fox: but after Pitt's personal exclusion of his Grace, and considering Pitt's small force, it may not be easy for him to be accepted there. I foresee nothing but confusion: the new system is composed of such discordant parts that it can produce no harmony. Though the Duke of Newcastle, the Chancellor[2], Lord Anson[3], and Fox quit, yet scarce one of their friends is discarded. The very cement seems disjunctive; I mean the Duke of Devonshire[4], who takes the Treasury. If he acts cordially, he disobliges his intimate friend Mr. Fox; if he does not, he offends Pitt. These little reasonings will give you light, though very insufficient for giving you a clear idea of the most perplexed and com-

Letter 497.—[1] As Secretary of State.

[2] Lord Hardwicke. *Walpole.*

[3] First Lord of the Admiralty.

[4] William Cavendish, fourth Duke of Devonshire. *Walpole.*

plicate situation that ever was. Mr. Legge returns to be Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Sir George Lyttelton is indemnified with a peerage. The Duke of Newcastle has got his dukedom entailed on Lord Lincoln[5]. The seals are to be in commission, if not given to a Lord Keeper. Your friend Mr. Dodington[6] is out again for about the hundred and fiftieth time. The rest of the list is pretty near settled; you shall have it as soon as it takes place. I should tell you that Lord Temple is First Lord of the Admiralty.

Being much too busy to attend to such trifles as a war and America, we know mighty little of either. The massacre at Oswego happily proves a romance: part of the two regiments that were made prisoners there are actually arrived at Plymouth, the provisions at Quebec being too scanty to admit additional numbers. The King of Prussia is gone into winter quarters, but disposed in immediate readiness. One hears that he has assured us, that if we will keep our fleet in good order, he will find employment for the rest of our enemies. Two days ago, in the midst of all the ferment at court, Coloredo, the Austrian minister, abruptly demanded an audience, in which he demanded our quotas: I suppose the King told him that whenever he should have a ministry again, he would consult them. I will tell you my comment on this: the Empress-Queen, who is scrupulous on the ceremonial of mischief, though she so easily passes over the reality and ingratitude, proposes, I imagine, on a refusal which she deserves and has drawn upon her, to think herself justified in assisting France in some attempts on us from the coast of Flanders. I have received yours of October 23rd, and am glad the English

[5] Henry Clinton, Earl of Lincoln, nephew of the Duke of Newcastle, and married to his cousin, eldest daughter and co-heiress of Mr. Henry Pelham, the Duke's brother. *Walpole.*

[6] George Bubb Dodington, cr. Lord Melcombe in the following reign. *Walpole.*—He was Treasurer of the Navy.

showed a proper disregard of Richcourt[7]. Thank you a thousand times for your goodness to Mr. and Mrs. Dick: it obliges me exceedingly, and I am sure will be most grateful to Lady Henry Beauclerc.

I don't know what to answer to that part about your brother: you think and argue exactly as I have done; would I had not found it in vain! but, my dear child, you and I have never been married, and are sad judges! As to your elder brother's interposition, I wish he had tenderness enough to make him arbitrary! I beg your pardon, but he is fitter to marry your sister than to govern her. Your brother Gal certainly looks better; yet I think of him just as you do, and by no means trust to so fallacious a distemper. Indeed I tease him to death to take a resolution, but to no purpose! In short, my dear Sir, they are melancholy words, but I can neither flatter you publicly nor privately; England is undone, and your brother is not to be persuaded. Yet I hope the former will not be quite given up, and I shall certainly neglect nothing possible with regard to the latter. Adieu!

498. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Nov. 25, 1756.

You must tell me what or whose the verses are, that you demand; I know of none. I could send you reams of *Tests, Con-tests*[1], and such stupid papers, and bushels of more stupid cards. I know of nothing good; nor of any news, but that the committee of creations is not closed yet. Mr. O'Brien was yesterday created Irish Earl of Thomond.

Mr. Pitt is to be wrapped up in flannel, and brought

[7] The English in Florence had been pointedly neglected by Richcourt; they therefore refrained from attending his levee. (See *Mann and Manners*, vol. i. p. 393.)

Letter 498. — [1] Weekly papers, written for and against Henry Fox.

to town to-morrow to see King George the Second; and I believe, to dissolve the new ministry, rather than to cement it. Mr. Fox has commenced hostilities, and has stolen the borough of Stockbridge from under Dr. Hay, one of the new Admiralty; this enrages extremely the new ministers, who, have[2] neither members nor boroughs enough, will probably recur to their only resource, popularity.

I am exceedingly obliged to the Colonel, but is that new? to whom am I so much obliged? I will not trouble him with any commissions; the little money I have I am learning to save: the times give one a hint that one may have occasion for it.

I beg my best compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Wetenhall, and Mr. John Montagu[3]. Don't you wish me joy of my Lord Hertford's having the Garter? It makes me very happy. Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. W.

499. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Nov. 29, 1756.

No material event has yet happened under the new administration; indeed it has scarce happened itself: your new master, Mr. Pitt, has been confined in the country with the gout, and came to town but within these two days. The world, who love to descry policy in everything, and who have always loved to find it in Mr. Pitt's illnesses, were persuaded that his success was not perfect enough, and that he even hesitated whether he should *consummate*. He is still so lame that he cannot go to court—to be sure the King must go to him! He takes the seals on Saturday; the Parliament meets on Thursday, but will adjourn for

[2] So in MS.; *read* 'having.'

[3] Montagu's younger brother.

about ten days for the re-elections. The new ministers are so little provided with interest in boroughs, that it is almost an administration out of Parliament. Mr. Fox has already attacked their seats, and has undermined Dr. Hay, one of the new Admiralty, in Stockbridge: this angers extremely. The Duke of Newcastle is already hanging out a white flag to Pitt; but there is so little disposition in that quarter to treat, that they have employed one Evans, a lawyer, to draw up articles of impeachment against Lord Anson. On the other hand they show great tenderness to Byng, who has certainly been most inhumanly and spitefully treated by Anson. Byng's trial is not yet appointed. Lord Effingham, Cornwallis, and Stuart are arrived, and are to have their conduct examined this day se'nnight by three general officers. In the meantime the King, of his own motion, has given a red riband and an Irish barony to old Blakeney, who has been at court in a hackney-coach with a foot soldier behind it. As he has not only lost his government, but as he was bedrid while it was losing, these honours are a little ridiculed: we have too many governors that will expect titles, if losses are pretensions! Mr. O'Brien is made Earl of Thomond[1]: my Lady Townshend[2] rejoices; she says he has family enough to re-establish the dignity of the Irish peerage, to which of late nothing but brewers and poulterers have been raised; that she expected every day to receive a bill from her fishmonger, signed Lord Mount-shrimp!

I promised you a list of the changes when they should be complete. They are very conveniently ready to fill the rest of my letter.

LETTER 499.—[1] Percy Windham Obrien, second son of Sir William Windham by a daughter of Charles, Duke of Somerset. The Earl of Thomond, who had married another daughter, left his estate to this Mr. Windham, his wife's nephew, on condition of his taking the name of Obrien. *Walpole.*

[2] Ethelreda Harrison, mother of George, Lord Townshend, and the famous Charles Townshend. She was a celebrated wit. *Walpole.*

			In the room of
Duke of Devonshire,			Duke of Newcastle.
Treasury.	†Mr. Legge,	Chanc. of Exchequer,	*Sir G. Lyttelton, a Peer.
	*Mr. Nugent,	Of the Old Treasury.	
	Lord Duncannon,		Mr. Furnese, dead.
	†Mr. J. Grenville,		*Mr. O'Brien, Irish Earl.
Mr. W. Pitt,		Secretary of State,	Mr. Fox.
Lord Buckingham,		Lord of Bedchamber,	Lord Fitzwilliam, dead.
¶Mr. Edgcumbe,		Comptroller of Household,	Lord Buckingham [3].
¶Lord Berkeley of Stratton,		Captain of Pensioners,	Late Lord Buckingham.
¶Lord Bateman,		Treasurer of Household,	Lord Berkeley.
†Mr. G. Grenville,		Treasurer of the Navy,	¶Mr. Dodington.
†Mr. Potter,		Joint Paymaster,	*Lord Darlington.
†Mr. Martin,		Secretary of Treasury,	*Mr. West.
†Sir R. Lyttelton,		Master of Jewel Office,	*Lord Breadalbane [4].
*Lord Breadalbane,		Justice in Eyre,	*Lord Sandys.
*Lord Sandys,		Speaker of House of Lords,	*Lord Chancellor.
Lord Ch. Jus. Willes, †Judge Wilmot [5], Baron Smyth [6],		Commissioners of the Great Seal,	Lord Chancellor.
Admiralty.	†Lord Temple, Admiral Boscawen, before.		*Lord Anson.
	†Admiral West,		*Admiral Rowley.
	†Dr. Hay,		Lord Duncannon.
	†Mr. Elliott,		¶Lord Bateman.
	†Mr. Hunter,		Lord Hyde.
	†John Pitt,		¶Mr. Edgcumbe.

But John Pitt is to resign again, and be made Paymaster of the Marines, to make room for Admiral Forbes [7].

†Charles Townshend,	Treasurer of the Chambers,	¶Lord Hillsborough, English Baron.	

This last is not done; as Mr. Townshend cannot be rechosen at Yarmouth, he only consents to accept, provided another borough can be found for him—this does not appear very easy.

The Duke of Newcastle has advertised in all the newspapers, that he retires without place or pension: here is a list of his disinterestedness. The reversion of his dukedom for Lord Lincoln: this is the only duchy bestowed by the

[3] John Hobart, second Earl of Buckinghamshire.

[4] John Campbell, third Earl of Breadalbane.

[5] Sir John Wilmot, Knight, Justice of the King's Bench, afterwards Chief Justice of the Common Pleas.

[6] Sir Sidney Stafford Smythe, Knight (1705–1778), Baron (afterwards Chief Baron) of the Exchequer. He was again Commissioner of the Great Seal in 1771.

[7] Vice-Admiral Hon. John Forbes (1714–1796), second son of third Earl of Granard; Lord of the Admiralty, 1756–63; Admiral of the Fleet, 1781.

present King: on my father's resignation, the new ministers did prevail to have dukedoms offered to Lord Northampton[8] and Lord Ailesbury[9]; but both declined, having no sons. Mr. Shelley[10], the Duke's nephew, has the reversion of Arundel's place: Mr. West has a great reversion for himself and his son: your little waxen friend, Tommy Pelham, has another reversion in the Customs. Jones, the Duke's favourite secretary, and nephew of the late Chancellor, has another. Not to mention the English barony for Sir George Lyttelton, and the Irish earldom for Mr. O'Brien. The Garters are given to the Duke of Devonshire, to Lord Carlisle, Lord Northumberland, and (to my great satisfaction) to Lord Hertford.

Oh! I should explain the marks: the * signifies of the Newcastle and Hardwicke faction; the † of Pitt's; the ¶ of Fox's. You will be able by these to judge a little of how strange a medley the new Government is composed! consequently, how durable!

I was with your brother this morning at Richmond; he thinks himself better; I do not think him worse; but judge by your own feelings if that is enough to content me. Pray that your brother and your country may mend a little faster; I dread the winter for him, and the summer for England! Adieu!

P.S. Since I have finished this, I received yours of November 13th, with the account of Richcourt's illness. What! you are forced to have recourse to apoplexies and deaths for revolutions! We make nothing of changing our ministers at every fall of the leaf.

[8] James Compton (1687–1754), fifth Earl of Northampton.

[9] Charles Bruce (1682–1747), third Earl of Ailesbury.

[10] John (d. 1783), eldest son of Sir John Shelley, fourth Baronet, of Maresfield, Sussex, whom he succeeded in 1771. The office was that of Clerk of the Pipe for life.

My Lord Huntingdon (who, by the way, loves you, and does you justice) has told me one or two very good *bons mots* of the Pope[11]: I have always had a great partiality for the good old man: I desire you will tell me any anecdotes or stories of him that you know: I remember some of his sayings with great humour and wit. You can never oblige me more than by anecdotes of particular people—but you are indeed always good in that and every other way.

500. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Dec. 8, 1756.

Your poor brother desires me to write to you to-day, as he is in bed and not able. He went to town last week, caught cold, and returned with a fever. He has been drinking tar-water since the middle of November, at the persuasion of your elder brother and his Richmond friends. Indeed he had gone through the whole course of drugs to no purpose. There is a great eruption to-day in most parts of his body, which they think will be of great service to him. In my own opinion, he is so weak, that I am in great apprehensions for him. He is very low-spirited, and yet thinks himself much better to-day. Your brother Ned was surprised at my being so alarmed, as they had considered this as a most fortunate crisis—but I have much difficulty in persuading myself to be so sanguine. As we have a recess for a few days, I shall stay here till Saturday, and see your brother again, and will tell you my opinion again. You see I don't deceive you: if that is any satisfaction, be assured that nobody else would give you so bad an account, as I find all his family have new hopes of him: would to God I had!

Our first day of Parliament passed off harmoniously; but

[11] Prospero Lambertini, called Benedict the Fourteenth. *Walpole.*

in the House of Lords there was an event. A clause of thanks for having sent for the Hanoverians had crept into the address of the Peers—by Mr. Fox's means, as the world thinks: Lord Temple came out of a sick bed to oppose it. Next day there was an alarm of an intention of instating the same clause in our address. Mr. Pitt went angry to court, protesting that he would not take the seals, if any such motion passed: it was sunk. Next day he accepted—and the day after, Mr. Fox, extremely disgusted with the Duke of Devonshire for preferences shown to Mr. Pitt, retired into the country. The Parliament is adjourned for the re-elections; and Mr. Pitt, who has pleased in the closet, is again laid up with the gout. We meet on Monday, when one shall be able to judge a little better of the temper of the winter. The Duke of Bedford is to be Lord Lieutenant of Ireland—no measure of peace! Not to mention his natural warmth, everybody is sensible that he is only placed[1] there to traverse Pitt.

Your brother and I are uneasy about your situation: when we are treated insolently even at Leghorn, to what are we sunk! Can Mr. Pitt or the King of Prussia find a panacea for all our disgraces? Have you seen Voltaire's epigram?

Rivaux du Vainqueur de l'Euphrate,
L'Oncle[2] *et le Neveu*[3]*;*
L'un fait la guerre en pirate,
L'autre en partie bleue[4]*.*

It is very insipid! It seems to *me*[5] as if *Uncle and Nephew* could furnish a better epigram; unless their reconciliation deadens wit. Besides, I don't believe that *the Uncle* of

LETTER 500.—[1] At the instigation of FOX. *Walpole.*
[2] George II. *Walpole.*
[3] The King of Prussia. *Walpole.*
[4] 'An accidental thieving party.' (Carlyle, *Frederick the Great*, Bk. xvii.)
[5] Mr. Walpole had had a great quarrel with his uncle Horatio. *Walpole.*

these lines means at all to be like Alexander, who never was introduced more pompously for the pitiful end of supplying a rhyme.

Is it true what we see in the Gazettes, that the Pantheon is tumbled down? Am not I a very Goth, who always thought it a dismal clumsy performance, and could never discover any beauty in a strange mass of light poured perpendicularly into a circle of obscurity? Adieu! I wish you may hope more with your elder brother, than tremble with me!

501. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Dec. 16, 1756.

It will be easier for you, I fear, to guess, than for me to describe what I have felt for these last six days! Your dear brother is still alive; it is scarce possible he should be so when you receive this. I wrote to you this day se'nnight, the day after I saw him last. On that day and Friday I received favourable messages. I went myself on Saturday, as I had promised him—how shocked I was at seeing your brother Ned and a lawyer come to the chaise: the former told me that poor Gal had desired the lawyer to settle his affairs, which were then in agitation: you may imagine I did not choose to add the tender sensations of seeing me, to what he was then feeling! I saw our doom too plainly, though your brother Ned still had hopes. Every day confirmed my fears: however, I could not bear my anxiety, and went to Richmond to-day, with as much horror as persons must go to execution, yet determined to see Gal if I found that he had expressed the least desire of it.—Alas! he has scarce had moments of sense since Sunday morning—how can I bring myself to say of so dreadful a situation, that it is my greatest consolation! But I could not support the thought of his remaining sensible of death

with all those anxious attentions about him which have composed his whole life! Oh! my dear child, what rash wretches are heroes, compared to this brother of yours! Nothing ever equalled his cool solicitude for his family and friends. What an instance am I going to repeat to you! His most unhappy life was poisoned by the dread of leaving his children and fortune to be torn to pieces by his frantic wife, whose settlements entitled her to thirds. On Friday, perceiving her alarmed by his danger, he had the amazing presence of mind and fortitude to seize that only moment of tenderness, and prevailed on her to accept a jointure. He instantly dispatched your brother Ned to London for his lawyer, and by five o'clock on Saturday, after repeated struggles of passion on her side, the whole was finished.—Dear Gal! he could not speak, but he lifted up his hands in thanks! While he had any sense, it was employed in repeated kindnesses, particularly to your brother James—he had ordered a codicil, but they have not found a sufficient interval to get it signed!

My dearest Sir, what an afflicting letter am I forced to write to you! but I flatter myself, you will bear it better from me, than from any other person: and affectionate as I know you, could I deprive you or myself of the melancholy pleasure of relating such virtues? My poorest, yet best consolation is, that, though I think his obstinacy in not going abroad, and ill management, may have hurried his end, yet nothing could have saved him; his lungs are entirely gone. But how will you be amazed at what I am going to tell you! His wretched wife is gone mad—at least your brother Ned and the physician are persuaded so—I cannot think so well of her.—I see her in so diabolic a light, that I cannot help throwing falsehood into the account—but let us never mention her more. What little more I would say, for I spare your grief rather than indulge

my own, is, that I beseech you to consider me as more and more your friend; I adored Gal, and will heap affection on that I already have for you. I feel your situation, and beg of you to manage me with no delicacy, but confide all your fears and wishes and wants to me—if I could be capable of neglecting you, write to Gal's image that will for ever live in a memory most grateful to him.

You will be little disposed or curious to hear politics; yet it must import you always to know the situation of your country, and it never was less settled. Mr. Pitt is not yet able to attend the House, therefore no inquiries are yet commenced. The only thing like business has been the affair of preparing quarters for the Hessians, who are soon to depart; but the Tories have shown such attachment to Mr. Pitt on this occasion, that it is almost become a Whig point to detain them. The breach is so much widened between Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox, and the latter is so warm, that we must expect great violences. The Duke of Newcastle's party lies quiet; one of the others must join it. The new ministers have so little weight, that they seem determined at least not to part with their popularity: the new Secretary of State[1] is to attack the other, Lord Holdernesse, on a famous letter of his sent to the mayor of Maidstone, for releasing a Hanoverian soldier committed for theft. You may judge what harmony there is!

Adieu, my dear Sir! How much I pity you, and how much you ought to pity me! Imitate your brother's firmness of mind, and bear his loss as well as you can. You have too much merit not to be sensible of his, and then it will be impossible for you to be soon comforted.

LETTER 501.—[1] Pitt. *Walpole.*

502. To George Montagu.

Dec. 23, 1756.

You, who have always cultivated rather than stifled tender sensations, will know how to feel for me, who have at last lost my dear friend Mr. Mann! not unexpectedly certainly; but I never could find that one grew indifferent to what pains, as one does to what pleases one! With all my consciousness of my having been more obliged to your brother than I could possibly deserve, I think I should have trespassed on his kindness, and have asked him to continue his favour to Mr. Mann's son and brother, if I had not known that he was good beyond doubt: it is just necessary for me as transferring my friendship to the family to tell you, that if the contrary should be insinuated, they do continue the business.

Had I anything to tell you, it would be unpardonable in me to communicate my grief to you, and neglect your entertainment, but Mr. Pitt's gout has *laid up* the nation. We adjourn to-morrow for the holidays, and have not had a single division. Mr. Pitt, Mr. Fox, France, and the King of Prussia will not leave us idle much longer. Adieu! I am most unaffectedly grieved, and most unfeignedly yours,

H. W.

503. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Dec. 23, 1756.

I know I can no more add to your concern than to my own, by giving you the last account of your dear brother, who put a period to our anxious suspense in the night between the 20th and 21st. For the last five days he had little glimmerings of amendment, that gave hopes to some

Letter 502.—Wrongly placed by C. amongst letters of 1757. (See *Academy*, May 9, 1896.)

of his friends, terror to me, who dreaded his sensibility coming to itself! When I had given up his life, I could not bear the return of his tenderness! Sure he had felt enough for his friends—yet he would have been anxious for them if he had recovered his senses. He has left your brothers Edward, James, and Foote[1], his executors; to his daughters 7500*l.* apiece, and the entail of his estate in succession—to a name I beg we may never mention, 700*l.* a year, 4000*l.* and his furniture, &c. Your brother James, a very worthy man, though you never can have two Gals, desired me to give you this account—how sad a return for the two letters I have received from you this week! Be assured, my dear Sir, that nothing could have saved his life. For your sake and my own I hurry from this dreadful subject—not for the amusement of either, or that I have anything to tell you: my letter shall be very short, for I am stabbing you with a dagger used on myself!

Mr. Pitt has not been able to return to Parliament for the gout, which has prevented our having one long day; we adjourn to-morrow for a fortnight; yet scarce to meet then for business, as a call of the House is not appointed till the 20th of January; very late indeed, were any inquiries probable: this advantage I hope will be gained, that our new Ministers will have a month's time to think on their country.

Adieu! my poor Sir! this letter was necessary for me to write—I find it as necessary to finish it.

504. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Jan. 6, 1757.

I live in dread of receiving your unhappy letters! I am sensible how many, many reasons you have to lament your

Letter 503.—[1] Mr. Foote married the second sister of Mr. Mann, as his brother, a clergyman, afterwards did the third. *Walpole.*

dear brother; yet your long absence will prevent the loss of him from leaving so sharp a sting as it would have done had you seen as much of him as I have of late years! When I wrote to you, I did not know his last instance of love to you[1]; may you never have occasion to use it!

I wish I could tell you any politics to abstract your thoughts from your concern; but just at present all political conversation centres in such a magazine of abuse, as was scarce ever paralleled. Two papers, called the *Test* and *Con-test*, appear every Saturday, the former against Mr. Pitt, the latter against Mr. Fox, which make me recollect *Fogs* and *Craftsmen* as harmless libels. The authors are not known; Dodington[2] is believed to have the chief hand in the *Test*, which is much the best, unless virulence is to bestow the laurel. He has been turned out by the opposite faction, and has a new opportunity of revenge, being just become a widower. The best part of his fortune is entailed on Lord Temple if he has no son; but I suppose he would rather marry a female hawker than not propagate children and lampoons. There is another paper, called the *Monitor*, written by one Dr. Shebbeare, who made a pious resolution of writing himself into a place or the pillory[3], but having miscarried in both views, is wreaking his resentment on the late Chancellor, who might have gratified him in either of his objects. The Parliament meets to-morrow, but as Mr. Pitt cannot yet walk, we are not likely soon to have any business. Admiral Byng's trial has been in agitation above these ten days, and is supposed an affair of length: I think the reports are rather unfavourable to him, though

LETTER 504.—[1] Mr. Gal Mann left an annuity to his brother Sir Horace, in case he were recalled from Florence. *Walpole.*

[2] George Bubb Dodington, Esq. This report was not confirmed. *Walpole.*

[3] He did write himself into a pillory before the conclusion of that reign, and into a pension at the beginning of the next, for one and the same kind of merit, writing against King William and the Revolution. *Walpole.*

I do not find that it is believed he will be capitally punished. I will tell you my sentiments, I don't know whether judicious or not: it may perhaps take a great deal of time to prove he was not a coward; I should think it would not take half an hour to prove he had behaved bravely.

Your old royal guest King Theodore is gone to the place which it is said levels kings and beggars; an unnecessary journey for him, who had already fallen from the one to the other: I think he died somewhere in the liberties of the Fleet[4].

Lord Lyttelton has received his things, and is much content with them: this leads me to trouble you with another, I hope trifling, commission; will you send me a case of the best drams for Lord Hertford, and let me know the charge?

You must take this short letter only as an instance of my attention to you; I would write, though I knew nothing to tell you.

505. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Jan. 17, 1757.

I am still, my dear Sir, waiting for your melancholy letters, not one of which has yet reached me. I am impatient to know how you bear your misfortune, though I tremble at what I shall feel from your expressing it! Except good Dr. Cocchi, what sensible friend have you at Florence to share and moderate your unhappiness?—but I will not renew it: I will hurry to tell you anything that may amuse it—and yet what is that anything? Mr. Pitt, as George Selwyn says, has again taken to his *lit de justice*; he has been once with the King, but not at the House; the day before yesterday the gout flew into his arm, and has

[4] See an account of his death, and the monument and epitaph erected for him, in Mr. W.'s *Fugitive Pieces. Walpole.*

again laid him up: I am so particular in this, because all our transactions, or rather our inactivity, hang upon the progress of his distemper. Mr. Pitt and everything else have been forgot for these five days, obscured by the news of the assassination of the King of France[1]. I don't pretend to tell you any circumstances of it, who must know them better than, at least as well as, I can; war and the sea don't contribute to dispel the clouds of lies that involve such a business. The letters of the foreign ministers, and ours from Brussels, say he has been at council; in the city he is believed dead: I hope not! We should make a bad exchange in the Dauphin. Though the King is weak and irresolute, I believe he does not want sense: weakness, bigotry, and some sense, are the properest materials for keeping alive the disturbances in that country, to which this blow, if the man was anything but a madman, will contribute. The despotic and holy stupidity[2] of the successor would quash the Parliament at once. He told his father about a year ago, that if he was king the next day, and the Pope should bid him lay down his crown, he would. They tell or make a good answer for the father, 'And if he was to bid you take the crown from *me*, would you?' We have particular cause to say masses for the father: there is invincible aversion between him and the young Pretender, whom, it is believed, nothing could make him assist. You may judge what would make the Dauphin assist him! he was one day reading the reign of Nero; he said, 'Ma foi, c'étoit le plus grand scélérat qui fut jamais; il ne lui manquoit que d'être Janséniste.' I am grieving for my favourite the Pope[3], whom we suppose dead, at

LETTER 505.—[1] On Jan. 5, 1757, Louis XV was stabbed as he was entering his carriage, by one Damiens. The wound was only a slight one.

[2] The Dauphin, son of Louis XV, had been bred a bigot, but as he by no means wanted sense, he got over the prejudices of his education, and before he died had far more liberal sentiments. *Walpole.*

[3] Prospero Lambertini, by the

least I trust he was superannuated when they drew from him the late Bull enjoining the admission of the Unigenitus on pain of damnation; a step how unlike all the amiable moderation of his life! In my last I told you the death of another monarch, for whom in our time you and I have interested ourselves, King Theodore. He had just taken the benefit of the act of insolvency, and went to the Old Bailey for that purpose: in order to it, the person applying gives up all his effects to his creditors: his Majesty was asked what effects he had? He replied nothing but the kingdom of Corsica—and it is actually registered for the benefit of the creditors. You may get it intimated to the Pretender, that if he has a mind to heap titles upon the two or three medals that he coins, he has nothing to do but to pay King Theodore's debts, and he may have very good pretensions to Corsica. As soon as Theodore was at liberty, he took a chair and went to the Portuguese minister, but did not find him at home: not having sixpence to pay, he prevailed on the chairmen to carry him to a tailor he knew in Soho, whom he prevailed upon to harbour him; but he fell sick the next day, and died in three more.

Byng's trial continues; it has gone ill for him, but mends; it is the general opinion that he will come off for some severe censure.

Bower's first part of his reply is published: he has pinned a most notorious falsehood about a Dr. Aspinwall on his enemies, which must destroy their credit, and will do him more service than what he has yet been able to prove about himself. They have published another pamphlet against his *History*[4], but so impertinent and scurrilous and malicious, that it will serve him more than his own defence: they may keep the old man's life so employed as to prevent the

name of Benedict XIV. See Mr. Walpole's inscription on his picture. *Walpole.*

[4] *The History of the Popes.*

prosecution of his work, but nothing can destroy the merit of the three volumes already published, which in every respect is the best written history I know: the language is the purest, the compilation the most judicious, and the argumentation the soundest.

The famous Miss Elizabeth Villiers Pitt[5] is in England; the only public place in which she has been seen is the Popish Chapel; her only exploit, endeavours to wreak her malice on her brother William, whose kindness to her has been excessive. She applies to all his enemies, and, as Mr. Fox told me, has even gone so far as to send a bundle of his letters to the author of the *Test*, to prove that Mr. Pitt has cheated her, as she calls it, of a hundred a year, and which only prove that he once allowed her two, and after all her wickedness still allows her one. How she must be vexed that she has no way of setting the gout more against him! Adieu! tell me if you receive all my letters.

506. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Jan. 30, 1757.

Last night I received your most melancholy letter of the 8th of this month, in which you seem to feel all or more than I apprehended. As I trust to time and the necessary avocation of your thoughts, rather than to any arguments I could use for your consolation, I choose to say as little more as possible on the subject of your loss. Your not receiving letters from your brothers as early as mine was the consequence of their desiring me to take that most unwelcome office upon me: I believe they have both written since, though your eldest brother has had a severe fit of the gout: they are both exceedingly busied in the details

[5] Sister of William Pitt, afterwards Earl of Chatham. *Walpole.*

necessarily fallen upon them. That would be no reason for their neglecting you, nor I am persuaded will they: they shall certainly want no incitements from me, who wish and will endeavour as much as possible to repair your loss, alas! how inadequately! Your brother James has found great favour from the Duke[1]. Your brother Ned, who is but just come to town from his confinement, tells me that your nephew[2] will be in vast circumstances; above an hundred thousand pounds, besides the landed estate and debts! These little details related, I had rather try to amuse you, than indulge your grief and my own; your dear brother's memory will never be separated from mine; but the way in which I shall show it, shall be in increased attention to you: he and you will make me perpetually think on both of you!

All England is again occupied with Admiral Byng; he and his friends were quite persuaded of his acquittal. The court-martial, after the trial was finished, kept the whole world in suspense for a week; after great debates and divisions amongst themselves, and dispatching messengers hither to consult lawyers whether they could not mitigate the article of war, to which a negative was returned, they pronounced this extraordinary sentence on Thursday: they condemn him to death for *negligence*, but acquit him of *disaffection* and *cowardice* (the other heads of the article), specifying the testimony of Lord Robert Bertie in his favour, and unanimously recommending him to mercy; and accompanying their sentence with a most earnest letter to the Lords of the Admiralty to intercede for his pardon,

LETTER 506.—[1] From the Duke of Cumberland, Commander-in-Chief of the army. Mr. Gal and James Mann were clothiers to many regiments. *Walpole.*

[2] Horace (d. 1814), only son of Galfridus Mann. In 1774 he acted as his uncle's proxy at the installation of the Knights of the Bath, and was himself knighted. He displayed great affection towards Sir Horace Mann, during the old age of the latter, and succeeded him as second Baronet in 1786.

saying, that finding themselves tied up from moderating the article of war[3], and not being able in conscience to pronounce that he had done all he could, they had been forced to bring him in guilty, but beg he may be spared. The discussions and differences of opinions on this sentence are incredible. The cabinet council, I believe, will be to determine whether the King shall pardon him or not: some who wish to make him the scapegoat for their own neglects, I fear, will try to complete his fate, but I should think the new administration will not be biased to blood by such interested attempts. He bore well his unexpected sentence, as he has all the outrageous indignities and cruelties heaped upon him. Last week happened an odd event, I can scarce say in his favour, as the world seems to think it the effect of the arts of some of his friends: Voltaire sent him from Switzerland an accidental letter of the Duc de Richelieu, bearing witness to the Admiral's good behaviour in the engagement. A letter of a very different cast, and of great humour, is showed about, said to be written to Admiral Boscawen from an old tar, to this effect:

Sir,—I had the honour of being at the taking of Port Mahon, for which one gentleman[4] was made a lord; I was also at the losing of Mahon, for which another gentleman[5] has been made a lord: each of those gentlemen performed but one of those services; surely I, who performed both, ought at least to be made a lieutenant. Which is all from your honour's humble servant, &c.

Did you hear that after their conquest, the French ladies wore little towers for *pompons*, and called them *des Mahonnoises*? I suppose since the attempt on the King, all their

[3] The twelfth article of war, which decrees the punishment of death for offences committed 'through cowardice, negligence, or disaffection.'

[4] Byng, Viscount Torrington. *Walpole.*—Port Mahon was captured, not by Byng, but by General, afterwards Earl, Stanhope, who took Mahon as his second title when raised to an earldom. (See *Notes and Queries*, Oct. 22, 1898.)

[5] Lord Blakeney. *Walpole.*

fashions will be *à l'assassin.* We are quite in the dark still about that history: it is one of the bad effects of living in one's own time, that one never knows the truth of it till one is dead!

Old Fontenelle is dead at last; they asked him as he was dying, 'S'il sentoit quelque mal?' He replied, 'Oui, je sens le mal d'être.' My uncle, a young creature compared to Fontenelle, is grown something between childish and mad, and raves about the melancholy situation of politics: one should think he did not much despair of his country, when at seventy-eight he could practise such dirty arts to intercept his brother's estate from his brother's grandchildren! a conclusion how unlike that of the honest good-humoured Pope! I am charmed with his *bon mot* that you sent me. Apropos! Mr. Chute has received a present of a diamond mourning ring from a cousin; he calls it *l'anello del Piscatore*[6].

Mr. Pitt is still confined, and the House of Commons little better than a coffee-house. I was diverted the other day with Père Brumoy's[7] translation of Aristophanes: the Harangueses, or female orators, who take the government upon themselves instead of their husbands, might be well applied to our politics: Lady Hester Pitt, Lady Caroline Fox, and the Duchess of Newcastle, should be the heroines of the piece; and with this advantage, that as Lysistrata is forced to put on a beard, the Duchess has one ready grown.

Sir Charles Williams is returning, on the bad success of our dealings with Russia. The French were so determined to secure the Czarina, that they chose about seven of their handsomest young men to accompany their ambassador. How unlucky for us, that Sir Charles was embroiled with Sir Edward Hussey Montagu, who could alone have out-

[6] The Pope's seal with a ring, which is called *the Fisherman's ring.* Mr. Chute, who was unmarried, meant that his cousin was *fishing* for his estate. *Walpole.*

[7] Pierre Brumoy (1688–1742), a Jesuit, author of *Le Théâtre des Grecs*, and other translations.

weighed all the seven! Sir Charles's daughter, Lady Essex, has engaged the attentions of Prince Edward, who has got his liberty; and seems extremely disposed to use it, and has great life and good-humour. She has already made a ball for him. Sir Richard Lyttelton[8] was so wise as to make her a visit, and advise her not to meddle with politics; that the Princess would conclude it was a plan laid for bringing together Prince Edward and Mr. Fox[9]! As Mr. Fox was not just the person my Lady Essex was thinking of *bringing together* with Prince Edward, she replied very cleverly, 'And my dear Sir Richard, let me advise you not to meddle with politics neither.' Adieu!

507. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Feb. 13, 1757.

I am not surprised to find you still lamenting your dear brother; but you are to blame, and perhaps I shall be so, for asking and giving any more accounts of his last hours. Indeed, after the fatal Saturday, on which I told you I was prevented seeing him by his being occupied with his lawyer, he had scarce an interval of sense—and no wonder! His lawyer has since told me, that nothing ever equalled the horrid indecencies of your sister-in-law on that day. Having yielded to the settlement for which he so earnestly begged, she was determined to make him purchase it, and in transports of passion and avarice, kept traversing his chamber from the lawyer to the bed, whispering her husband, and then telling the lawyer, who was drawing the will, 'Sir, Mr. Mann says I am to have this, I am to have that!' The lawyer at last, offended to the greatest degree, said, 'Madam, it is Mr. Mann's will I am making, not yours!'—but here

[8] Brother of George, Lord Lyttelton. *Walpole.*

[9] Sir Charles Williams was a particular friend of Mr. Fox. *Walpole.*

let me break it off; I have told you all I know, and too much. It was a very different sensation I felt, when your brother Ned told me that he had found seven thousand pounds in the stocks in your name. As Mr. Chute and I know how little it is possible for you to lay up, we conclude that this sum is amassed for you by dear Gal's industry and kindness, and by a silent way of serving you, without a possibility of his wife or any one else calling it in question.

What a dreadful catastrophe is that of Richcourt's family[1]! What a lesson for human grandeur! Florence, the scene of all his triumphs and haughtiness, is now the theatre of his misery and misfortunes!

After a fortnight of the greatest variety of opinions, Byng's fate is still in suspense. The court and the late ministry have been most bitter against him; the new Admiralty most good-natured; the King would not pardon him. They would not execute the sentence, as many lawyers are clear that it is not a legal one. At last the council has referred it to the twelve judges to give their opinion: if not a favourable one, he dies! He has had many fortunate chances; had the late Admiralty continued, one knows how little any would have availed him. Their bitterness will always be recorded against themselves: it will be difficult to persuade posterity that all the shame of last summer was the fault of Byng! Exact evidence of whose fault it was, I believe posterity will never have: the long-expected inquiries are begun, that is, some papers have been moved for, but so coldly, that it is plain George Townshend[2] and the Tories are unwilling to push researches that must necessarily reunite Newcastle and Fox. In the meantime, Mr. Pitt stays at home, and holds the House of Commons

LETTER 507.—[1] Richcourt had had a paralytic stroke, and was 'half dead and motionless,' while his daughter had lately died of small-pox. (See *Mann and Manners*, vol. i. p. 397.)

[2] Afterwards Viscount Townshend. *Walpole.*

in commendam. I do not augur very well of the ensuing summer; a detachment is going to America under a commander[3] whom a child might outwit, or terrify with a popgun! The confusions in France seem to thicken with our mismanagements: we hear of a total change in the ministry there, and of the disgrace both of Machault and D'Argenson, the chiefs of the parliamentary and ecclesiastic factions. That the King should be struck with the violence of their parties, I don't wonder: it is said, that as he went to hold the *lit de justice*, no mortal cried *Vive le Roi!* but one old woman, for which the mob knocked her down, and trampled her to death.

My uncle died yesterday was se'nnight; his death I really believe hastened by the mortification of the money vainly spent at Norwich. I neither intend to spend money, nor to die of it, but, to my mortification, am forced to stand for Lynn[4], in the room of his son[5]. The corporation still reverence my father's memory so much, that they will not bear distant relations, while he has sons living. I was reading the other day a foolish book called *L'Histoire des quatre Cicérons*: the author, who has taken Tully's son for his hero, says, he piqued himself on out-drinking Antony, his father's great enemy. Do you think I shall ever pique myself on being richer than my Lord Bath!

Prince Edward's pleasures continue to furnish conversation: he has been rather forbid by the *Signora Madre* to make himself so common; and he has been rather encouraged by his grandfather to disregard the prohibition. The other night the Duke and he were at a ball at Lady Rochford's[6]: she and Lady Essex were singing in an inner

[3] Major-General Abercrombie.

[4] Horace Walpole represented King's Lynn until his retirement from the House of Commons in 1768.

[5] Horatio Walpole, who succeeded his father as second Baron Walpole of Wolterton.

[6] Lucy Young, wife of William Henry, Earl of Rochford. *Walpole.*

chamber when the Princes entered, who insisting on a repetition of the song, my Lady Essex, instead of continuing the same, addressed herself to Prince Edward in this ballad of Lord Dorset—

> False friends I have as well as you,
> Who daily counsel me
> Fame and ambition to pursue,
> And leave off loving thee—

It won't be unamusing, I hope it will be no more than amusing, when all the Johns of Gaunt, and Clarences, and Humphrys of Gloucester, are old enough to be running about town, and furnishing histories. Adieu!

508. To John Chute.

My dear Sir, Sunday night, very late, Feb. 27, 1757.

I should certainly have been with you to-night, as I desired George Montagu to tell you, but every six hours produce such new wonders, that I do not know when I shall have a moment to see you. Will you, can you believe me, when I tell you that the four persons[1] of the court-martial whom Keppel named yesterday to the House as commissioning him to ask for the bill[2], now deny they gave him such commission, though Norris, one of them, was twice on Friday with Sir Richard Lyttelton, and once with George Grenville for the same purpose! I have done nothing but traverse the town to-night from Sir Richard Lyttelton's to the Speaker's, to Mr. Pitt's, to Mr. Fox's, to Dodington's, to Lady Hervey's, to find out and try how to defeat the evil of this, and to extract, if possible, some good from it. Alas! alas! that what I meant so well[3], should

Letter 508.—[1] Holmes, Norris, Geary, and Moore.

[2] A bill to absolve the members of the court-martial on Byng from their oath of secrecy.

[3] The motion for the bill was made by Sir Francis Dashwood on behalf of Keppel, and at the instance of

be likely only to add a fortnight to the poor man's misery! Adieu!

509. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, March 3, 1757.

I HAVE deferred writing to you till I could tell you something certain of the fate of Admiral Byng: no history was ever so extraordinary, or produced such a variety of surprising turns. In my last I told you that his sentence was referred to the twelve judges. They have made law of that of which no man else could make sense. The Admiralty immediately signed the warrant for his execution on the last of February—that is, three signed: Admiral Forbes positively refused, and would have resigned sooner. The Speaker would have had Byng expelled the House[1], but his tigers were pitiful. Sir Francis Dashwood tried to call for the court-martial's letter, but the tigers were not so tender as that came to. Some of the court-martial grew to feel as the execution advanced: the City grew impatient for it. Mr. Fox tried to represent the new ministry as compassionate, and has damaged their popularity. Three of the court-martial applied on Wednesday last to Lord Temple to renew their solicitation for mercy. Sir Francis Dashwood moved a repeal of the bloody twelfth article: the House was savage enough; yet Mr. Dodington softened them, and not one man spoke directly against mercy. They had nothing to fear: the man[2], who, of all defects, hates cowardice and avarice most, and who has some little objection to a mob in St. James's Street, has magnanimously

Horace Walpole. In consequence 'it was determined that sentence should be respited for a fortnight, till the bill could be passed, and his Majesty acquainted with what the members of the court-martial had to say.' (*Memoirs of George II*, ed. 1822, vol. ii. p. 157.)

LETTER 509.—[1] He was member for Rochester.

[2] The King. *Walpole.*

forgot all the services of the great Lord Torrington. On Thursday seven of the court-martial applied for mercy: they were rejected. On Friday a most strange event happened. I was told at the House that Captain Keppel and Admiral Norris desired a bill to absolve them from their oath of secrecy, that they might unfold something very material towards saving the prisoner's life. I was out of Parliament myself during my re-election, but I ran to Keppel; he said he had never spoken in public, and could not, but would give authority to anybody else. The Speaker was putting the question for the orders of the day, after which no motion could be made: it was Friday, the House would not sit on Saturday, the execution was fixed for Monday. I felt all this in an instant, dragged Mr. Keppel to Sir Francis Dashwood, and he on the floor before he had taken his place, called out to the Speaker, and though the orders were passed, Sir Francis was suffered to speak. The House was wondrously softened: pains were taken to prove to Mr. Keppel that he might speak, notwithstanding his oath; but he adhering to it, he had time given him till next morning to consider and consult some of his brethren who had commissioned him to desire the bill. The next day the King sent a message to our House, that he had respited Mr. Byng for a fortnight, till the bill could be passed, and he should know whether the Admiral was unjustly condemned. The bill was read twice in our House that day, and went through the committee; Mr. Keppel affirming that he had something, in his opinion, of weight to tell, and which it was material his Majesty should know, and naming four of his associates who desired to be empowered to speak. On Sunday all was confusion again, on news that the four disclaimed what Mr. Keppel had said for them. On Monday, he told the House that in one he had been mistaken; that another did not declare off, but

wished all were to be compelled to speak; and from the two others he produced a letter upholding him in what he had said. The bill passed by 153 to 23. On Tuesday it was treated very differently by the Lords. The new Chief Justice[3] and the late Chancellor[4] pleaded against Byng like little attorneys, and did all they could to stifle truth. That all was a good deal. They prevailed to have the whole court-martial at their bar. Lord Hardwicke urged for the intervention of a day, on the pretence of a trifling cause of an Irish bankruptcy then depending before the Lords, though Lord Temple showed them that some of the captains and admirals were under sailing orders for America. But Lord Hardwicke and Lord Anson were expeditious enough to do what they wanted in one night's time; for the next day, yesterday, every one of the court-martial defended their sentence, and even the three conscientious said not one syllable of their desire of the bill, which was accordingly unanimously rejected, and with great marks of contempt for the House of Commons.

This is as brief and as clear an abstract as I can give you of a most complicated affair, in which I have been a most unfortunate actor, having to my infinite grief, which I shall feel till the man is at peace, been instrumental in protracting his misery a fortnight, by what I meant as the kindest thing I could do. I never knew poor Byng enough to bow to; but the great doubtfulness of his crime and the extraordinariness of his sentence, the persecution of his enemies, who sacrifice him for their own guilt and the rage of a blinded nation, have called forth all my pity for him. His enemies triumph; but who can envy the triumph of murder?

Nothing else material has happened, but Mr. Pitt's having

[3] W. Murray, Lord Mansfield. *Walpole.*

[4] Philip Yorke, Earl of Hardwicke. *Walpole.*

moved for a German subsidy[5], which is another matter of triumph to the late ministry. He and Mr. Fox have the warmest altercations every day in the House.

We have had a few French symptoms; papers were fixed on the Exchange, with these words, 'Shoot Byng, or take care of your King;' but this storm, which Lord Anson's creatures and protectors have conjured up, may choose itself employment when Byng is dead.

I must tell you a *bon mot* of Charles Townshend; his mother said, Lady Anson looked like a *mermaid*! 'Yes, Madam,' replied he, 'she is a *mere maid*[6].'

Your last was of January 29th, in which I thank you for what you say of my commissions—sure you could not imagine that I thought you had neglected them! Adieu!

510. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, March 17, 1757.

Admiral Byng's tragedy was completed on Monday—a perfect tragedy, for there were variety of incidents, villainy, murder, and a hero! His sufferings, persecutions, aspersions, disturbances, nay, the revolutions of his fate, had not in the least unhinged his mind; his whole behaviour was natural and firm. A few days before, one of his friends standing by him, said, 'Which of us is tallest?' He replied, 'Why this ceremony? I know what it means; let the man come and measure me for my coffin.' He said, that being acquitted of cowardice, and being persuaded on the coolest reflection that he had acted for the best, and should act so again, he was not unwilling to suffer. He desired to be shot on the quarter-deck, not where common

[5] He had hitherto invariably opposed them.

[6] Lord Anson was suspected of being very unfit for a husband. *Walpole.*

malefactors are; came out at twelve, sat down in a chair, for he would not kneel, and refused to have his face covered, that his countenance might show whether he feared death; but being told that it might frighten his executioners, he submitted, gave the signal at once, received one shot through the head, another through the heart, and fell. Do cowards live or die thus? Can that man want spirit who only fears to terrify his executioners? Has the aspen Duke of Newcastle lived thus? Would my Lord Hardwicke die thus, even supposing he had nothing on his conscience?

This scene is over! what will be the next is matter of great uncertainty. The new ministers are well weary of their situation; without credit at court, without influence in the House of Commons, undermined everywhere, I believe they are too sensible not to desire to be delivered of their burthen, which those who increase yet dread to take on themselves. Mr. Pitt's health is as bad as his situation; confidence between the other factions almost impossible; yet I believe their impatience will prevail over their distrust. The nation expects a change every day, and being a nation, I believe, desires it; and being the English nation, will condemn it the moment it is made. We are trembling for Hanover[1], and the Duke is going to command the army of observation. These are the politics of the week: the diversions are balls, and the two Princes[2] frequent them; but the eldest nephew[3] remains shut up in a room, where, as desirous as they are of keeping him, I believe he is now and then incommode. The Duke of Richmond has made two balls on his approaching wedding with Lady Mary Bruce[4], Mr. Conway's daughter-in-law: it is

LETTER 510.—[1] It was threatened by an army of 80,000 French under D'Estrées.

[2] Prince Edward, afterwards Duke of York, and Prince William Henry, afterwards Duke of Gloucester.

[3] George, Prince of Wales, afterwards George III. *Walpole.*

[4] Lady Mary Bruce was only daughter of Charles, last Earl of

the perfectest match in the world; youth, beauty, riches, alliances, and all the blood of all the kings from Robert Bruce to Charles II. They are the prettiest couple in England, except the father-in-law and mother.

As I write so often to you, you must be content with shorter letters, which, however, are always as long as I can make them. *This* summer will not contract our correspondence. Adieu! my dear Sir.

511. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, April 7, 1757.

You will receive letters by this post that will surprise you; I will try to give you a comment to them; an exact explication I don't know who could give you. You will receive the orders of a new master, Lord Egremont[1]. I was going on to say that the ministry is again changed, but I cannot say *changed*, it is only dismissed—and here is another interministerium.

The King has never borne Lord Temple[2], and soon grew displeased with Mr. Pitt: on Byng's affair it came to aversion. It is now given out that both I have mentioned have personally affronted the King. On the execution[3], he would not suffer Dr. Hay of the Admiralty to be brought into Parliament, though he had lost his seat on coming into his service. During this squabble negotiations were set on foot between the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Fox, and would have been concluded if either of them would

Ailesbury, by Caroline, his third wife, daughter of General John Campbell, afterwards Duke of Argyll. Lady Ailesbury married to her second husband, Colonel Henry Seymour Conway, only brother of Francis, Earl of Hertford. *Walpole.*

Letter 511.—[1] Sir Charles Wyndham, first Earl of Egremont. *Walpole.*—He was second Earl; he succeeded his uncle, the Duke of Somerset, cr. Earl of Egremont in 1749.

[2] First Lord of the Admiralty.

[3] Of Byng, whose seat for Rochester was vacated by his death.

have risked being hanged for the other. The one most afraid broke off the treaty; need I say it was the Duke? While this was in agitation, it grew necessary for the Duke[4] to go abroad and take the command of the army of observation. He did not care to be checked there by a hostile ministry at home: his father was as unwilling to be left in their hands. The drum was beat for forces; none would list. However, the change must be made. The day before yesterday Lord Temple was dismissed, with all his Admiralty but Boscawen, who was of the former, and with an offer to Mr. Elliot to stay, which he has declined. The new admirals are Lord Winchelsea, Rowley again, Moyston, Lord Carysfort, Mr. Sandys, and young Hamilton of the Board of Trade[5]. It was hoped that this disgrace would drive Mr. Pitt and the rest of his friends to resign—for that very reason they would not. The time pressed; to-day was fixed for the Duke's departure, and for the recess of Parliament during the holidays. Mr. Pitt was dismissed, and Lord Egremont has received the seals to-day. Mr. Fox has always adhered to being only Paymaster; but the impossibility of finding a Chancellor of the Exchequer, which Lord Duplin of the Newcastle faction, and Dodington of Mr. Fox's, have refused, has, I think, forced Mr. Fox to resolve to take that post himself. However, that and everything else is unsettled, and Mr. Fox is to take nothing till the Inquiries are over. The Duke of Devonshire remains in the Treasury, declaring that it is only for a short time, and till they can fix on somebody else. The Duke of Newcastle keeps aloof, professing no connexion with Mr. Pitt; Lord Hardwicke is gone into the country for a fortnight. The stocks fall, the foreign ministers stare; Leicester House

[4] William, Duke of Cumberland. *Walpole.*

[5] The new Admiralty was actually composed as follows:—Earl of Winchilsea, Admiral Rowley, Admiral Boscawen, Gilbert Elliot, Lord Carysfort, Vice-Admiral Savage Mostyn, Hon. Edwin Sandys.

is going to be very angry, and I fear we are going into great confusion. As I wish Mr. Fox so well, I cannot but lament the indigested rashness of this measure.

Having lost three packet-boats lately, I fear I have missed a letter or two of yours: I hope this will have better fortune; for, almost unintelligible as it is, you will want even so awkward a key.

Mr. Fox was very desirous of bargaining for a peerage for Lady Caroline[6]; the King has positively refused it, but has given him the reversion for three lives of Clerk of the Pells in Ireland, which Dodington has now. Mr. Conway is made Groom of the Bedchamber to the King.

A volume on all I have told you would only perplex you more; you will have time to study what I send you now. I go to Strawberry Hill to-morrow for the holidays: and till they are over, certainly nothing more will be done. You did not expect this new confusion, just when you was preparing to tremble for the campaign. Adieu!

512. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, April 20, 1757.

You will wonder that I should so long have announced my Lord Egremont to you for a master, without his announcing himself to you—it was no fault of mine; everything here is a riddle or an absurdity. Instead of coming forth Secretary of State, he went out of town, declaring he knew nothing of the matter. On that, it was affirmed that he had refused the seals. The truth is, they have never been offered to him in form. He had been sounded, and I believe was not averse, but made excuses that were not thought invincible. As we are in profound peace with all the world, and can do without any government, it is thought

[6] Lady Caroline Fox.

proper to wait a little, till what are called the Inquiries are over; what they are, I will tell you presently. *A man*[1] who has hated and loved the Duke of Newcastle pretty heartily in the course of some years, is willing to wait, in hopes of prevailing on him to resume the seals—that Duke is the arbiter of England! Both the other parties are trying to unite with him. The King pulls him, the next reign (for you know his Grace is very young) pulls him back. Present power tempts: Mr. Fox's unpopularity terrifies—he will reconcile all by immediate duty to the King, with a salvo to the intention of betraying him to the Prince, to make his peace with the latter, as soon as he has made up with the former. Unless his Grace takes Mr. Fox by the hand, the latter is in an ugly situation—if he does, is he in a beautiful one?

Yesterday began the famous and long-expected Inquiries. The House of Commons in person undertakes to examine all the intelligence, letters, and orders, of the administration that lost Minorca. In order to this, they pass over a whole winter; then they sent for cart-loads of papers from all the offices, leaving it to the discretion of the clerks to transcribe, insert, omit, whatever they please; and without inquiring what the accused ministers had left or secreted. Before it was possible for people to examine these with any attention, supposing they were worth any, the whole House goes to work, sets the clerk to reading such bushels of letters, that the very dates fill three-and-twenty sheets of paper; he reads as fast as he can, nobody attends, everybody goes away, and to-night they determined that the whole should be read through on to-morrow and Friday, that one may have time to digest on Saturday and Sunday what one had scarce heard, cannot remember, nor is it worth the while; and then on Monday, without asking any questions, examin-

LETTER 512.—[1] The King. *Walpole.*

ing any witnesses, authority, or authenticity, the Tories are to affirm that the ministers were very negligent; the Whigs, that they were wonderfully informed, discreet, provident, and active; and Mr. Pitt and his friends are to affect great zeal for justice, are to avoid provoking the Duke of Newcastle, and are to endeavour to extract from all the nothings they have not heard, something that is to lay all the guilt at Mr. Fox's door. Now you know very exactly what the Inquiries are—and this wise nation is gaping to see the chick which their old brood hen the House of Commons will produce from an egg laid in November, neglected till April, and then hatched in a quicksand!

The Common Council have presented gold boxes with the freedom of their city to Mr. Pitt and Mr. Legge—no gracious compliment to St. James's. It is expected that the example will catch, but as yet, I hear of no imitations. Pamphlets, cards, and prints swarm again: George Townshend has published one of the latter, which is so admirable in its kind, that I cannot help sending it to you. His genius for likenesses in caricatura is astonishing—indeed, Lord Winchelsea's figure is not heightened—your friends Dodington and Lord Sandwich are like; the former made me laugh till I cried. The Hanoverian drummer, Ellis, is the least like, though it has much of his air. I need say nothing of the lump of fat[2] crowned with laurel on the altar. As Townshend's parts lie entirely in his pencil, his pen has no share in them; the labels are very dull, except the inscription on the altar, which I believe is his brother Charles's. This print, which has so diverted the town, has produced to-day a most bitter pamphlet against George Townshend, called *The Art of Political Lying.* Indeed, it is strong.

The Duke, who has taken no English with him but Lord

[2] The Duke of Cumberland. *Walpole.*

Albemarle, Lord Frederick Cavendish, Lord George Lennox, Colonel Keppel[3], Mr. West[4], and Colonel Carlton, all his own servants, was well persuaded to go by Stade[5]; there were French parties laid to intercept him on the other road.—It might have saved him an unpleasant campaign.—We have no favourable events, but that Russia, who had neither men, money, nor magazines, is much softened, and halts her troops.

The Duke of Grafton[6] still languishes: the Duke of Newcastle has so pestered him with political visits, that the physicians ordered him to be excluded: yet he forced himself into the house. The Duke's gentlemen would not admit him into the bedchamber, saying his Grace was asleep. Newcastle protested he would go in on tiptoe and only look at him—he rushed in, clattered his heels to waken him, and then fell upon the bed, kissing and hugging him. Grafton waked; 'God! what's here?'—'Only I, my dear Lord.'—Buss, buss, buss, buss!—'God! how can you be such a beast to kiss such a creature as I am, all over plasters! get along, get along!' and turned about and went to sleep. Newcastle hurries home, tells the mad Duchess that the Duke of Grafton was certainly light-headed, for he had not known him, frightens her into fits, and then was forced to send for Dr. Shaw—for this Lepidus are struggling Octavius and Anthony[7]!

I have received three letters from you, one of March 25th, one of the second of this month enclosing that which had journeyed back to you unopened. I wish it lay in my way

[3] Hon. William Keppel, brother of Lord Albemarle.

[4] Lieutenant-Colonel Hon. John West (1729–1777), eldest son of seventh Baron (afterwards first Earl) Delawarr, whom he succeeded in 1766; styled Viscount Cantelupe, 1761–66; Vice-Chamberlain to Queen Charlotte, 1761–66; Master of the Horse to the Queen, 1766–68; Lord Chamberlain to the Queen, 1768–77; Lieutenant-General, 1770.

[5] In the north of Hanover.

[6] Charles Fitzroy, second Duke of Grafton, Lord Chamberlain. *Walpole.*

[7] Pitt and Fox.

to send you early news of the destination of fleets, but I rather avoid secrets than hunt them. I must give you much the same answer with regard to Mr. Dick, whom I should be most glad to serve; but when I tell you that in the various revolutions of ministries I have seen, I have never asked a single favour for myself or any friend I have; that whatever friendships I have with the man, I avoid all connections with the minister; that I abhor courts and levee-rooms and flattery; that I have done with all parties and only sit by and smile—(you would weep)—when I tell you all this, think what my interest must be! I can better answer your desiring me to countenance your brother James, and telling me it will cost me nothing.—My God! if you don't believe my affection for you, at least believe in the adoration I have for dear Gal's memory—that, alas! cannot now be counterfeited! If ever I had a friend, if ever there was a friend, he was one to me; if ever there was love and gratitude, I have both for him—before I received your letter, James was convinced of all this—but my dear child, you let slip an expression which sure I never deserved—I will say no more of it.—Thank you for the verses on Buondelmonti[8]—I did not know he was dead—for the prayer for Richcourt, for the Pope's letter, and for the bills of lading for the liqueurs.

You will have heard all the torments exercised on that poor wretch Damien, for attempting the least bad of all murders, that of a King. They copied with a scrupulous exactness horrid precedents, and the dastardly monarch permitted them! I don't tell you any particulars, for in time of war, and at this distance, how to depend on the truth of them?

This is a very long letter, but I will not make excuses for long ones and short ones too—I fear you forgive the long ones most easily!

[8] A Florentine abbé and wit. *Walpole.*

513. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, May 5, 1757.

You may expect what you please of new ministries, and revolutions, and establishments; we are a grave people, and don't go so rashly to work—at least when we have demolished anything rashly, we take due time before we repair it. At a distance you may be impatient. We, the most concerned, wait very tranquilly to see the event of chaos. It was given out, that nothing would be settled till the Inquiries were at an end.—The world very obediently stayed for the time appointed. The Inquiries are at an end, yet nothing is in more forwardness. Foreign nations may imagine (but they must be at a great distance!) that we are so wise and upright a people, that every man performs his part, and thence everything goes on in its proper order without any government—but I fear, our case is like what astronomers tell us, that if a star was to be annihilated, it would still shine for two months. The Inquiries have been a most important and dull farce, and very fatiguing; we sat six days till past midnight. If you have received my last letter, you have already had a description of what passed just as I foresaw. Mr. Pitt broke out a little the second day, and threatened to secede, and tell the world the iniquity of the majority; but recollecting that the majority might be as useful as the world, he recomposed himself, professed meaning no personalities, swallowed all candour as fast as it was proposed to him, swallowed camels and haggled about gnats, and in a manner let the friends of the old ministry state and vote what resolutions they pleased. They were not modest, but stated away; yet on the last day of the committee, on their moving that no greater force could have been sent to the Mediterranean than was under

Byng, the triumphant majority shrank to one of seventy-eight, many absenting themselves, and many of the independent sort voting with the minority. This alarmed so much, that the predetermined vote of acquittal or approbation was forced to be dropped, and to their great astonishment the late cabinet is not thanked parliamentarily for having lost Minorca. You may judge what Mr. Pitt might have done, if he had pleased; when, though he starved his own cause, so slender an advantage was obtained against him. I retired before the vote I have mentioned; as Mr. Fox was complicated in it, I would not appear against him, and I could not range myself with a squadron who I think must be the jest of Europe and posterity.

It now remains to settle some ministry: Mr. Pitt's friends are earnest, and some of them trafficking for an union with Newcastle. He himself, I believe, maintains his dignity, and will be sued to, not sue. The Duke of Newcastle, who cannot bear to resign the last twilight of the *old sun*, would join with Fox; but the Chancellor[1], who hates him, and is alarmed at his unpopularity, and at the power of Pitt with the people, holds back. Bath, Exeter, Yarmouth, and Worcester, have followed the example of London, and sent their freedoms to Pitt and Legge: I suppose Edinburgh will, but instead of giving, will ask for a gold box in return. Here are some new epigrams on the present politics:

To the Nymph of Bath.

Mistaken Nymph, thy gifts withhold;
Pitt's virtuous soul despises gold;
Grant him thy boon peculiar, health;
He'll guard, not covet, Britain's wealth.

Letter 513.—[1] The late Chancellor, Lord Hardwicke.

ANOTHER.

The two great rivals London might content,
If what he values most to each she sent;
Ill was the franchise coupled with the box;
Give Pitt the freedom, and the gold to Fox.

ON DR. SHEBBEARE ABUSING HUME CAMPBELL FOR BEING A PROSTITUTE ADVOCATE.

'Tis below you, dear Doctor, to worry an elf,
Who you know will defend anything, but himself.

The two first are but middling, and I am bound to think the last so, as it is my own. Shebbeare is a broken Jacobite physician, who has threatened to write himself into a place or the pillory: he has just published a bitter letter to the Duke of Newcastle, which occasioned the above two lines.

The French have seized in their own name the country of Bentheim[2], a purchase of the King's, after having offered him the most insulting neutrality for Hanover, in the world; they proposed putting a garrison into the strongest post[3] he has, with twenty other concessions. We have rumours of the Prince of Bevern having beaten the Austrians considerably[4].

I believe, upon review, that this is a mighty indefinite letter; I would have waited for certainties, but not knowing how long that might be, I thought you would prefer this parenthesis of politics.

Lord Northumberland's great gallery is finished and opened; it is a sumptuous chamber, but might have been in a better taste. He is wonderfully content with his pictures, and gave me leave to repeat it to you. I rejoiced, as you had been the negotiator—as you was not the painter, you will allow me not to be so profuse of my applause.

[2] In Westphalia.
[3] Hamelen. *Walpole.*
[4] At Reichenberg in Bohemia, where, on April 21, he had defeated a superior force under Königseck.

Indeed I have yet only seen them by candle-light. Mengs's[5] School of Athens pleased me: Pompeio's[6] two are black and hard; Mazucci's Apollo, *fade* and without beauty; Costanza's piece is abominable. Adieu! till a ministry.

514. To George Montagu.

May 12th.

Don't imagine I write to you for anything but form; there is nothing like news, except the Prussian victories, which you see in the papers; by next courier we expect he will send us at least a leg or an arm of the Empress-Queen.

Our domestic politics are far from settled. The King is gone to Kensington, and when any ministry can be formed, it is to be sent after him. The Parliament draggles on, till any two of the factions can unite. I have not got my tickets yet, but will certainly reserve what you want. Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. W.

515. To the Hon. George Grenville.

Dear Sir, Arlington Street, May 13, 1757.

I flatter myself that you have goodness enough for me, to excuse the liberty I am now taking.

The ridiculous situation of this country for some months drew from me yesterday the enclosed thoughts[1], which I beg you will be so good as to run over and return.

[5] Raphael Mengs (1728–1779).

[6] Pompeio Battoni (1708–1786).

Letter 514.—Wrongly placed by C. amongst letters of 1756. (See *Notes and Queries*, Oct. 9, 1897.)

Letter 515.—[1] *A Letter from Xo Ho, a Chinese Philosopher at London, to his friend Lien Chi, at Peking.* 'This piece was written May 12, 1757, was sent to the press next day, and went through five editions in a fortnight.' (See *Works* of Lord Orford, vol. i. p. 205.)

As it certainly was my intention, so it has been my endeavour, to offend no man or set of men: it most assuredly was my desire to give no umbrage to you or your friends, and therefore I will beg you freely to tell me, if there is the least expression which can be disagreeable to you or them.

The paper is a summary of melancholy truths, but which, as my nature is rather inclined to smile, I have placed in a ridiculous light. If it should not displease your good heart, or divert Mrs. Grenville for a moment, I should be happy; but I must beg the return of the enclosed copy, as I go out of town early to-morrow.

I am, &c.,

Hor. Walpole.

516. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, May 19, 1757.

We are not yet arrived at having a ministry, but we have had two or three alarms of one. On Monday, the Duke of Devonshire, impatient for a plaything, took the Chamberlain's staff and key—these were reckoned certain prognostics; but they were only symptoms of his childishness. Yesterday it was published that Mr. Pitt's terms were so extravagant, that the Duke of Newcastle could not comply with them—and would take the whole himself—perhaps leave some little trifle for Mr. Fox—to-day all is afloat again, and all negotiations to recommence. Pitt's demands were, that his Grace should not meddle in the House of Commons, nor in the province of Secretary of State, but stick to the Treasury, and even there to be controlled by a majority of Mr. Pitt's friends—they were certainly great terms, but he has been taught not to trust to less. But it is tautology to dwell on these variations;

the enclosed[1] is an exact picture of our situation—and is perhaps the only political paper ever written, in which no man of any party can dislike or deny a single fact. I wrote it in an hour and half, and you will perceive that it must be the effect of a single thought.

We had big letters yesterday of a total victory of the King of Prussia over the Austrians[2], with their army dispersed and their general wounded and prisoner—I don't know how, but it is not confirmed yet. You must excuse the brevity of my English letter, in consideration of my Chinese one. Adieu!

Xo Ho.

517. To George Montagu.

May 19th.

It is on the stroke of eleven, and I have but time to tell you, that the King of Prussia has gained the greatest victory that ever was, except the Archangel Michael's—King Frederick has only demolished the Dragoness. He attacked her army in a strong camp on the 6th, suffered in the beginning of the action much, but took it, with all the tents, baggage, &c., &c., *two hundred and fifty* pieces of cannon, six thousand prisoners, and, they say, Prague[1] since. The Austrians have not stopped yet; if you see any man scamper by your house, you may venture to lay hold on him, though he should be a Pandour. Marshal Schwerin was killed. Good night.

Yours ever,

H. W.

Letter 516.—[1] *Letter from Xo Ho to Lien Chi. Walpole.*

[2] The battle of Prague, in which, on May 6, the King of Prussia totally defeated the Austrians under Prince Charles of Lorraine and Marshal Brown. The latter died shortly afterwards from a wound received in the battle.

Letter 517.—Wrongly placed by C. amongst letters of 1755. (See *Notes and Queries*, Oct. 9, 1897.)

[1] Prague was saved by a diversion effected by Count Daun.

518. To George Montagu.

May 27, 1757.

I have ticketed you with numbers 58321, 58322, 58323, 58324, 58325, 58326. I think you bespoke six. I do not send them by the post, unless you order it; but I have writ your name on each, lest in case of accident my executors should put them into my auction, for which you are so impatient, and then you would have to buy them over again.

I am glad you like *Xo Ho*; I think everybody does, which is strange, considering it has no merit but truth. Mrs. Clive cried out like you, 'Lord! you will be sent to the Tower!' 'Well,' said I coolly, 'my father was there before me.'

Lord Abercorn's[1] picture is extremely like: he seems by the Vandyke habit to be got back into his own times; but nothing is finished yet, except the head.

You will be diverted with a health which my Lady Irwin[2] gave at supper with the Prince t'other night—'Tis a health you will all like,' she said.—'Well! what is it?'—'The three *P's*.'—The boy coloured up to the eyes.—After keeping them in suspense some time, she named *P*itt, *P*eace, and *P*lenty. The *P*ss. has given Hume[3], the author of *Douglas*, an hundred a year. Prince and Princess Edward[4] continue to entertain themselves and Ranelagh every night.

I wish your brother and all heirs to estates joy, for old Schutz is dead, and cannot wriggle himself into any more wills.

The ministry is not yet hatched; the King of Prussia is conquering the world; Mr. Chute has some murmurs of the gout: and I am yours ever,

H. W.

Letter 518.—[1] James Hamilton, eighth Earl of Abercorn.

[2] Lady Anne Howard (d. 1764), daughter of third Earl of Carlisle; m. Richard Ingram, fifth Viscount Irvine. She was Lady in Waiting to the Princess Dowager of Wales.

[3] John Home (1722–1808).

[4] Lady Essex; see p. 34.

519. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, June 1, 1757.

After a vacancy of full two months, we are at last likely to have a ministry again—I do not promise you a very lasting one. Last Wednesday the conferences broke off between the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Pitt; the latter demanding a full restoration of his friends, with the Admiralty and a peerage for Mr. Legge, the blue riband and, I believe, Ireland for Lord Temple, and Mr. Grenville for Chancellor of the Exchequer, with stipulations that no more money should be sent this year to Germany. The last article, the Admiralty, and especially the Exchequer, were positively refused; and on Friday the Duke went to the King, and consented to be sole minister, insisting that Mr. Fox should be nothing but Paymaster, not cabinet councillor, and have no power; Sir Thomas Robinson to be again Secretary of State, and Sir George Lee Chancellor of the Exchequer. For form, he was to retire to Claremont for a few days, to take advice of his oracle, whose answer he had already dictated. Lord Hardwicke refuses the seals; says, he desires nobody should be dismissed for him; if President or Privy Seal should by any means be vacant, he will accept either, but nothing till Lord Anson is satisfied, for whom he asks Treasurer of the Navy. The Duke goes to Kensington to-morrow, when all this is to be declared—however, till it is, I shall doubt it. Lord Lincoln[1] and his principal friends are vehement against it; and indeed his Grace seems to be precipitating his own ruin. If Mr. Fox could forgive all that is past, which he by no means intends, here are new provocations added—will they invite Mr. Fox's

Letter 519.—[1] Henry Clinton, Earl of Lincoln, favourite nephew of the Duke of Newcastle, and his successor in the dukedom. *Walpole.*

support? Not to mention what unpopular German steps the Duke must take to recover the King's favour, who is now entirely Fox's; the latter is answerable for nothing, and I believe would not manage inquiries against his Grace as Mr. Pitt has—leniently. In short, I think the month of October will terminate the fortune of the house of Pelham for ever—his supporters are ridiculous; his followers will every day desert to one or other of the two Princes[2] of the blood, who head the other factions. Two parts in three of the cabinet, at least half, are attached to Mr. Fox; there the Duke will be overborne; in Parliament will be deserted. Never was a plan concerted with more weakness!

I enclose a most extraordinary print[3]. Mr. Fox has found some caricaturist equal to George Townshend, and who manages royal personages with at least as little ceremony. I have written 'Lord Lincoln' over the blue riband, because some people take it for him—likeness there is none: it is certain Lord Lincoln's mother was no whore; she never recovered the death of her husband[4]. The line that follows 'son of a whore' seems but too much connected with it; and at least the 'could say more' is not very merciful. The person of Lord Bute, not his face, is ridiculously like; Newcastle, Pitt, and Lord Temple are the very men. It came out but to-day, and shows how cordial the new union is. Since the *Ligue* against Henry III of France, there never was such intemperate freedom with

[2] The Prince of Wales, who espoused Mr. Pitt; and the Duke of Cumberland, Mr. Fox. *Walpole.*

[3] This relates to a print that made much noise, called *The Turnstile.* The uncertain figure pretended to be Lord Lincoln, but was generally thought to mean the Prince of Wales, whom it resembled; but in the second impression a little demon was inserted to imply *The Devil over Lincoln.* Yet that evasion did not efface the first idea. *Walpole.*—A grotesque over a window of one of the chapels of Lincoln Cathedral is known as 'The Devil looking over Lincoln.'

[4] Henry Clinton (1684 – 1728), seventh Earl of Lincoln; m. (1717) Hon. Lucy Pelham, daughter of first Baron Pelham.

velvet and ermine; never, I believe, where religion was not concerned.

I cannot find by the dates you send me that I have received yours of January 1 and Feb. 12, and I keep all your letters very orderly. Mine of this year to you have been of Jan. 6, 17, 30; Feb. 14; March 3, 17; April 7, 20; May 5, 19. Tell me if you have received them.

What a King is our Prussian! how his victories come out doubled and trebled above their very fame! My Lady Townshend says, 'Lord! how all the Queens will go to see this Solomon! and how they will be disappointed!' How she of Hungary is disappointed! We hear that the French have recalled their green troops, which had advanced for show, and have sent their oldest regiments against the Duke[5]. Our foreign affairs are very serious, but I don't know whether I do not think that our domestic tend to be more so! Adieu!

520. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, June 2, 1757.

The ministry is to be settled to-day; there are different accounts how: some say, that the Duke of Newcastle is to take orders and to have the reversion of the bishopric of Winchester; that Mr. Pitt is to have a regiment and to go serve in Germany with the Duke; that Mr. Fox is to have Sir William Irby's[1] place, and be Chamberlain to the Princess; that my Lord Bute is to be divorced and marry Princess Emily; and that my Lord Darlington is to be first minister. Others say, that the Duke of Newcastle is to be sole minister, having broken with Mr. Pitt; that Sir Th.

[5] The Duke of Cumberland. *Walpole.*

Letter 520.—[1] Second Baronet, M.P. for Bodmin; cr. (April 10, 1761) Baron Boston of Boston, Lincolnshire; d. 1773.

Robinson is to be again Secretary of State, Sir George Lee Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Mr. Fox Paymaster, but with no place in the cabinet, nor any power. I believe the Duke himself has said this; but, as I think the former establishment would be the less ridiculous of the two, I intend to believe that.

I send you your tickets and a curious new print. The blue riband in the corner, and the line that explains it, but leaves it still in the dark, makes much noise. I choose to think it my Lord Lincoln, for, having a tenderness for royalties, I will not suppose, as most do, that it points higher. The rest are certainly admirable: the times are very entertaining; one cannot complain that no wit is stirring, as one used to do. I never thought I should feel glad for the death of poor Mr. Pelham; but really it has opened such scenes of amusement, that I begin to bear it better than I did!

I rejoice to hear that your brother is accommodated, though not by my means. The Duke of Bedford might have reflected, that what I asked was a very trifle, or that I should never have asked it: nay, that if I could have asked a favour of consequence, I should not have applied to himself, but to those who govern him,—to the Duchess or to those who govern him *through* her.

I certainly am glad of rain, but could wish it was boiled a little over the sun first: Mr. Bentley calls this *the hard summer*, and says he is forced to buy his fine weather at Newcastle. Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. W.

P.S. Pray acknowledge the receipt of your tickets. I don't know how you came not to see the advertisements of Xo Ho, which have been in continually; four editions were published in twelve days.

521. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, June 9, 1757.

I must write you a very different story from my last. The day before yesterday the Duke of Newcastle, who had resumed conferences with Mr. Pitt by the intervention of Lord Bute, though they could not agree on particulars, went to Kensington, and told the King he could not act without Mr. Pitt and a great plan of that connection. The King reproached him with his breach of promise; it seems the King is in the wrong, for Lord Lincoln and that court reckon his Grace as white as snow, and as steady as virtue itself. Mr. Fox went to court, and consented to undertake the whole—but it is madness! Lord Waldegrave[1], a worthy man as ever was born, and sensible, . . .[2] is to be the first Lord of his Treasury. Who is to be his anything else I don't know, for by to-morrow it will rain resignations as it did in the year '46. Lord Holdernesse[3] has begun, and gave up to-day; the Dukes of Rutland[4] and Leeds[5] and all the Pelhamites are to follow immediately: the standard of opposition is, I believe, ready painted, and is to be hung out at Leicester House by the beginning of the week. I grieve for Mr. Fox, and have told him so; I see how desperate his game is, but I shall not desert him, though I mean nor meant to profit of his friendship. So many places will be vacant, that I cannot yet guess who will be to fill them. Mr. Fox will be Chancellor of the Exchequer[6], and, I think Lord Egremont one of the Secretaries of State. What is certain, great clamour, and I fear, great confusion, will

Letter 521.—[1] James, second Earl Waldegrave, and first husband of Maria, Duchess of Gloucester. *Walpole.*

[2] Passage erased.

[3] Secretary of State for the North.

[4] Lord Steward.

[5] Cofferer of the Household.

[6] This did not happen.

follow. You shall know more particulars in a few days, but at present I have neither time for, nor knowledge of, more. Adieu!

522. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, June 14, 1757.

This is Tuesday; I wrote to you but on Thursday, and promised to write again in a few days—a week cannot pass without a new revolution. On Friday Mr. Fox found that his kissing hands was to be a signal for the resignations: Lord Rockingham and Lord Coventry[1] were the most eager to give up. The Duke of Newcastle, transported that his breach of promise and ingratitude to the King produced such noble mischief, endeavoured to spread the flame as wide as possible. On Saturday, Mr. Fox and Lord Waldegrave represented the ugly situation of their affairs, and advised against persisting, yet offering to proceed if commanded. The Chief Justice, who was to carry the Exchequer seal that morning, enforced this—'Well,' said the King, 'go tell the others to make what ministry they can; I only insist on two things, that Lord Winchilsea[2] remain where he is, and that Fox be Paymaster.' These two preliminaries would be enough to prevent the whole, if there were no other obstacles. Lord Winchilsea, indeed, would not act with Newcastle and Pitt, if they would consent; but there are twenty other impediments; Leicester House can never forgive or endure Fox; and if they could, his and Winchilsea's remaining would keep their friends from resigning, and then how would there be room for Newcastle's zealots or Pitt's martyrs? But what I take to be most difficult of all, is the accommodation between the chiefs themselves; his

Letter 522.—[1] They were Lords of the Bedchamber.
[2] First Lord of the Admiralty.

Grace's head and heart seem to be just as young and as old as ever they were; this triumph will intoxicate him; if he could not agree with Pitt, when his prospect was worst, he will not be more firm or more sincere when all his doublings have been rewarded. If his vainglory turns his head, it will make no impression on Pitt, who is as little likely to be awed by another's pageant, as to be depressed by his own slender train. They can't agree—but what becomes of us? Here are three factions, just strong enough to make everything impracticable.

The willing victim, Lord Holdernesse[3], is likely to be the most real victim. His situation was exactly parallel to Lord Harrington's[4] with the addition of the latter's experience. Both, the children of fortune, unsupported by talents, fostered by the King's favour, without connections or interest, deserted him to please this wayward Duke, who, to recover a little favour in the cabinet, sacrificed the first to the King's resentment, and has prepared to treat the other in the same manner, by protesting that he did not ask the compliment. But no matter for him! I have already told you, and I repeat, that I see no end to these struggles without great convulsions. The provocations, and consequently the resentments, increase with every revolution. Blood royal is mixed in the quarrels: two factions might cease by the victory of either; here is always a third ready to turn the scale. Happily the people care or interest themselves very little about all this—but they will be listed soon, as the chiefs grow so much in earnest, and as there are men of such vast

[3] Robert Darcy, last Earl of Holdernesse. *Walpole.*

[4] William Stanhope, Earl of Harrington, who, though a younger brother, had been raised to an earldom, to be Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and Secretary of State, had been the first man to resign his place in 1746, when the King, his master and benefactor, had a mind to remove the Pelhams and make Lord Granville Prime Minister. He was afterwards sacrificed by the Pelhams to please the King. Lord Holdernesse was born to an earldom, but having little fortune or parts, had been promoted by the Duke of Newcastle to great posts. *Walpole.*

property engaged on every side—there is not a public pretence on any. The scramble is avowedly for power—whoever remains master of the field at last, I fear, will have power to use it!

This is not the sole uneasiness at Kensington; they know the proximity of the French army to the Duke, and think that by this time there may have been an action: the suspense is not pleasant: the event may have great consequences even on these broils at home. For the King of Prussia, he is left to the coffee-houses. Adieu! I can scarce steal a day for Strawberry; if one leaves London to itself for four and twenty hours, one finds it topsy-turvy.

523. To George Montagu.

June 18th [Saturday].

The two drawings of the Vine and Strawberry, which you desired, are done and packed up in a box; tell me how I must send them.

The confusion about the ministry is not yet settled; at least it was not at noon to-day; but, for fear that confusion should ever finish, all the three factions are likely to come into place together.

Poor Mr. Chute has had another bad fit; he took the air yesterday for the first time.

I came to town but last night, and return to my *château* this evening, knowing nothing but that we are on the crisis of battles and ministries. Adieu! Yours ever,

H. W.

P.S. I just hear that your cousin Halifax has resigned[1] on Pitt's not letting him be Secretary of State for the W. Indies.

Letter 523.—Wrongly placed by C. amongst letters of 1756. (See *Notes and Queries*, Oct. 21, 1899.)

[1] He was President of the Board of Trade.

524. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, June 20, 1757.

I RENOUNCE all prophesying; I will never suppose that I can foresee politically; I can foresee nothing, whatever I may foretell. Here is a ministry formed of *all* the people who for these ten weeks have been giving each other exclusion! I will now not venture even to pronounce that they cannot agree together. On Saturday last, the 18th, Lord Hardwicke carried to Kensington the result of the last negotiations between Newcastle and Pitt, and the latter followed and actually kissed hands again for the seals[1]. Here is the arrangement as far as I know it, the most extraordinary part of which is, that they suffer Mr. Fox to be Paymaster—oh no, it is more extraordinary that he will submit to be so. His Grace returns to the Treasury, and replaces there his singular good friend Mr. Legge. Lord Holdernesse comes to life again as Secretary of State: Lord Anson reassumes the Admiralty, not with the present board, nor with his own, but with Mr. Pitt's, and this by Mr. Pitt's own desire. The Duke of Dorset retires[2] with a pension of 4,000*l.* a year, to make room for Lord Gower, that he may make room for Lord Temple. Lord George Sackville forces out Lord Barrington from Secretary at War, who was going to resign with the rest, for fear Mr. Fox should, and that this plan should not, take place. Lord Hardwicke, *young disinterested creature!* waits till something drops. Thus far all was smooth; but even this perfection of harmony and wisdom meets with rubs. Lord Halifax[3] had often and lately been promised to be erected into a Secretary of State for the West Indies. Mr. Pitt

LETTER 524.—[1] As Secretary of State for the Southern Province.

[2] He was Master of the Horse.

[3] George Montagu, third and last Earl of Halifax. *Walpole.*

says, 'No, I will not part with so much power.' Lord Halifax resigned on Saturday, and Lord Duplin[4] succeeds him. The two Townshends[5] are gone into the country in a rage; Lord Anson is made the pretence: Mr. Fox is the real sore to George, Lord G. Sackville to Charles. Sir George Lee, who resigned his Treasurership to the Princess against Mr. Pitt, and as the world says, wanting to bring Lord Bute into Doctors' Commons[6], is succeeded by Lord Bute's brother Mackenzie; but to be sure, all this, in which there is no intrigue, no change, no policy, no hatred, no jealousy, no disappointment, no resentment, no mortification, no ambition, will produce the utmost concord! It is a system formed to last; and to be sure it will! In the meantime, I shall bid adieu to politics; my curiosity is satisfied for some months, and I shall betake myself to employments I love better, and to this place which I love best of all. Here is the first fruit of my retirement; behind a bas-relief in wax of the present Pope I have writ the following inscription:

Prospero Lambertini,
Bishop of Rome
by the name of Benedict XIV.
Who, though an absolute Prince,
reigned as harmlessly
as a Doge of Venice.
He restored the lustre of the Tiara
by those arts alone,
by which alone He obtained it,
his Virtues.
Beloved by Papists,
esteemed by Protestants:
A Priest without insolence or interest;
A Prince without favourites;
A Pope without nepotism;

[4] Afterwards Earl of Kinnoul. *Walpole.*

[5] George and Charles, sons of Charles, Lord Viscount Townshend. *Walpole.*

[6] Meaning the offence he took at Lord Bute's favour. Sir George Lee was a civilian. *Walpole.*

An Author without vanity;
In short, a Man
whom neither Wit nor Power
could spoil.
The Son of a favourite Minister,
but One, who never courted a Prince,
nor worshipped a Churchman,
offers, in a free Protestant Country,
this deserved Incense
to the Best of the Roman Pontiffs.

If the good old soul is still alive[7], and you could do it unaffectedly and easily, you may convey it to him; it must be a satisfaction to a good heart to know that in so distant a country, so detached from his, his merit is acknowledged, without a possibility of interest entering into the consideration. His death-bed does not want comfort or cheerfulness, but it may be capable of an expansion of heart that may still sweeten it! Adieu!

525. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, July 3, 1757.

I have been under great uneasiness about you; Coloredo, the Austrian minister, is recalled precipitately, with orders not to take leave: our papers joined Pucci[1] with him in this recall, but I do not find with any foundation. However, I cannot be easy while your situation is precarious. One should conceive that the advantages of the English trade to Tuscany would induce the Emperor to preserve a neutrality; but what are good reasons against his wife's vengeance and obstinacy, and haughtiness? Tell me immediately what you think or hear on this head; what steps

[7] He lived until May, 1758.

Letter 525. — [1] Resident from Florence. He was here for fifty years, and said he had seen London twice built. This meant, that houses are run up so slightly, that they last but a few years. *Walpole.*

you would take; whither you would retire if this should happen; whether you would not come home to watch over your own interest and return, or whether you would be more in the way by remaining in Italy. I know not what to advise; I don't even know how this letter is to get to you, and how our correspondence will continue; at least, it must be very irregular, now all communication is cut off through the Empress's dominions. I am in great solicitude!

Had this recall happened a week later I should not have wondered; it was haughty, indeed, at the time it was dictated; but two days ago we heard of the reversal of all the King of Prussia's triumphs; of his being beat by Count Daun[2]; of the siege of Prague being raised; of Prince Charles falling on their retreat and cutting off two thousand: we would willingly not believe to the extent of all this[3], yet we have known what it is to have our allies or ourselves beaten! The Duke has been forced to pass the Weser, but writes that the French are so distressed for provisions that he hopes to repass it.

I notified to you the settlement of the ministry, and, contrary to late custom, have not to unnotify it again. However, it took ten days to complete, after an interministerium of exactly three months. I have often called this *the age of abortions*; for the present, the struggles of the three factions, that threatened such disturbances, have gone off like other forebodings. I think I told you in my last the chief alterations; the King would not absolutely give the Secretary at War to Lord George Sackville; Lord Barrington remains: the Duke of Dorset would not take a pension *eo nomine*; his Cinque Ports are given to him for life, with a salary of four thousand pounds a year. Lord

[2] Field-Marshal Count Daun (1705–1766).

[3] On June 18, Frederick attacked Daun at Kolin; but was totally defeated, and was obliged to raise the siege of Prague and withdraw from Bohemia.

Cholmondeley, who is removed for Potter, has a pension equal to his place[4]. Mr. Mackenzie is not Treasurer to the Princess, as I told you. One of the most extraordinary parts of the new system is the advancement of Sir Robert Henley[5]. He was made Attorney-General by Mr. Fox at the end of last year, and made as bad a figure as might be: Mr. Pitt insisting upon an Attorney-General of his own, Sir Robert Henley is made Lord Keeper! The first mortification to Lord Holdernesse has been, that, having been promised a Garter as well as Lord Waldegrave, and but one being vacant, that one, contrary to custom, has been given to the latter, with peculiar marks of grace. I now come to your letter of June 18th, and attribute to your distance, or to my imperfect representations of our actors and affairs, that you suppose our dissensions owing to French intrigues—we want no foreign causes; but in so precarious a letter as this I cannot enter into farther explanations; indeed the French need not be at any trouble to distract or weaken our councils!

I cannot be at peace while your fate is in suspense; I shall watch every step that relates to it, but I fear absolutely impotent to be of any service to you: from Pucci's not being recalled, I would hope that he will not be. Adieu!

P.S. Lord Duplin is not yet First Lord of Trade; there are negotiations for recovering Lord Halifax.

July 5th.

As I was sending this to London I received the newspapers of yesterday, and see that old Pucci is just dead. I cannot help flattering myself that this is a favourable

[4] He was Joint Vice-Treasurer of Ireland.

[5] Sir Robert Henley, Knight (1708–1772), of the Grange, in Hampshire; cr. Baron Henley, 1760, and Earl of Northington, 1764. He was Attorney-General, 1756–57; Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, 1757–61; Lord Chancellor, 1761–66; Lord President of the Council, 1766–67.

event: they cannot recall no minister; and when they do not, I think we shall not.

526. To the Earl of Strafford.

My dear Lord, Strawberry Hill, July 4, 1757.

It is well I have not obeyed you sooner, as I have often been going to do: what a heap of lies and contradictions I should have sent you! What joint ministries and sole ministries! What acceptances and resignations!—Viziers and bowstrings never succeeded one another quicker. Luckily I have stayed till we have got an administration that will last a little more than for ever. There is such content and harmony in it, that I don't know whether it is not as perfect as a plan which I formed for Charles Stanhope, after he had plagued me for two days for news. I told him the Duke of Newcastle was to take orders, and have the reversion of the bishopric of Winchester; that Mr. Pitt was to have a regiment, and go over to the Duke; and Mr. Fox to be Chamberlain to the Princess, in the room of Sir William Irby. Of all the new system I believe the happiest is Offley; though in great humility he says he only takes the Bedchamber to *accommodate*. Next to him in joy is the Earl of Holdernesse—who has not got the Garter. My Lord Waldegrave has; and the Garter by this time I believe has got fifty spots[1].

Had I written sooner, I should have told your Lordship, too, of the King of Prussia's triumphs—but they are addled too! I hoped to have had a few bricks from Prague to send you towards building Mr. Bentley's design, but I fear none will come from thence this summer. Thank God, the happiness of the menagerie does not depend upon administrations or victories! The happiest of beings in

Letter 526.—[1] He was apt to be dirty. *Walpole.*

this part of the world is my Lady Suffolk: I really think her acquisition and conclusion of her law-suit will lengthen her life ten years. You may be sure I am not so satisfied, as Lady Mary[2] has left Sudbroke.

Are your charming lawns burnt up like our humble hills? Is your sweet river as low as our deserted Thames?—I am wishing for a handful or two of those floods that drowned me last year all the way from Wentworth Castle. I beg my best compliments to my Lady, and my best wishes that every pheasant egg and peacock egg may produce as many colours as a harlequin-jacket.

I am hers and your Lordship's most faithful humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

Tuesday, July 5th.

Luckily, my good Lord, my conscience had saved its distance. I had writ the above last night, when I received the honour of your kind letter this morning. You had, as I did not doubt, received accounts of all our strange histories. For that of the pretty Countess[3], I fear there is too much truth in all you have heard: but you don't seem to know that Lord Corydon and Captain Corydon[4] his brother have been most abominable. I don't care to write scandal; but when I see you, I will tell you how much the chits deserve to be whipped. Our favourite general[5] is at his camp: Lady Ailesbury don't go to him these three weeks. I expect the pleasure of seeing her and Miss Rich and Fred. Campbell[6] here soon for a few days. I don't wonder your lordship likes St. Philippe[7] better than

[2] Lady Mary Coke, daughter of John Campbell, Duke of Argyll, and sister to Lady Strafford. *Walpole.*

[3] The Countess of Coventry.

[4] Lord Bolingbroke and his brother, the Hon. Henry St. John.

[5] General Conway. *Walpole.*

[6] Brother of Lady Ailesbury.

[7] Vincent Baccalar y Sanna (d. 1726), Marquis of San Felipe, author of *Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire de Philippe V.*

Torcy: except a few passages interesting to Englishmen, there cannot be a more dry narration than the latter. There is an addition of seven volumes of Universal History to Voltaire's Works, which I think will charm you: I almost like it the best of his works. It is what you have seen extended, and the Memoirs of Louis XIV *refondus* in it. He is a little tiresome with contradicting La Beaumelle[8] out of pique—and there is too much about Rousseau[9]. Between La Beaumelle and Voltaire, one remains with scarce a fixed idea about that time. I wish they would produce their authorities and proofs; without which, I am grown to believe neither. From mistakes in the English part, I suppose there are great ones in the more distant histories; yet altogether it is a fine work. He is, as one might believe, worst informed on the present times.—He says eight hundred persons were put to death for the last Rebellion—I don't believe a quarter of the number were: and he makes the first Lord Derwentwater[10]—who, poor man! was in no such high-spirited mood—bring his son, who by the way was not above a year and a half old, upon the scaffold to be sprinkled with his blood.—However, he is in the right to expect to be believed: for he believes all the romances in Lord Anson's Voyage, and how Admiral Almanzor made one man-of-war box the ears of the whole empire of China!—I know nothing else new but a new

[8] Laurent Angliviel de la Beaumelle (1727–1773), historical writer. He had quarrelled with Voltaire.

[9] Jean Jacques Rousseau (1712–1778). Walpole was keenly alive to Rousseau's absurdities, and in 1765 wrote a letter purporting to be addressed to Rousseau by Frederick the Great. The letter was copied and handed about at Paris, and finally (during Rousseau's residence in England) printed in the English papers, greatly to his disgust.

[10] By the 'first Lord' Derwentwater, Horace Walpole doubtless means the elder of the two brothers (the younger a titular earl only), executed at different times for participation in the rebellion of 1715, viz. James Radcliffe, third Earl of Derwentwater, beheaded in 1716, and Charles Radcliffe, who, but for the attainder, would have been fifth Earl of Derwentwater, executed in 1746.

edition of Dr. Young's[11] Works. If your lordship thinks like me, who hold that even in his most frantic rhapsodies there are innumerable fine things, you will like to have this edition. Adieu, once more, my best Lord!

527. To John Chute.

Strawberry Hill, July 12, 1757.

It would be very easy to persuade me to a *Vine-voyage*[1], without your being so indebted to me, if it were possible. I shall represent my impediments, and then you shall judge. I say nothing of the heat of this magnificent weather, with the glass yesterday up to three-quarters of sultry. In all English probability this will not be a hinderance long: though at present, so far from travelling, I have made the tour of my own garden but once these three days before eight at night, and then I thought I should have died of it. For how many years we shall have to talk of the summer of fifty-seven!—But hear: my Lady Ailesbury and Miss Rich come hither on Thursday for two or three days: and on Monday next the Officina Arbuteana[2] opens in form. The Stationers' Company, that is, Mr. Dodsley, Mr. Tonson[3], &c. are summoned to meet here on Sunday night. And with what do you think we open? *Cedite, Romani Impressores*—with nothing under *Graii Carmina*[4]. I found him in town last week: he had brought his two Odes to be printed. I snatched them out of Dodsley's hands, and they are to be the first-fruits of my press. An edition of Hentznerus[5], with a version by Mr. Bentley and

[11] Edward Young (1683–1765), author of the *Night Thoughts*.

Letter 527.—[1] To visiting Mr. Chute at the Vine, his seat in Hampshire. *Walpole.*

[2] The Strawberry Hill Press.

[3] Jacob Tonson (d. 1767), who carried on the publishing business founded by his great-uncle.

[4] Gray's odes, *The Progress of Poesy* and *The Bard*, published under the title *Odes by Mr. Gray*, in August, 1757.

[5] The *Journey into England* of Paul

a little preface of mine, were prepared, but are to wait.— Now, my dear Sir, can I stir?

Not ev'n thy virtues, tyrant, shall avail[6]!

Is not it the plainest thing in the world that I cannot go to you yet, but that you must come to me?

I tell you no news, for I know none, think of none. Elzevir, Aldus, and Stephens are the freshest personages in my memory. Unless I was appointed printer of the *Gazette*, I think nothing could at present make me read an article in it. Seriously, you must come to us, and shall be witness that the first holidays we have I will return with you. Adieu!

Yours ever,
Hor. Walpole.

528. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, July 16, 1757.

You do me justice in believing that I enjoy your satisfaction; I do heartily, and particularly on this point: you know how often I have wished this reconciliation; indeed you have taken the handsomest manner of doing it, and it has been accepted handsomely. I always had a good opinion of your cousin[1], and I am not apt to throw about my esteem lightly. He has ever behaved with sense and dignity, and this country has more obligations to him than to most men living.

The weather has been so hot, and we are so unused to it, that nobody knew how to behave themselves. Even Mr. Bentley has done shivering.

Hentzner (1558–1623), of which two hundred and twenty copies were printed. It was published in October, 1757.

[6] Line 6 of *The Bard*, not yet published.

Letter 528. — [1] The Earl of Halifax.

Elzevirianum opens to-day; you shall taste its first-fruits. I find people have a notion that it is very mysterious—they don't know how I should abhor to profane Strawberry with politics! Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. W.

529. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, July 25, 1757.

The Empress-Queen has not yet hurt my particular. I have received two letters from you within this week, dated July 2nd and 9th. Yet she has given up Ostend and Nieuport, and, I think, Furnes and Ypres, to the French. We are in a piteous way! The French have passed the Weser, and a courier yesterday brought word that the Duke was marching towards them, and within five miles: by this time his fate is decided. The world here is very inquisitive about a secret expedition[1] which we are fitting out: a letter is not a proper place to talk about it; I can only tell you, that be it whither it will, I do not augur well about it, and what makes me dislike it infinitely more, Mr. Conway is of it. I am more easy about your situation than I was, though I do not like the rejoicings ordered at Leghorn for the victory over the Prussians.

I have so little to say to-day that I should not have writ, but for one particular reason. The Mediterranean trade being arrived, I concluded the vases for Mr. Fox were on board it, but we cannot discover them. Unluckily it happens that the bill of lading is lost, and I have forgot in what ship they were embarked. In short, my dear Sir, I think that, as I always used to do, I gave the bill to your dearest brother, by which means it is lost. I imagine you have a duplicate; send it as soon as you can.

Letter 529.—[1] The expedition to Rochefort. *Walpole.*

I thank you for what you have given to Mr. Phelps[2]. I don't call this billet part of the acknowledgement. All the world is dispersed: the ministers are at their several villas; one day in a week serves to take care of a nation, let it be in as bad a plight as it will! We have a sort of Jewish superstition, and would not come to town on a Saturday or Sunday though it were to defend the Holy of Holies. Adieu!

530. To John Chute.

Strawberry Hill, July 26, 1757.

I love to communicate my satisfactions to you. You will imagine that I have got an original portrait of John Guttemburg, the first inventor of printing, or that I have met with a little *boke* called *Eneydos*[1], which I am going to translate and print. No, no; far beyond any such thing! Old Lady Sandwich[2] is dead at Paris, and my Lord[3] has given me her picture of Ninon l'Enclos; given it me in the prettiest manner in the world. I beg, if he should ever meddle in any election in Hampshire, that you will serve him to the last drop of your shrievalty. If you reckon by the thermometer of my natural impatience, the picture would be here already, but I fear I must wait some time for it.

The press goes on as fast as if I printed myself. I hope in a very few days to send you a specimen, though I could wish you was at the birth of the first produce. Gray has

[2] Richard Phelps (d. 1771). He was a good linguist, and acted for some years as travelling tutor to young men of rank. He subsequently became Secretary of Legation at Turin (1761), and Provost Martial General of the Leeward Islands (1768).

Letter 530.—[1] *Eneydos*, translated by Caxton from a French romance, and printed by him at Westminster.

[2] Daughter of the famous Wilmot, Earl of Rochester. *Walpole.*

[3] The fourth Earl of Sandwich, her grandson.

been gone these five days. Mr. Bentley has been ill, and is not recovered of the sweating-sickness, which I now firmly believe was only a hot summer like this, and England, being so unused to it, took it for a malady. Mr. Müntz is not gone; but pray don't think that I keep him: he has absolutely done nothing this whole summer but paste two chimney-boards. In short, instead of Claude Lorrain, he is only one of Bromwich's [4] men.

You never saw anything so droll as Mrs. Clive's countenance, between the heat of the summer, the pride in her legacy [5], and the efforts to appear concerned.

We have given ourselves for a day or two the air of an earthquake, but it proved an explosion of the powder-mills at Epsom. I asked Louis if it had done any mischief: he said, 'Only blown a man's head off'; as if that was a part one could spare!

Yours ever,
Hor. Walpole.

P.S. I hope Dr. Warburton will not think I encroach either upon his commentatorship or private pretensions, if I assume these lines of Pope, thus altered, for myself:

Some have at first for wits, then poets pass'd;
Turn'd *printers* next, and prov'd plain fools at last.

531. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Aug 4, 1757.

Mr. Phelps (who is Mr. Phelps?) has brought me the packet safe, for which I thank you. I would fain have persuaded him to stay and dine, that I might ask him more questions about you. He told me how low your

[4] A painter and decorator. He is several times mentioned in Gray's letters.

[5] A legacy of £50 left her by John Robartes, the last Earl of Radnor of that family. *Walpole.*

ministerial spirits are: I fear the news that came last night will not exalt them. The French attacked the Duke for three days together, and at last defeated him. I find it is called at Kensington an encounter[1] of fourteen squadrons; but any defeat must be fatal to Hanover. I know few particulars, and those only by a messenger dispatched to me by Mr. Conway on the first tidings: the Duke exposed himself extremely, but is unhurt, as they say all his small family are. In what a situation is our Prussian hero, surrounded by Austrians, French, and Muscovites—even impertinent Sweden is stealing in to pull a feather out of his tail! What devout plunderers will every little Catholic prince of the empire become! The only good I hope to extract out of this mischief is, that it will stifle our secret expedition, and preserve Mr. Conway from going on it. I have so ill an opinion of our secret expeditions, that I hope they will for ever remain so. What a melancholy picture is there of an old monarch at Kensington, who has lived to see such inglorious and fatal days! Admiral Boscawen is disgraced. I know not the cause exactly, as ten miles out of town are a thousand out of politics. He is said to have refused to serve under Sir Edward Hawke in this armament. Shall I tell you what, more than distance, has thrown me out of attention to news? A little packet which I shall give your brother for you will explain it. In short, I am turned printer, and have converted a little cottage here into a printing-office. My abbey is a perfect college or academy. I keep a painter in the house, and a printer—not to mention Mr. Bentley, who is an academy himself. I send you two copies (one for Dr. Cocchi) of a very honourable opening of my press—two amazing Odes of Mr. Gray; they are Greek, they are

LETTER 531.—[1] The battle of Hastenbeck. *Walpole.*—Near Hameln, where, on July 26, 1757, the Duke of Cumberland was defeated by the French under D'Estrées.

Pindaric, they are sublime! consequently I fear a little obscure; the second particularly, by the confinement of the measure and the nature of prophetic vision, is mysterious. I could not persuade him to add more notes; he says whatever wants to be explained, don't deserve to be. I shall venture to place some in Dr. Cocchi's copy, who need not be supposed to understand Greek and English together, though he is so much master of both separately. To divert you in the meantime, I send you the following copy of a letter written by my printer[2] to a friend in Ireland. I should tell you that he has the most sensible look in the world; Garrick said he would give any money for four actors with such eyes—they are more Richard the Third's than Garrick's own; but whatever his eyes are, his head is Irish. Looking for something I wanted in a drawer, I perceived a parcel of strange romantic words in a large hand beginning a letter; he saw me see it, yet left it, which convinces me it was left on purpose: it is the grossest flattery to me, couched in most ridiculous scraps of poetry, which he has retained from things he has printed; but it will best describe itself:—

Sir,

I date this from shady bowers, nodding groves, and amaranthine shades—close by old Father Thames's silver side—fair Twickenham's luxurious shades—Richmond's near neighbour, where great George the King resides. You will wonder at my prolixity—in my last I informed you that I was going into the country to transact business for a private gentleman.—This gentleman is the Hon. Horatio Walpole, son to the late great Sir Robert Walpole, who is very studious, and an admirer of all the liberal arts and sciences; amongst the rest he admires printing. He has fitted out a complete printing-house at this his country seat, and has done me the favour to make me sole manager and operator

[2] William Robinson, first printer to the press at Strawberry Hill. *Walpole.*

(there being no one but myself). All men of genius resorts his house, courts his company, and admires his understanding—what with his own and their writings, I believe I shall be pretty well employed. I have pleased him, and I hope to continue so to do. Nothing can be more warm than the weather has been here this time past; they have in London, by the help of glasses, roasted in the Artillery Ground fowls and quarters of lamb. The coolest days that I have felt since May last, are equal to, nay, far exceed the warmest I ever felt in Ireland. The place I am in now is all my comfort from the heat—the situation of it is close to the Thames, and is Richmond Gardens (if you were ever in them) in miniature, surrounded by bowers, groves, cascades, and ponds, and on a rising ground, not very common in this part of the country—the building elegant, and the furniture of a peculiar taste, magnificent and superb. He is a bachelor, and spends his time in the studious rural taste—not like his father, tost in the weather-beaten vessel of state—many people censured, but his conduct was far better than our late pilot's at the helm, and more to the interest of England—they follow his advice now, and court the assistance of Spain, instead of provoking a war, for that was ever against England's interest.

I laughed for an hour at this picture of myself, which is much more like to the studious magician in the enchanted opera of Rinaldo: not but Twickenham has a romantic genteelness that would figure in a more luxurious climate. It was but yesterday that we had a new kind of auction—it was of the orange-trees and plants of your old acquaintance, Admiral Martin. It was one of the warm days of this jubilee summer, which appears only once in fifty years—the plants were disposed in little clumps about the lawn; the company walked to bid from one to the other, and the auctioneer knocked down the lots on the orange tubs. Within three doors was an auction of China. You did not imagine that we were such a metropolis! Adieu!

Charles Lyttelton, Bishop of Carlisle.
from a mezzotint after F. Cotes.

532. To Charles Lyttelton, Dean of Exeter.

Good Dean, Strawberry Hill, Aug. 4, 1757.

I cannot send you *our Odes*[1] by the post, they are too large: I shall leave two copies in Hill Street to be sent to Hagley; I must beg you to desire my Lord [2] to accept one; and if he likes the type and paper, I should hope that the next life he writes of Henry the Second (the present being I know engaged) he would let me print it. I am much obliged to Cambridge for the kind reflections it made you make on my subject; as I have had the pleasure of being with you at Hagley, I had rather owe them to that place, which I am sure must raise more agreeable accompaniments than any other. Excuse my haste, I write in all the hurry of a *gros marchand.*

Yours ever,
Hor. Walpole.

533. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 4, 1757.

I shall to-morrow deliver to your agentess, Mrs. Moreland,—something[1]—to send you.

The Duke is beaten by the French; he and his family are safe; I know no more particulars—if I did, I should say, as I have just said to Mr. Chute, I am too busy about *something* to have time to write them. Adieu!

Letter 532.—Not in C.; now printed from original in possession of Viscount Cobham.

[1] See letter to Chute of July 12, 1757.

[2] Lord Lyttelton, brother of the Dean.

Letter 533.—[1] Gray's *Odes*, printed at Strawberry Hill.

534. To Lord George Sackville[1].

Arlington Street, Aug. 6, 1757.

I am perhaps doing a very impertinent thing, and very *malapropos* giving myself an air of consequence; but it is of consequence to me not to forfeit your good opinion very innocently. I came to town last night, where I have not been two days together these three weeks or more. The bookseller, who printed my simple Chinese letter[2], told me with a very significant look that he heard I had writ something else since, with which it seems I had not trusted him.

This was a letter from the Elysian fields. It struck me that the Speaker had a few days ago with more earnestness than I then minded, pressed me to tell him who did write it. I told him very honestly that I neither knew nor had ever inquired.

I read it when it came out, and did not admire it enough even to inquire. Since I came home I have sent for it and read it, and that makes me now trouble your Lordship. I would flatter myself even as an author that it is not like me. In the impertinence to some for whom I have the greatest regard I am sure it is most unlike me. I can guess no reason for its being imputed to me but its being a letter like the Chinese one.

My dear Lord (I hope I may say so), I am not apt to be serious; I am on this head, and very much hurt. I never thought any kind of my writing worth preserving. I should beg this letter may be, that if the most distant day could bring out the least trace of that Elysian letter being mine, my honour, which I most seriously give you that I know

Letter 534.—Not in C.; reprinted from *Hist. MSS. Comm.* 9th Report, Appendix, p. 9.

[1] Afterwards Viscount Sackville.

[2] The *Letter from Xo Ho*, published in the preceding May.

not the least tittle relating to it, and my own hand and name may rise in judgement against me. When I have said this, I hope you will not tell how much I am punished for my writing follies, and that I, who care not a great deal for what is said of me that is true, am so liable to be wounded by lies.

535. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 14, 1757.

You are too kind to me, and, if it were possible, would make me feel still more for your approaching departure[1]. I can only thank you ten thousand times; for I must not expatiate, both from the nature of the subject, and from the uncertainty of this letter reaching you. I was told yesterday, that you had hanged a French spy in the Isle of Wight; I don't mean you, but your government. Though I wish no life taken away, it was some satisfaction to think that the French were at this hour wanting information.

Mr. Fox breakfasted here t'other day. He confirmed what you tell me of Lord Frederick Cavendish's account: it is universally said that the Duke[2] failed merely by inferiority, the French soldiers behaving in general most scandalously. They had fourscore pieces of cannon, but very ill-served. Marshal D'Estrées[3] was recalled before the battle, but did not know it. He is said to have made some great mistakes in the action. I cannot speak to the truth of it, but the French are reported to have demanded two millions sterling of Hanover.

My whole letter will consist of hearsays; for, even at so little distance from town, one gets no better news than

Letter 535.—[1] On the expedition to Rochfort. *Walpole.*

[2] The Duke of Cumberland in the affair at Hastenbeck. *Walpole.*

[3] Louis Charles César le Tellier (1697–1771), Marquis (afterwards Duc) d'Estrées, Maréchal de France. His recall was due to court intrigues.

hawkers and pedlars retail about the country. From such I heard that George Haldane [4] is made governor of Jamaica, and that a Mr. Campbell, whose father lives in Sweden, is going thither to make an alliance with that country, and hire twelve thousand men. If one of my acquaintance, as an antiquary, were alive, Sir Anthony Shirley [5], I suppose we should send him to Persia again for troops; I fear we shall get none nearer!

Adieu! my dearest Harry! Next to wishing your expedition still-born, my most constant thought is, how to be of any service to poor Lady Ailesbury, whose reasonable concern makes even that of the strongest friendship seem trifling.

Yours most entirely,
Hor. Walpole.

536. To Lord Lyttelton.

My Lord, Strawberry Hill, Aug. 25, 1757.

It is a satisfaction one can't often receive, to show a thing of great merit to a man of great taste. Your Lordship's approbation is conclusive, and it stamps a disgrace on the age, who have not given themselves the trouble to see any beauties in these *Odes* of Mr. Gray. They have cast their eyes over them, found them obscure, and looked no farther, yet perhaps no composition ever had more sublime beauties than are in each. I agree with your Lordship in preferring

[4] Brigadier-General Haldane.

[5] Sir Thomas, Sir Anthony, and Sir Robert Shirley were three brothers, all great travellers, and all distinguished by extraordinary adventures in the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and James I. *Walpole.* —Much confusion has ensued in their history from their adventures being confounded together. Lord Orford, it should seem, had intended to clear up these mistakes, as among his papers are many notes on their subject, and references to all the books which mention any part of their history. *Berry.*

Letter 536.—Collated with original in possession of Viscount Cobham.

the last[1] upon the whole; the three first stanzas and half, down to *agonizing King*, are in my opinion equal to anything in any language I understand. Yet the three last of the first Ode[2] please me very near as much. The description of Shakespear is worthy Shakespear: the account of Milton's blindness, though perhaps not strictly defensible, is very majestic. The character of Dryden's poetry is as animated as what it paints. I can even like the epithet *Orient*; as the east is the empire of fancy and poesy, I would allow its livery to be erected into a colour. I think *blue-eyed Pleasures* as allowable: when Homer gave eyes of what hue he pleased to his Queen-Goddesses, sure Mr. Gray may tinge those of their handmaids.

In answer to your Lordship's objection to *many-twinkling*, in that beautiful epode, I will quote authority to which you will yield. As Greek as the expression is, it struck Mrs. Garrick, and she says, on that whole picture, that Mr. Gray is the only poet who ever understood dancing.

These faults I think I can defend, and can excuse others; even the general obscurity of the latter, for I do not see it in the first; the subject of it has been taken for music,—it is the Power and Progress of Harmonious Poetry. I think his objection to prefixing a title to it was wrong—that Mr. Cooke[3] published an ode with such a title. If the *Louis the Great*[4], whom Voltaire has discovered in Hungary, had not disappeared from history of himself, would not Louis Quatorze have annihilated him? I was aware that the second would at first have darknesses, and prevailed for the insertion of what notes there are, and would have had more. Mr. Gray said, whatever wanted explanation did not deserve it, but that sentence was never so far from

[1] *The Bard.*
[2] *The Progress of Poesy.*
[3] Thomas Cooke (1703–1756), miscellaneous writer and translator of Hesiod.
[4] Louis the Great, King of Hungary (1342–1392).

being an axiom as in the present case. Not to mention how he had shackled himself with strophe, antistrophe, and epode (yet acquitting himself nobly), the nature of prophecy forbade his naming his kings. To me they are apparent enough—yet I am far from thinking either piece perfect, though with what faults they have, I hold them in the first rank of genius and poetry. The second strophe of the first Ode is inexcusable, nor do I wonder your Lordship blames it; even when one does understand it, perhaps the last line is too turgid. I am not fond of the antistrophe that follows. In the second Ode he made some corrections for the worse. *Brave* Urion was originally *stern*; *brave* is insipid and commonplace. In the third antistrophe, *leave me unblessed, unpitied*, stood at first, *leave your despairing Caradoc.* But the capital faults in my opinion are these—what punishment was it to Edward I to hear that his grandson would conquer France? or is so common an event as Edward III being deserted on his death-bed worthy of being made part of a curse that was to avenge a nation? I can't cast my eye here, without crying out on those beautiful lines that follow, *Fair smiles the morn!* Though the images are extremely complicated, what painting in the whirlwind, likened to a lion lying in ambush for his evening prey, *in grim repose.* Thirst and hunger mocking Richard II appear to me too ludicrously like the devils in *The Tempest*, that whisk away the banquet from the shipwrecked Dukes. From thence to the conclusion of Queen Elizabeth's portrait, which he has faithfully copied from Speed[5], in the passage where she mumbled the Polish Ambassador[6], I admire. I can even allow that image of Rapture hovering like an ancient

[5] John Speed (d. 1629), author of a *History of Great Britaine.*

[6] 'Speed relating an audience given by Queen Elizabeth to Paul Dzialinski, ambassador of Poland, says: "And thus she, lion-like rising, daunted the malapert Orator no less with her stately port and majestical deporture, than with the tartnesse of her princelie checkes."' (Gray's note.)

grotesque, though it strictly has little meaning:—but there I take my leave—the last stanza has no beauties for me. I even think its obscurity fortunate, for the allusions to Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, are not only weak, but the two last returning again, after appearing so gloriously in the first Ode, and with so much fainter colours, enervate the whole conclusion.

Your Lordship sees that I am no enthusiast to Mr. Gray: his great lustre hath not dazzled me, as his obscurity seems to have blinded his co-temporaries. Indeed, I do not think that they ever admired him, except in his Churchyard, though the Eton Ode was far its superior, and is certainly not obscure. The Eton Ode is perfect: these of more masterly execution have defects, yet not to admire them is total want of taste. I have an aversion to tame poetry; at best, perhaps, the art is the sublimest of the *difficiles nugae*; to measure or rhyme prose is trifling without being difficult.

I am sensible that, encouraged by your Lordship's criticism, I have indulged myself in it too much, and I would as willingly keep silence on the melancholy situation of our country, sunk—whither! But there is to me a private part of it, now become a public one, and one that should, and I will trust in God, may yet be reserved for the public in a happier light, on whom I cannot keep silence,—dear Mr. Conway. Your Lordship asks my opinion—alas! my Lord, you have spoken my opinion—is France so vulnerable? Can we afford to risk our best officers, our best ships, our best soldiers? What if they perish? Is our danger so remote that we must send for it, mark its route with our own best blood? I tremble as an Englishman, and more as a friend—what must poor Lady Aylesbury do, who sees the most reasonable system of happiness, and the most perfect in every shape that ever existed, exposed to such

imminent peril? My heart bleeds for her. Adieu! my Lord, this is a theme that cuts short all other reflections! My best compliments to my Lady and the Dean[7]; I grieve for the ill-health of the former.

There is a question I must still ask; how does King Henry[8]? I ask this as a reader, not as a printer; not as Elzevir Horace, as Mr. Conway calls me, but as

Your Lordship's admirer,

And obedient humble servant,

HORACE WALPOLE.

537. To GEORGE MONTAGU.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 25, 1757.

I DID not know that you expected the pleasure of seeing the Colonel so soon. It is plain that *I* did *not* solicit leave of absence for him; make him my many compliments. I should have been happy to have seen you and Mr. John, but must not regret it, as you was so agreeably prevented. You are very particular, I can tell you, in liking Gray's *Odes*—but you must remember that the age likes Akinside, and did like Thomson! Can the same people like both? Milton was forced to wait till the world had done admiring Quarles. Cambridge told me t'other night that my Lord Chesterfield had heard Stanley[1] read them as his own, but that must have been a mistake of my Lord's deafness. Cambridge said, 'Perhaps they are Stanley's; and not caring to own them, he gave them to Gray.' I think this would hurt Gray's dignity ten times more than his poetry not succeeding. My humble share as his printer has been more favourably received. We proceed soberly. I must give you some account of *les amusements des eaux de*

[7] The Dean of Exeter, Lord Lyttelton's brother.

[8] The History of King Henry II, on which Lyttelton was engaged.

LETTER 537.—[1] Hans Sloane Stanley.

Straberri. T'other day my Lady Rochford, Lady Townshend, Miss Bland[2], and the new Knight of the Garter[3] dined here, and were carried into the printing-office, and were to see the man print. There were some lines ready placed, which he took off; I gave them to my Lady Townshend; here they are—

The press speaks:

From me wits and poets their glory obtain;
Without me their wit and their verses were vain.
Stop, Townshend, and let me but *print* what you say;
You, the fame I on others bestow, will repay.

They then asked, as I foresaw, to see the man compose; I gave him four lines out of *The Fair Penitent*, which he set, but while he went to place them in the press, I made them look at something else, without their observing, and in an instant he whipped away what he had just set, and to their great surprise, when they expected to see *Were ye, ye fair*, he presented to my Lady Rochford the following lines:—

The press speaks:

In vain from your properest name you have flown,
And exchang'd lovely Cupid's for Hymen's dull throne;
By my art shall your beauties be constantly sung,
And in spite of yourself you shall ever be YOUNG[4].

You may imagine, whatever the poetry was, that the gallantry of it succeeded.

Poor Mr. Bentley has been at the extremity with a fever, and inflammation in his bowels; but is so well recovered that Mr. Müntz is gone to fetch him hither to-day.

I don't guess what sight I have to come in Hampshire, unless it is Abbotstone[5]. I am pretty sure I have none to

[2] Probably one of the daughters of Sir John Bland, fifth Baronet, of Kippax. The Miss Blands were coheiresses of their brother, Sir Hungerford Bland, seventh Baronet.

[3] Lord Waldegrave. (See *Notes and Queries*, Nov. 20, 1897.)

[4] Lady Rochford was a Miss Young.

[5] Near Old Alresford; where there was formerly a religious house.

come at the Vine, where I have done advising, as I see Mr. Chute will never execute anything. The very altar-piece that I sent for to Italy is not placed yet. But when he could refrain from making the Gothic columbarium for his family, which I proposed, and Mr. Bentley had drawn so divinely, it is not probable he should do anything else. Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. Walpole.

538. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 3, 1757.

Having intended a journey into Warwickshire to see Lady Hertford[1] while my Lord is in Ireland, and having accordingly ordered my letters thither, though without going, I did not receive yours of the 22nd till last week; and though you desired an immediate acknowledgement of it, I own I did defer till I could tell you that I had been at Linton[2], from whence I returned yesterday. I had long promised your brother a visit; the immediate cause was very melancholy, and I must pass over it rapidly—in short, I am going to place an urn in the church there to our dear Gal! If I could have divested myself of that thought, I should have passed my time very happily; the house is fine, and stands like the citadel of Kent; the whole county is its garden. So rich a prospect scarce wants my Thames. Mr. and Mrs. Foote[3] are settled there, two of the most agreeable and sensible people I ever met. Their eldest boy has the finest countenance in the world; your nephew

Letter 538.—[1] Lady Isabella Fitzroy, youngest daughter of Charles, second Duke of Grafton, and wife of Francis Seymour Conway, Earl of Hertford, first cousin of Mr. W. *Walpole.*

[2] In Kent, seat of Edward Louisa Mann, brother of Sir Horace. *Walpole.*—Four miles from Maidstone.

[3] Sister of Sir Horace. *Walpole.*

Hory[4] was there too, and has a sweetness of temper as if begot between your brother and you, and not between him and his Tisiphone. Your eldest brother has not only established your sister Foote there, which looks well, but dropped very agreeable hints about Hory.

Your letter has confirmed my satisfaction about your situation, about which indeed I am easy. I am persuaded you will remain at Florence as long as King *George* has any minister there. I do not imagine that a recall obliges you to return home; whether you could get your appointments continued is very different. It is certainly far from unprecedented: nay, more than one have received them at home—but that is a favour far beyond my reach to obtain. Should there be occasion, you must try all your friends, and all that have professed themselves so; young Mr. Pelham[5] might do something. In the meantime, neglect none of the ministers. If you could wind into a correspondence with Colonel Yorke[6] at the Hague, he may be of great service to you. That family is very powerful: the eldest brother, Lord Royston, is historically curious and political: if, without its appearing too forced, you could at any time send him uncommon letters, papers, manifestoes, and things of that sort, it might do you good service. My dear child, I can give you better advice than assistance; I believe I have told you before, that I should rather hurt you than serve you by acting openly for you.

I told you in my last Admiral Boscawen's affair too strongly: he is not disgraced nor dismissed, but seems to reckon himself both. The story is far from exactly known: what I can sift out is, that he indulged himself in a great

[4] Horace, only son of Galfridus Mann. *Walpole.*

[5] Thomas, afterwards Lord Pelham. *Walpole.*

[6] Colonel Hon. Joseph Yorke (1724–1792), third son of first Earl of Hardwicke; K.B. 1761; cr. Baron Dover, 1788. He served in the army; was A.D.C. to the Duke of Cumberland at Fontenoy; Minister at the Hague, 1751–61; Ambassador at the Hague, 1761–80.

latitude in a most profitable station, was recalled against his inclination for the present expedition; not being easily met, a second commander was appointed, when it seems he did not much care to serve under a first. He does not serve at all, and his Boscawenhood is much more Boscawened; that is, surly in the deepest shade. The wind has blown so constantly west for near three weeks, that we have not only received no mails from the continent, but the transports have been detained in the Downs, and the secret expedition has remained at anchor. I have prayed it might continue, but the wind has got to the east to-day. Having never been prejudiced in favour of this exploit, what must I think of it when the French have had such long notice?

We had a torrent of bad news yesterday from America. Lord Loudon has found an army of twenty-one thousand French, gives over the design on Louisbourg, and retires to Halifax. Admiral Holbourn[7] writes, that they have nineteen ships to his seventeen, and he cannot attack them. It is time for England to slip her own cables, and float away into some unknown ocean.

Between disgraces and an inflammation in my eyes, it is time to conclude my letter. My eyes I have certainly weakened with using them too much at night. I went the other day to Scarlet's to buy green spectacles; he was mighty assiduous to give me a pair that would not tumble my hair. 'Lord! Sir,' said I, 'when one is come to wear spectacles, what signifies how one looks?'

I hope soon to add another volume to your packet from my press. I shall now only print for presents; or, to talk in a higher style, I shall only give my Louvre editions to privy councillors and foreign ministers. Apropos! there is a book of this sacred sort which I wish I could by your means procure: it is the account, with plates, of what has

[7] Admiral Francis Holburne (1704–1771).

been found at Herculaneum. You may promise the King of Naples in return all my editions. Adieu! my dear Sir.

Sept. 4.

I had sealed this up, and was just sending it to London, when I received yours of the 13th of this month. I am charmed with the success of your campaign at Leghorn—a few such generals or ministers would give a little revulsion to our affairs.

You frighten me with telling me of innumerable copies taken of my inscription on the Pope's picture: some of our bear-leaders will pick it up, send it over, and I shall have the horror of seeing it in a magazine. Though I had no scruple of sending the good old man a cordial, I should hate to have it published at the tail of a newspaper, like a testimonial from one of Dr. Rock's[8] patients! You talk of the Pope's enemies; who are they? I thought at most he could have none but at our bonfires on the fifth of November.

539. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 8, 1757.

How I laughed at your picture of the shrine of Notre Dame de Straberri, and of the vows hung up there! I little thought that when I converted my castle into a printing-office, the next transformation would be into an hospital for the *filles repenties* from Mrs. Naylor's and Lady Fitzroy's. You will treat the enclosed I trust with a little more respect, not for the sake of the hero, but of the poet. The poet[1], poor soul, has had a relapse, but is again recovering.

As I know no earthly history, you must accept the sonnet

[8] Richard Rock, a quack doctor.

Letter 539.—[1] Probably Bentley, who had been ill. See letter to Montagu, Aug. 25, 1757.

as if it was written into my letter; and therefore, supposing this the end of the third page, I bid you good night.

Yours ever,

H. W.

540. To Lady Hervey.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 13, 1757.

After all the trouble your Ladyship has been so good as to take voluntarily, you will think it a little hard that I should presume to give you more; but it is a cause, Madam, in which I know you feel, and I can suggest new motives to your Ladyship's zeal. In short, Madam, I am on the crisis of losing Mademoiselle de l'Enclos's picture, or of getting both that and her letters to Lady Sandwich. I enclose Lord Sandwich's letter to me, which will explain the whole. Madame Greffini, I suppose, is Madame Graphigny[1]; whom some of your Ladyship's friends, if not yourself, must know; and she might be of use, if she could be trusted not to detain so tempting a treasure as the letters. From the effects being sealed up, I have still hopes; greater, from the goodness your Ladyship had in writing before. Don't wonder, Madam, at my eagerness: besides a good quantity of natural impatience, I am now interested as an editor and printer. Think what pride it would give me to print original letters of Ninon at Strawberry Hill! If your Ladyship knows any farther means of serving me, *of serving yourself, good Mr. Welldone*, as the widow Lackit says in *Oroonoko*, I need not doubt your employing them. Your Ladyship and I are of a religion, with regard to certain saints, that inspires more zeal than such trifling temptations as persecutions and faggots infuse into bigots of other sects. I think a cause like ours might communicate ardour even to

Letter 540.—[1] Françoise d'Issembourg d'Apponcourt, Dame de Graffigny (1694–1758), novelist.

my Lady Stafford[2]. If she will assist in recovering *Notre Dame des Amours*, I will add St. Raoul[3] to my calendar. I am hers and your Ladyship's most obedient and faithful humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

541. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 29, 1757.

FOR how many years have I been telling you that your country was mad, that your country was undone? It does not grow wiser; it does not grow more prosperous! You can scarce have recovered your astonishment at the suspension of arms concluded near Stade[1]. How do you behave on these lamentable occasions? Oh! believe me, it is comfortable to have an island to hide one's head in! You will be more surprised when you hear that it is totally disavowed here. The clamour is going to be extreme—no wonder, when Kensington is the head quarters of murmur. The Commander-in-Chief[2] is recalled—the *late* Elector[3] is out-

[2] Her maiden name was Cantillon. At the death of her husband, the title went to Lord Stafford's uncle, who dying without children, the earldom became extinct, but the barony fell into abeyance among the three sisters of the nephew, Lady Anastasia and Lady Anne Stafford, and Lady Mary Chabot: the two first were nuns.—Lady Mary married the father of the present Duc de Chabot. One of the nuns is still living. At her death the barony devolves to Sir William Jerningham of Cossey, in Norfolk, through his mother, who was niece to the late Earl of Stafford. *Walpole.*

[3] A favourite cat of Lady Stafford's. *Berry.*

LETTER 541.—[1] The Convention of Kloster-Zeven, signed on Sept. 8, 1757. The Duke of Cumberland had fallen back before Marshal Richelieu to within a short distance of Stade. Here, finding himself so closely pressed that his communications with the Elbe were endangered, he was forced to accept the following terms:—'that the auxiliary troops, as of Hesse and Brunswick, should be sent home, and that the Hanoverians under Cumberland should pass the Elbe, and be dispersed into different quarters of cantonments, leaving only a garrison at Stade.' (Stanhope, *History of England*, ed. 1853, vol. iv. p. 117.) The Electorate of Hanover was thus left at the mercy of the French.

[2] The Duke of Cumberland.

[3] George II; he had ordered his son to make the capitulation, and then disavowed him. *Walpole.*

rageous. On such an occasion you may imagine that every old store of malice and hatred is ransacked: but you would not think that the *general* is now accused of cowardice! As improbable as that is, I do not know whether it may not grow your duty as a minister to believe it—and if it does, you must be sure *not* to believe, that with all this tempest the suspension was dictated from hence. Be that as it may, the *general* is to be the sacrifice. The difficulty will be extreme with regard to the Hessians, for they are in English pay. The King of Prussia will be another victim: he says we have undone him, without mending our own situation. He expected to beat the Prince de Soubise by surprise, but he, like the Austrians, declined a battle, and now will be reinforced by Richelieu's army, who is doomed to be a hero by our absurdities. Austrians, French, Russians, Swedes, can the King of Prussia not sink under all these?

This suspension has made our secret expedition forgot by all but us who feel for particulars. It is the fashion now to believe that it is not against the coast of France; I wish I *could* believe so!

As if all these disgraces were foreign objects not worth attending to, we have a civil war at home; literally so in many counties. The wise Lords, to defeat it, have made the Militia Bill so preposterous that it has raised a rebellion. George Townshend, the promoter of it for popularity, sees it not only most unpopular in his own county, but his father, my Lord Townshend[4], who is not the least mad of your countrymen, attended by a parson, a barber, and his own servants, and in his own long hair, which he has let grow, raised a mob against the execution of the bill, and has written a paper against it, which he has pasted up on the door of four churches near him. It is a good name that

[4] Charles, third Viscount Townshend, son of the Secretary of State. *Walpole.*

a Dr. Stevens has given to our present situation (for one cannot call it a government), a mobocracy.

I come to your letters, which are much more agreeable subjects. I think I must not wish you joy of the termination of the Lorrain reign [5], you have lately taken to them, but I congratulate the Tuscans. Thank you extremely for the trouble you have given yourself in translating my inscription, and for the Pope's letter: I am charmed with his beautiful humility, and his delightful way of expressing it. For his ignorance about my father [6], I impute it to some failure of his memory. I should like to tell him that were my father still minister, I trust we should not make the figure we do—at least he and England fell together! If it is ignorance, Mr. Chute says it is a confirmation of the Pope's deserving the inscription, as he troubles his head so little about disturbing the peace of others. But our enemies need not disturb us—we do their business ourselves. I have one, and that not a little comfort, in my politics; this suspension will at least prevent further hostilities between us and the Empress-Queen, and that secures my dear you.

When I have done thinking of politics, and that is always in an instant, unless such as you and Mr. Conway are involved in them, I am far from passing my time disagreeably. My mind is of no gloomy turn, and I have a thousand ways of amusing myself. Indeed of late I have been terribly frightened lest I must give them all up; my fears have gone to extravagance; do not wonder; my life is not quite irrational, and I tremble to think that I was growing fit only to consort with dowagers. What an exchange, books and drawings, and everything of that sort, for cards! In short, for ten weeks I have had such pains in my eyes

[5] Count Richcourt was succeeded as regent by the Marquis Botta, an Italian.

[6] In a letter alluding to the inscription written by Walpole, the Pope stated that Sir Robert Walpole was still in office.

with the least application, that I thought I should lose them, at least, that they would be useless. I was told that with reading and writing at night I had strained and relaxed the nerves. However, I am convinced that though this is partly the case, the immediate uneasiness came from a cold, which I caught in the hot weather by giving myself Florentine airs, by lying with my windows open, and by lying on the ground without my waistcoat. After trying forty *you should do this's*, Mr. Chute has cured me with a very simple medicine; I will tell it you, that you may talk to Dr. Cocchi and about my eyes too. It is to bathe and rub the outsides all round, especially on the temples, with half a teaspoonful of white spirit of lavender (not lavender-water) and half of Hungary-water. I do this night and morning, and sometimes in the day: in ten days it has taken off all the uneasiness; I can now read in a chaise, which I had totally lost, and for five or six hours by candle-light, without spectacles or candle-screen. In short, the difference is incredible. Observe that they watered but little, and were less inflamed; only a few veins appeared red, whereas my eyes were remarkably clear. I do not know whether this would do with any humour, but that I never had. It is certain that a young man who for above twelve years had studied the law by being read to, from vast relaxation of the nerves, totally recovered the use of his eyes. I should think I tired you with this detail, if I was not sure that you cannot be tired with learning anything for the good of others. As the medicine is so hot, it must not be let *into* the eyes, nor I should think be continued too long.

I approve much your letter to Mr. Fox; I will give it to him at his return, but at present he is on a tour. How scrupulous you are in giving yourself the trouble to send me a copy—was that needful? or are not you always full of attentions that speak kindness? Your brother will take

care to procure the vases when they come, and is inquiring for the liqueurs.

I am putting up a stone in St. Ann's[7] Churchyard for your old friend King Theodore: in short, his history is too remarkable to be let perish. Mr. Bentley says that I am not only an antiquarian, but prepare materials for future antiquarians. You will laugh to hear that when I sent the inscription to the vestry for the approbation of the minister and churchwardens, they demurred, and took some days to consider whether they should suffer him to be called King of Corsica. Happily they have acknowledged his title! Here is the inscription; over it is a crown exactly copied from his coin:

Near this place is interred
Theodore, King of Corsica,
Who died in this parish Dec. 11, 1756,
Immediately after leaving the King's Bench Prison,
By the benefit of the Act of Insolvency,
In consequence of which he registered
His Kingdom of Corsica
For the use of his Creditors.

The Grave, great teacher, to a level brings
Heroes and beggars, galley-slaves and kings.
But Theodore this lesson learn'd, ere dead;
Fate pour'd its lessons on his living head,
Bestow'd a kingdom and denied him bread.

I think that at least it cannot be said of me, as it was of the Duke of Buckingham[8] entombing Dryden,

And help'd to bury whom he help'd to starve.

I would have served him, if a king, even in a gaol, could he have been an honest man. Our papers say, that we are

[7] St. Anne's Church, Soho.

[8] This is a slip of the pen on Horace Walpole's part. In his MS. notes on Pope's Works (printed in 1876 from the copy in possession of Sir William Fraser) he remarks that it was Lord Halifax who subscribed to Dryden's monument

'and help'd to bury whom he help'd to starve.'

bustling about Corsica; I wish if we throw away our own liberty, that we may at least help others to theirs! Adieu! my dear Sir.

542. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

My dearest Harry, Arlington Street, Saturday [1].

But one person in the world may pretend to be as much overjoyed as I am at your return [2]. I came hither to-day on purpose to learn about you; but how can you ask me such a question as do I think you are come too safe? Is this a time of day to question your spirit? I know but two things on earth I esteem more, your goodness and your sense. *You* cannot come into dispute; but by what I have picked up at my Lady T.'s [3], I find there is a scheme of distinguishing between the land and the sea. The K.[4] has been told, that Sir E. H.[5] had written, that, after waiting two days, he asked the officers how long it would be before they took a resolution; that if they would not attack, he should carry the fleet home. I should not entirely credit this report, if Mr. Keith[6], who was present, had not dropped, in a dry way, that he supposed some distinction would be shown to Captain Howe and Captain

Letter 542.—Collated with original in possession of Earl Waldegrave.

[1] The date, Oct. 8, 1757, has been added in another handwriting.

[2] From Rochefort. Its capture was the object of the expedition. The attempt was abandoned chiefly through the irresolution of Sir John Mordaunt, the general in command. The expedition returned without having accomplished anything, except the destruction of the fortifications on the Isle of Aix. Conway's undoubted personal courage saved him from censure at the subsequent inquiry into the failure of the expedition, but he incurred the anger of the King and Pitt. The former struck him off the staff, and the latter afterwards showed a decided disinclination to employ him.

[3] Lady Townshend.

[4] The King.

[5] Sir Edward Hawke, who commanded the fleet.

[6] Robert Murray Keith (1730–1795), afterwards K.B.; entered the army; served with distinction in the Seven Years' War; was Minister at Dresden, 1769; at Copenhagen, 1771, where his spirited action on behalf of the Queen (sister of George III) procured him the Order of the Bath; at Vienna, 1772–92.

Greaves[7]. What confirms my opinion is, that I have never received the letter you say you sent me by the last express. I suppose it is detained, till proper emissaries have made proper impressions; but we will not let it pass so. If you had not bid me, I should have given you this intelligence, for your character is too sacred to be trifled with; and as you are invulnerable by any slanders, it is proper you should know immediately even what may be meditated.

The D.[8] is expected every hour. As he *must* not defend himself, his case will be harder than yours.

I was to go to Bath on Monday, but will certainly not go without seeing you: let me know your motions, and I will meet you anywhere. As I know your scrupulousness about saying anything I say to you privately, I think it necessary to tell you, that I don't mean to preclude you from communicating any part of this letter to those with whom it may be proper for you to consult; only don't let more weight be given to my intelligence than it deserves. I have told you exactly where and what I heard. It may not prove so, but there is no harm in being prepared.

Yours most faithfully,

H. W.

543. To the Earl of Strafford.

My dear Lord, Strawberry Hill, Oct. 11, 1757.

You will have seen or heard that the fleet is returned[1]. They have brought home nothing but one little island[2], which is a great deal more than I expected, having neither thought so despicably of France, or so considerably of ourselves, as to believe they were exposed to much damage. My joy for Mr. Conway's return is not at all lessened by the clamour on this disappointment. Had he been chief com-

[7] Captain (afterwards Admiral) Samuel Graves (1713–1787).

[8] The Duke of Cumberland.

Letter 543.—[1] From the expedition against Rochfort. *Walpole.*

[2] The Isle of Aix.

mander, I should be very sure the nothing he had done was all he could do. As he was under orders, I wait with patience to hear his general's vindication.

I hope the Yorkists have not knocked out your brains for living in a county. In my neighbourhood they have insulted the Parliament *in person*[3]. He called in the Blues, instead of piquing himself on dying in his curule chair in the stable-yard at Ember Court[4].—So entirely have we lost our spirit, that the standing army is forced to defend us against the people, when we endeavour to give them a militia[5], to save them from a standing army; and that the representative of the Parliament had rather owe his life to the Guards than die in the cause of a militia. Sure Lenthall's ghost will come and pull him by the nose!

I hope you begin to cast a southward look, and that my Lady's chickens and ducklings are old enough to go to a day-school, and will not want her any longer.

My Lord Townshend and George[6] are engaged in a paper-war against one another, about the militia. The bill, the suspension at Stade, and the late expedition, which has cost millions, will find us in amusements this winter. It is lucky, for I despair of the Opera. The Mattei has sent certificates to prove that she is stopped by an inundation. The certificates I suppose can swim. Adieu, my dear Lord!

My Lady's and your most faithful humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[3] Mr. Onslow, the Speaker. *Walpole.*

[4] Mr. Onslow's seat near Thames Ditton.

[5] The riots which followed the passing of the Militia Bill were partly due to misrepresentations of its scope on the part of the Tory gentry, and partly to the oppressive provisions of the bill itself.

[6] The present Marquis Townshend. *Walpole.*

544. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 12, 1757.

I shall write you but a short letter for more reasons than one—there are you blushing again for your country! We have often behaved extravagantly, and often shamefully—this time we have united both. I think I will not read a newspaper this month, till the French have vented all their mirth. If I had told you two months ago that this magnificent expedition was designed against Rochfort, would you have believed me? Yet we are strangely angry that we have not taken it! The clamour against Sir John Mordaunt is at high-water mark: but as I was the dupe of clamour last year against one of the bravest of men[1], I shall suspend my belief till all is explained. Explained it will be somehow or other: it seems to me that we do nothing but expose ourselves in summer, in order to furnish inquiries for the winter; and then those inquiries expose us again. My great satisfaction is, that Mr. Conway is not only returned safe, but that all the world agrees that it is not his fault that he is so. He is still at Portsmouth to see the troops disembark. Hawke[2] is come and was graciously received—poor Sir John Mordaunt, who was sent for, was received as ill. I tell you no particulars of their campaign, for I know it slightly, and will wait till I know it exactly.

The Duke came last night. You will not hear much more of his affair: he will not do himself justice, and it proves too gross, to be possible to do him injustice.

I think all the comfort we extract from a thousand bitter herbs, is, that the Russians are gone back[3], gone precipitately, and as yet we don't know why.

Letter 544.—[1] Admiral Byng. *Walpole.*

[2] He commanded the fleet on the Rochefort expedition.

[3] The Russians had so completely laid waste the territory which they had invaded, that their only chance of subsistence lay in a retreat.

I have received yours of the 17th of last month, and you may quiet your fears about posts: we have received all that each has written, except my last, which could not be arrived at Florence when yours came away. Mine was of the 29th of last month, and had many particulars; I hope not too many to stop its journey!

To add to the ill-humour, our papers are filled with the new loss of Fort William Henry[4], which covered New York. That opulent and proud colony between their own factions and our folly is in imminent danger; but I will have done—nay, if we lose another dominion, I think I will have done writing to you, I cannot bear to chronicle so many disgraces. Adieu!

545. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 13, 1757.

If you have received mine of Tuesday, which I directed to Portsmouth, you will perceive how much I agree with you. I am charmed with your sensible modesty. When I talked to you of defence, it was from concluding that you had all agreed that the attempt was impracticable, nay, impossible; and from thence I judged that the ministry intended to cast the blame of a wild project upon the officers. That they may be a little willing to do that, I still think—but I have the joy to find that it cannot be thrown on you. As your friend, and fearing, if I talked for you first, it would look like doubt of your behaviour, at least that you had bid me defend you at the expense of your friends, I said not a word, trusting that your innocence would break out and make its way. I have the satisfaction to find it has already done so. It comes from all quarters but your own, which makes it more honourable. My Lady

[4] At the southern end of Lake George. It was taken by Montcalm on August 9, 1757, after a siege of six days.

Suffolk told me last night, that she heard all the *seamen* said they wished the general had been as ready as Mr. Conway. But this is not all: I left a positive commission in town to have the truth of the general report sent me without the least disguise; in consequence of which I am solemnly assured that your name is never mentioned but with honour; that all the violence, and that extreme, is against Sir John Mordaunt and Mr. Cornwallis. I am particularly sorry for the latter, as I firmly believe him as brave as possible.

This situation of things makes me advise, what I know and find I need not advise, your saying as little as possible in your own defence, nay, as much as you can with any decency for the others. I am neither acquainted with, nor care a straw about, Sir John Mordaunt; but as it is known that you differed with him, it will do you the greatest honour to vindicate him, instead of disculpating yourself. My most earnest desire always is, to have your character continue as amiable and respectable as possible. There is no doubt but the whole will come out, and therefore your justification not coming from yourself will set it in a ten times better light. I shall go to town to-day to meet your brother[1]; and as I know his affection for you will make him warm in clearing you, I shall endeavour to restrain that ardour, of which you know I have enough on the least glimmering of a necessity: but I am sure you will agree with me, that, on the representation I have here made to you, it is not proper for your friends to appear solicitous about you.

The City talk very treason, and, connecting the suspension at Stade with this disappointment, cry out that the general had positive orders to do nothing, in order to obtain gentler treatment of Hanover. They intend in a violent manner to demand redress, and are too enraged to let any part of this affair remain a mystery.

LETTER 545.—[1] The Earl of Hertford.

I think, by your directions, this will reach you before you leave Bevismount[2]: I would gladly meet you at Park Place, if I was not sure of seeing you in town a day or two afterwards at farthest; which I will certainly do, if you let me know. Adieu!

Yours ever,
Hor. Walpole.

546. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Oct. 18, 1757.

You never begged news at a worse time, for though I should tell you much, I have neither time nor inclination. This sounds brusque, but I will explain it. With regard to the expedition, I am so far easy about Mr. C.[1] that he will appear with great honour, but it is not pleasant to hear him complicated with others in the meantime. He cannot speak till forced. In short, there are twenty delicacies not for a letter. The big event is, the Duke's resignation. He is not so patient as Mr. C. under unmerited reproach, and has thrown up everything, Captain-General, regiment and all. You and I wish for a Fronde, but I don't expect one. At worst it will produce *Mémoires de la Fronde*. I rejoice that all your family is well, and beg my compliments to them. For this time you must excuse a very short letter; I am only in town for this evening to meet Mr. C., and I snatch a moment that you might not think me neglectful of you, which I certainly never will be. Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. W.

[2] General Mordaunt's seat near Portsmouth.

Letter 546.—[1] General Conway.

547. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Oct. 24, 1757.

It is impossible not to write to you upon the great event[1] that has happened, and yet it is difficult to know how to write to *you* upon it. Considering your situation, it is improper to make harsh comments: Europe, I suppose, will not be so delicate. Our ministers have kept the article out of our own papers; but they have as little power over foreign gazettes, as weight with foreign powers. In short, the Duke is arrived, was very ill received, and without that, would have done, what he did immediately, resign all his commissions. He does not, like his brother[2], go into opposition. He is even to make his usual appearances. He treated Munchausen[3], who had taken great liberties with his name, with proper severity—I measure my words extremely, not for my own sake, but yours.

General Mordaunt has demanded an inquiry. The form is not settled yet; nor can it be soon, as Sir Edward Hawke is gone upon a cruise with the fleet. I put a quick end to this letter; I have no more facts to tell you; reflections you

Letter 547.—[1] The Duke of Cumberland's resignation of the command of the army. *Walpole.*

[2] Frederick, Prince of Wales. *Walpole.*

[3] The Minister for Hanover. *Walpole.*—'The Duke sent for Munchausen, and said, "Mr. Privy Counsellor, I hear the King has sent for opinions of Hanoverian generals on my conduct; here are the opinions of the Hessian generals and of the Duke of Wolfenbuttle. As the King has ordered the former to be deposited among the archives of Hanover, I hope he will do me the justice to let these be registered with them. Take them and bring them back to me to-morrow." Munchausen returned with them the next day, and with a message from the King that his Majesty had been better informed, and thought better of his royal highness than he had done; and then Munchausen falling prostrate to kiss the lappet of his coat, the Duke with dignity and anger checked him, and said, "Mr. Privy Counsellor, confine yourself to that office; and take care what you say, even though the words you repeat should be my father's; I have all possible deference for him, but I know how to punish anybody else that presumes to speak improperly of me."' (*Memoirs of George II*, ed. 1822, vol. ii. pp. 251–2.)

will make yourself. In the uncertainty of this reaching you, it is better to say no more. Adieu!

P.S. I wrote to you on the 13th last.

548. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Nov. 20, 1757.

I do not like to find that our correspondence is certainly deranged. I have received but one letter from you for a great while; it is of October 8th, and complaining on your side too. You say my last was of Sept. 3rd. Since that I wrote on the 29th, on the 13th, and 24th of last month. I have omitted a month, waiting to see if you got my letters, and to have something decisive to tell you. Neither has happened, and yet I know you will be unhappy not to hear from me, which makes me write now. Our Parliament was suddenly put off to the first of next month, on news that the King of Prussia had made a separate peace with France; as *the Speech* was prepared to ask money for him, it was necessary to set it to a new tune; but we have been agreeably surprised with his gaining a great victory over the Prince de Soubise[1]; but of this we have only the first imperfect account, the wind detaining his courier or aide-de-camp on the other side still. It is prodigious how we want all the good news we can amass together! Our fleet dispersed by a tempest[2] in America, where, into the bargain, we had done nothing, the uneasiness on the convention at Stade, which, by this time, I believe we have broken, and on the disappointment about Rochfort, added to the wretched

Letter 548.—[1] At Rosbach in Saxony, where, on Nov. 5, 1757, the King of Prussia totally defeated the allied French and Austrians under Soubise.

[2] On Sept. 25, 1757, when the fleet under Holburne, cruising off Louisbourg, encountered a storm, in which one ship was lost, and eleven were dismasted.

state of our internal affairs; all this has reduced us to a most contemptible figure. The people are dissatisfied, mutinous, and ripe for insurrections, which indeed have already appeared on the militia and on the dearness of corn, which is believed to be owing to much villainy in the dealers. But the other day I saw a strange sight, a man crying corn, 'Do you want any corn?' as they cry knives and scissors. To add to the confusion, the troubles in Ireland, which Mr. Conway had pacified, are broke out afresh, by the imprudence of the Duke of Bedford[3] and the ambition of the Primate[4]. The latter had offered himself to the former, who rejected him, meaning to balance the parties, but was insensibly hurried into Lord Kildare's[5], to please Mr. Fox. The Primate's faction have passed eleven resolutions on pensions and grievances, equal to any in 1641, and the Duke of Bedford's friends dared not say a word against them. The day before yesterday a messenger arrived from him for help; the council here will try to mollify; but Ireland is no tractable country. About what you will be more inquisitive, is the disappointment at Rochfort, and its consequences. Sir John Mordaunt demanded an inquiry which the City was going to demand. The Duke of Marlborough, Lord George Sackville, and General Waldegrave have held a public inquest, with the fairness of which people are satisfied; the report is not to be made to the King till to-morrow, for which I shall reserve my letter. You may easily imagine, that with all my satisfaction in Mr. Conway's behaviour, I am very unhappy about him: he is still more so; having guarded and gained the most perfect character in the world by the

[3] The Duke, who had begun his reign as Viceroy by declaring against granting pensions on the Irish establishment, was shortly afterwards persuaded to ask one for his sister-in-law, Lady Betty Waldegrave.

[4] Dr. Stone, Archbishop of Armagh. *Walpole.*

[5] Lady Kildare was sister of Lady Caroline Fox. *Walpole.*

severest attention to it, you may guess what he feels under anything that looks like a trial. You will see him more like himself, in a story his aide-de-camp, Captain Hamilton[6], tells of him. While they were on the isle of Aix, Mr. Conway was so careless and so fearless as to be trying a burning-glass on a bomb—yes, a bomb, the match of which had been cut short to prevent its being fired by any accidental sparks of tobacco. Hamilton snatched the glass out of Mr. Conway's hand before he had at all thought what he was about. I can tell you another story of him, that describes all his thought for others, while so indifferent about himself. Being with my Lady Ailesbury in his absence, I missed a favourite groom they used to have; she told me this story. The fellow refused to accompany Mr. Conway on the expedition, unless he would provide for his widow in case of accidents. Mr. C., who had just made his will and settled his affairs, replied coolly, 'I have provided for her.' The man, instead of being struck, had the command of himself to ask how? He was told, she would have two hundred pounds. Still uncharmed, he said it was too little! Mr. Conway replied he was sorry he was not content; he could not do more; but would only desire him to go to Portsmouth and see his horses embarked. He refused. If such goodness would make one adore human nature, such ingratitude would soon cure one!

Mr. Fox was going to write to you, but I took all the compliments upon myself, as I think it is better for you to be on easy than ceremonious terms. To promote this, I have established a correspondence between you; he will be glad if you will send him two chests of the best Florence wine every year. The perpetuity destroys all possibility of your making him presents of it. I have compounded for

[6] Afterwards Sir William Hamilton and Envoy to Naples: he was a younger son of Lord Archibald Hamilton. *Walpole.*

the vases, but he would not hear, nor must you think of giving him the wine, which you must transact with your brother and me. The chest of Florence which puzzled James and me so much, proves to be Lord Hertford's drams. We have got something else from Florence, not your brother James and I, but the public: here is arrived a Countess Rena, of whom my Lord Pembroke bought such quantities of Florence, &c. I shall wonder if he deals with her any more, as he has the sweetest wife[7] in the world, and it seems to be some time since La Comtessa was so. Tell me more of her history: antique as she is, she is since my time. Alas! everything makes me think myself old since I have worn out my eyes, which, notwithstanding the cure I thought Mr. Chute had made upon them, are of very little use to me. You have no notion how it mortifies me: when I am wishing to withdraw more and more from a world of which I have had satiety, and which I suppose is as tired of me, how vexatious not to be able to indulge a happiness that depends only on oneself, and consequently the only happiness proper for people past their youth! I have often deluded you with promises of returning to Florence for pleasure, I now threaten you with it for your plague; for if I am to become a tiresome old fool, at least it shall not be in my own country. In the meantime, I must give you a commission for my press. I have printed one book (of which two copies are ready for you and Dr. Cocchi), and I have written another: it is a *Catalogue of the Royal and Noble Authors of England.* Richard I it seems was, or had a mind to pass for, a Provençal poet; nay, some of those compositions are extant, and you must procure them for me: Crescimbeni[8] says there are some in

[7] Elizabeth, sister of the Duke of Marlborough. *Walpole.*

[8] Giovanni Maria Crescimbeni (1663-1728). According to the notice of Richard I in *Royal and Noble Authors* (where Walpole calls Crescimbeni a 'miserable historian'), he was wrong as to the Vatican MS.

the library of San Lorenzo at Florence, in *uno de' Codici Provenzali*, and others *nel 3204 della Vaticana*. You will oblige and serve me highly if you can get me copies. Dr. Cocchi certainly knows Crescimbeni's Commentary on the Lives of the Provençal Poets.

I shall wind up this letter, which is pretty long for a blind man without spectacles, with an admirable *bon mot*. Somebody asked me at the play the other night what was become of Mrs. Woffington; I replied, she is taken off by Colonel Cæsar. Lord Tyrawley said, 'I suppose she was reduced to *aut Caesar aut Nullus*.'

The monument about which you ask you shall see in a drawing, when finished; it is a simple Gothic arch, something in the manner of the columbaria: a Gothic columbarium is a new thought of my own, of which I am fond, and going[9] to execute one at Strawberry. That at Linton is to have a beautiful urn, designed by Mr. Bentley, as the whole is, with this plain, very true inscription, 'Galfrido Mann, amicissimo, optimo, qui obiit . . . . H. W. P.'

Thank you for the King of Prussia's letter, though I had seen it before. It is lively and odd. He seems to write as well without Voltaire as he fights as well without the French—or without us.

Monday night.

The report is made, but I have not yet seen it, and this letter must go away this minute. I hear it names no names, says no reason appears why they did not land on the 25th, and gives no merit to all Mr. Conway's subsequent proposals for landing. Adieu!

[9] It was not executed. *Walpole.*

549. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

[Nov.] 1757.

I am this minute arrived, and going to dine at Brand's. I will come to you afterwards, before I go to North House. In the meantime I send you a most hasty performance, literally conceived and executed between Hammersmith and Hyde Park Corner. The Lord knows if it is not sad stuff. I wish for the sake of the subject it were better[1]!

To Mr. Conway.

When Fontenoy's empurpl'd plain
Shall vanish from th' historic page,
Thy youthful valour shall in vain
Have taught the Gaul to shun thy rage.

When hostile squadrons round thee stood
On Laffelt's unsuccessful field,
Thy captive sabre, drench'd in blood,
The vaunting victor's triumph seal'd.

Forgot be these! Let Scotland, too,
Culloden from her annals tear,
Lest Envy and her factious crew
Should sigh to meet thy laurels there.

When each fair deed is thus defac'd,
A thousand virtues, too, disguis'd,
Thy *grateful* country's voice shall haste
To censure worth so little priz'd.

Then, patient, let the thunder roll;
Pity the blind you cannot hate;
Nor, blest with Aristides' soul,
Repine at Aristides' fate.

Letter 549.—Not in C.; printed in *Journals and Correspondence of Miss Berry* (vol. ii. p. 63), under date 'February, 1758.' (See *Notes and Queries*, April 14, 1900.)

[1] These verses were written at the time of the inquiry into the failure of the expedition to Rochefort.

550. To Grosvenor Bedford.

Dear Sir, Saturday [Nov. 1757].

I beg you will get the enclosed stanzas inserted in the *Public Advertiser* on Monday next[1], just as I have written them. If not in the *Public*, then in the *Daily Advertiser*. My name must not be mentioned, nor anything but the initial letters H. C.

I am just going out of town, and shall not return till late on Wednesday. If you should have anything particular to say, write me a line to Strawberry. Yours ever,

H. W.

To Major-General H. C.

When Fontenoy's empurpl'd plain
Shall vanish from th' historic page,
Thy youthful valour shall in vain
Have taught the Gaul to shun thy rage.

When hostile squadrons round thee stood
On Laffelt's unsuccessful field,
Thy captive sabre, drench'd in blood,
The vaunting victor's triumph seal'd.

Forgot be these—let Scotland, too,
Culloden from her annals tear,
Lest Envy and her factious crew
Should blush to find thy laurels there.

When each fair deed is thus defac'd,
A thousand virtues, too, disguis'd,
Thy grateful country's voice shall haste
To censure worth so little priz'd.

Then, patient, hear the thunder roll;
Pity the blind you cannot hate;
Nor, blest with Aristides' soul,
Repine at Aristides' fate.

Letter 550.—[1] According to Cunningham they were printed in the *Public Advertiser*, on Nov. 28, 1757.

551. To George Montagu.

Sunday evening.

I leave Mr. Müntz in commission to do the honours of Strawberry to you: if he succeeds well, will you be troubled with him in your chaise to London on Wednesday?

He will tell you the *history* of Queen Mab being attacked —not in her virtue, but in her very palace—if all this does not fill up the evening, and you should have no engagement to your aunt Crossby[1], or to your grandmother, you know how welcome you will be at Cliveden. Adieu!

552. To Dr. Ducarel[1].

Sir, Arlington Street, Dec. 25, 1757.

The Dean of Exeter having showed me a letter in which you desire the name of the MS. which contains the illumination I wished to see, I take the liberty of troubling you with this. The book is called *The Dictes and Sayings of the Philosophers: translated out of Latyn into Frenshe, by Messire Jehan de Téonville*; and from thence rendered into English, by Earl Rivers.—I am perfectly ashamed, Sir, of giving you so much trouble, but your extreme civility and good-nature, and your great disposition to assist in anything that relates to literature, encouraged me to make my application to you; and the politeness with which you received it I shall always acknowledge with the greatest gratitude.—The Dean desired me to make his excuses to you for not writing himself; and my Lord Lyttelton returns you a thousand thanks for your kind offers of communication,

Letter 551.—[1] *Sic* in MS.; Mrs. Cosby is the person in question. (See Table II.)

Letter 552.—[1] Andrew Coltee Ducarel (1713-1785), Keeper of the Library at Lambeth Palace, and a well-known antiquary.

and proposes to wait on you himself, and talk those matters over with you. I shall not fail of paying my respects to you on Friday next, at one o'clock; and am, Sir, your most obliged and most obedient humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

553. To Lady Mary Coke.

DEAR MADAM, Arlington Street, Tuesday night.

Would you take me for a solicitor? you must, since I consider you as a minister, and the only one of whom I would ask a favour. The greatest man in this country to military eyes is my Lord Legonier; now all the world knows you govern him. I want an advancement for a young man who has served some time, and with great gallantry, and whose family are the worthiest people upon earth. Yet I will not deceive you, there is an objection to him, the one he cannot help, but I have too great a regard for you not to respect even your Ladyship's prejudices—in short, he is a Scotchman, a nation you don't love. However, if you can surmount your aversion, it will exceedingly oblige me; I am so unfortunate as to love that unfashionable people, and wish to serve them. Command my Lord Legonier to grant the enclosed request; the more earnest you are, the more generous the action will be; in short, if you don't do it, I will not believe, what hitherto I always had believed, that even fourscore cannot resist you. You must not be content that I, who am but halfway, am your absolute Slave,

HOR. WALPOLE.

How is your cold?

LETTER 553.—Not in C.; reprinted from *Journal of Lady Mary Coke*, vol. iii. p. x.

554. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Jan. 11, 1758.

You express so much concern and tenderness for Mr. Conway and me in your letter of December 17th, which I received two days ago, that I am impatient and happy to tell you, that after keeping the report of the court-martial a week, the King yesterday approved the sentence, which is a full acquittal of Sir John Mordaunt, and was unanimous. If the commander-in-chief is so fully cleared, what must the subordinate generals be? There are still flying whispers of its being brought into Parliament in some shape or other, though every public and private *reason*, I say *reason*, forbid it. Sure this is not a season to relume heats, when tranquillity is so essential and so established! In a private light who can wish to raise such a cloud of enemies as the whole army, who murmur grievously at hearing that an acquittal is not an acquittal; who hold it tyranny, if they are not to be as safe by their juries as the rest of their fellow-subjects; and who think a judgement of twenty-one general officers not to be trifled with? I shall tremble if any rashness drives the army to distinguish or think themselves distinguished from the civil government!

You are by this time, I suppose, in weepers for Princess Caroline[1]; though her state of health has been so dangerous for years, and her absolute confinement for many of them, her disorder was in a manner new and sudden, and her death unexpected by herself, though earnestly her wish. Her goodness was constant and uniform, her generosity immense, her charities most extensive—in short I, no royalist, could be lavish in her praise. What will divert you is, that the Duke of Norfolk's and Lord Northumber-

Letter 554.—[1] Third daughter of King George II.

land's upper servants have asked leave to put themselves in mourning, not out of regard for this admirable Princess, but to be more *sur le bon ton*. I told the Duchess I supposed they would expect her to mourn hereafter for their relations.

Well, it seems I guessed better about Sir James Grey than he knew about himself. Sir Benjamin Keene[2] is dead: I dined to-day where Colonel Grey did; he told me it is a year and a half since the King named his brother for Spain, and that he himself was told but yesterday that Sir James was too well at Naples to be removed, and that reasons of state called for somebody else. Would they called for you! and why not? You are attached to nobody; your dear brother had as much reason to flatter himself with Mr. Pitt's favour, as he was marked by *not* having Mr. Fox's. Your not having the least connection with the latter cannot hurt you. Such a change, for so great an object, would overrule all my prudence: but I do not know whether it were safe to hint it, especially as by this time, at least before your application could come, it must be disposed of. Lord Rochford wishes it, Lord Huntingdon has asked it; Lord Tyrawley and Lord Bristol[3] are talked of. I am so afraid of ticklish situations for you, that in case of the latter's removal, I should scarce wish you Turin. I cannot quit this chapter without lamenting Keene! my father had the highest opinion of his abilities, and indeed his late negotiations have been crowned with proportionate success. He had great wit, agreeableness, and an indolent good-humour that was very pleasing: he loved our dearest Gal!

The King of Prussia is quite idle[4]; I think he has done nothing this fortnight but take Breslau, and Schweidnitz,

[2] Minister at Madrid.

[3] George William Hervey, second Earl of Bristol. He succeeded Keene at Madrid.

[4] On Dec. 5, 1757, the King totally defeated the Austrians under Daun at the battle of Leuthen or Lissa; on Dec. 29 he retook Breslau. Except for a garrison in Schweidnitz, now closely blockaded by Frederick, the Austrians had been driven from Silesia.

and ten or a dozen generals, and from thirty to fifty thousand prisoners—in this respect he contradicts the *omne majus continet in se minus.* I trust he is galloping somewhere or other with only a groom to get a victory. Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick[5] has galloped a little *from* one: when we were expecting that he would drive the French army into the sea, and were preparing to go to Harwich and see it, he turned back, as if he wanted to speak with the King of Prussia. In a street very near me they do not care to own this; but as my side[6] of Arlington Street is not ministerial, we plain-dealing houses speak our mind about it. Pray, do not you about that or anything else; remember you are an envoy, and though you must not presume to be as false as an ambassador, yet not a grain of truth is consistent with your character. Truth is very well for such simple people as me, with my *Fari quae sentiat,* which my father left me, and which I value more than all he left me; but I am errantly wicked enough to desire *you* should lie and prosper. I know you don't like my doctrine, and therefore I will compound with you for holding your tongue. Adieu! my dear child—shall we never meet? Are we always to love one another at the discretion of a sheet of paper? I would tell you in another manner that I am ever yours.

P.S. I will not plague you with more than a postscript on my eyes: I write this after midnight quite at my ease; I think the greatest benefit I have found lies between old rum and elder-flower water (three spoonfuls of the latter to one of the former), and dipping my head in a pail of cold

[5] Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick (1721–1792), brother of the reigning Duke of Brunswick. He entered the Prussian service in 1740. He was now in command of the Hanoverian army, which had taken up arms again on George II's refusal to ratify the Convention of Kloster Zeven.

[6] Earl Granville and Mr. Pelham lived on the opposite side. *Walpole.*

water every morning the moment I am out of bed. This I am told may affect my hearing, but I have too constant a passion for my eyes to throw away a thought on any rival.

555. To Dr. Ducarel.

Sir, Arlington Street, Jan. 12, 1758.

I have the pleasure to let you know, that his Grace the Archbishop[1] has, with the greatest politeness and goodness, sent me word, by the Dean of Exeter[2], that he gives me leave to have the illumination[3] copied, either at your chambers, or at my own house, giving you a receipt for it. As the former would be so inconvenient to me as to render this favour useless, I have accepted the latter with great joy; and will send a gentleman of the Exchequer, my own deputy, to you, Sir, on Monday next, with my receipt, and shall beg the favour of you to deliver the MS. to him, Mr. Bedford. I would wait on you myself, but have caught cold at the visit I made you yesterday, and am besides going to Strawberry Hill, from whence I propose to bring you a little print, which was never sold, and not to be had from anybody else: which is, *The arms of the two Clubs at Arthur's*[4]; a print exceedingly in request last year. When I have more leisure, for at this time of the year I am much hurried, I shall be able, I believe, to pick you out some other curiosities; and am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Hor. Walpole.

Letter 555.—[1] Matthew Hutton; d. March 19, 1758.

[2] Dr. Charles Lyttelton.

[3] This illumination, from a MS. at Lambeth, was engraved by Grignion as a frontispiece to *Royal and Noble Authors*.

[4] Described in letter to Montagu, April 20, 1756. It was engraved by Grignion.

556. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Feb. 9, 1758.

One would not have believed that I could so long have wanted something to form a letter; but I think politics are gone into winter quarters: Mr. Pitt is in bed with the gout, and the King of Prussia writing sonnets to Voltaire; but his Majesty's lyre is not half so charming as his sword: if he does not take care, Alexander will ride home upon his verses. All England has kept his birthday; it has taken its place in our calendar next to Admiral Vernon's[1] and my Lord Blakeney's; and the people, I believe, begin to think that Prussia is some part of *Old England.* We had bonfires and processions, illuminations and French horns playing out of windows all night. In the meantime there have been some distant grumblings of a war with Spain, which seem blown over: a new Russian army in march has taken its place. The Duke of Richelieu is said to be banished for appropriating some contributions[2] to his own use: if he does not take care to prove that he meant to make as extravagant use of them as ever Marquis Catiline did, it will be a very bourgeois termination of such a gallant life! By the rage of expense in our pleasures, in the midst of such dearness and distress, one would think we had opportunities of contributions too! The simple Duke of St. Albans[3], who is retired to Brussels for debt, has made a most sumptuous funeral in public for a dab of five months old that he had by his cookmaid. But our glaring extra-

Letter 556.—[1] On Admiral Vernon's taking Porto Bello in 1740, the populace of London celebrated his birthday, and some doubts arising on the specific day, they celebrated it again, and I think continued to do so for two or three subsequent years. *Walpole.*

[2] He plundered the Electorate so indecently, that on his return to Paris, having built a pavilion in his garden, it was nicknamed *le Pavillon d'Hanovre. Walpole.*

[3] The third Duke of that title. *Walpole.*

vagance is the constant high price given for pictures: the other day at Mr. Furnese's[4] auction a very small Gaspar sold for seventy-six guineas; and a Carlo Maratti, which too I am persuaded was a Giuseppe Chiari, Lord Egremont bought at the rate of two hundred and sixty pounds. Mr. Spencer[5] gave no less than two thousand two hundred pounds for the Andrea Sacchi and the Guido from the same collection. The latter is of very dubious originality: my father, I think, preferred the Andrea Sacchi to his own Guido, and once offered seven hundred pounds for it, but Furnese said, 'Damn him, it is for him; *he* shall pay a thousand.' There is a pewterer, one Cleeve[6], who some time ago gave a thousand pounds for four very small Dutch pictures. I know but one dear picture not sold, Cooper's[7] head of Oliver Cromwell, an unfinished miniature; they asked me four hundred pounds for it! But pictures do not monopolize extravagance: I have seen a little ugly shell called a ventletrap sold for twenty-seven guineas. However, to do us justice, we have magnificence too that is well judged. The *Palmyra* and *Balbec*[8] are noble works to be undertaken and executed by private men. There is now established a Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Sciences, and Commerce that is likely to be very serviceable; and I was pleased yesterday with a very grand seigneurial design of the Duke of Richmond[9], who has collected a great many fine casts of the best antique statues, has placed them in a large room in his garden[10], and designs to throw it

[4] Henry Furnese had been a Lord of the Treasury. He was a friend of Lord Bath, and personally an enemy to Sir Robert Walpole. *Walpole.*

[5] John, first Earl Spencer. *Walpole.*—Son of Hon. John Spencer, and great-grandson of the first Duke of Marlborough; cr. Viscount Spencer in 1761, and Earl Spencer in 1765; d. 1783.

[6] Bourchier Cleeve, of Foots Cray Place, Kent; d. 1760.

[7] Samuel Cooper (1609–1672), miniature painter.

[8] *The Ruins of Baalbec*, by Robert Wood, assisted by Mr. Dawkins and Mr. Bouverie.

[9] Charles Lenox, third Duke of Richmond. *Walpole.*

[10] At Whitehall. Cipriani and

open to encourage drawing. I have offered him to let my eagle be cast.

Adieu! If anything happens, I will not, nor ever do wait for a regular interval of writing to you.

557. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Feb. 10, 1758.

This campaign does not open with the vivacity of the last; the *hero of the age* has only taken Schweidnitz yet—he had fought a battle or two by this time last year. But this is the case of Fame! A man that astonishes at first, soon makes people impatient if he does not continue in the same andante key. I have heard a good answer of one of the Duke of Marlborough's generals, who dining with him at a City feast, and being teased by a stupid alderman, who said to him, 'Sir, yours must be a very laborious employment!' replied, 'Oh no; we fight about four hours in a morning, and two or three after dinner, and then we have all the rest of the day to ourselves.' *I* shall not be quite so impatient about our own campaign as I was last year, though we have another secret expedition on foot—they say, to conquer France, but I believe we must compound for taking *the Isle of Wight*, whither we are sending fourteen thousand men. The Hero's uncle[1] reviewed them yesterday in Hyde Park on their setting out. The Duke of Marlborough commands, and is, in reality, commanded by Lord George Sackville. We shall now see how much greater generals we have than Mr. Conway, who has pressed to go *in any capacity*, and is not suffered!

Mr. Pitt is again laid up with the gout, as the Duke of Bedford is confined in Ireland by it. His Grace, like other

Joseph Wilson were chosen as directors.

Letter 557.—[1] George II, uncle of the King of Prussia. *Walpole.*

Kings I have known, is grown wonderfully popular there since he was taken prisoner and tied hand and foot. To do faction justice, it is of no cowardly nature: it abuses while it attacks, and loads with panegyric those it defeats.

We have nothing in Parliament but a quiet struggle for an extension of the Habeas Corpus. It passed our House swimmingly, but will be drowned with the same ease in the House of Lords. On the new taxes we had an entertaining piece of pomp from the Speaker: Lord Strange[2] (it was in a committee) said, 'I will bring him down from the gallery,' and proposed that the Speaker should be exempted from the Place Tax. He came down, and besought not to be excepted—Lord Strange persisted—so did the Speaker. After the debate, Lord Strange going out said, 'Well, did not I show my dromedary well?' I should tell you that one of the fashionable sights of the winter has been a dromedary and camel, the proprietor of which has entertained the town with a droll variety of advertisements.

You would have been amazed, had you been here at Sir Luke Schaub's auction of pictures. He had picked up some good old copies cheap when he was in Spain during the contentions there between the houses of Austria and Bourbon, and when many grandees being confiscated, the rest piqued themselves on not profiting of their spoils. With these Sir Luke had some fine small ones, and a parcel of Flemish, good in their way. The late Prince offered him twelve thousand pounds for the whole, leaving him the enjoyment for his life. As he knew the twelve thousand would not be forthcoming, he artfully excused himself by saying he loved pictures so much that he knew he should fling away the money. Indeed, could he have touched it, it had been well; the collection was indubitably not worth four thousand pounds. It has sold for near eight! A

[2] Son of the Earl of Derby. *Walpole.*

copy[3] of the King of France's Raphael went for seven hundred pounds. A Sigismunda, called by Corregio, but certainly by Furoni his scholar, was bought in at upwards of four hundred pounds. In short, there is Sir James Lowther, Mr. Spencer, Sir Richard Grosvenor[4], boys with twenty and thirty thousand a year, and the Duchess of Portland, Lord Ashburnham, Lord Egremont, and others with near as much, who care not what they give. I want to paint my coat and sell it off my back—there never was such a season. I am mad to have the Houghton pictures sold now; what injury to the creditors to have them postponed, till half of these vast estates are spent, and the other half grown ten years older!

Lord Corke is not the editor of Swift's History[5], but one Dr. Lucas, a physicianed apothecary, who some years ago made much factious noise in Ireland—the book is already fallen into the lowest contempt. I wish you joy of the success of the Cocchi family; but how three hundred crowns a year sound after Sir Luke Schaub's auction! Adieu! my dear Sir.

558. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Feb. 23, 1758.

Though the inactivity of our parliamentary winter has let me be an idle correspondent, I am far from having been so remiss as the posts have made me seem. I remember to have thought that I had no letter on board the packet that was taken; but since the 20th of Nov. I have writ to you on Dec. 14, Jan. 11, Feb. 9. The acquittal of General Mordaunt would, I thought, make you entirely easy about Mr. Conway. The paper war on their subject is still kept

[3] It was purchased by the Duchess Dowager of Portland. *Walpole.*

[4] Sir Richard Grosvenor (1731–1802), seventh Baronet, of Eaton, Chester; cr. Baron Grosvenor in 1759, and Earl Grosvenor in 1784.

[5] *History of the Four Last Years of the Queen.*

up; but all inquiries are at an end. When Mr. Pitt, who is laid up with the gout, is a little cool again, I think he has too much eagerness to perform something of *éclat*, to let the public have to reproach him with not employing so brave a man and so able as Mr. Conway. Though your brothers do not satisfy your impatience *to know*, you must a little excuse them; the eldest lives out of the world, and James not in that world from whence he can learn or inform *you*. Besides our dear Gal's warmth of friendship, he had innumerable opportunities of intelligence. He, who lent all the world money for nothing, had at least a right to know something.

I shall be sorry on my own account if one particular[1] letter has miscarried, in which I mentioned some trifles that I wished to purchase from Stosch's collection. As you do not mention any approaching sale, I will stay to repeat them till you tell me that you have received no such letter.

Thank you for the *éloge* on your friend poor Cocchi; you had not told me of his death, but I was prepared for it, and heard it from Lord Huntingdon. I am still more obliged to you for the trouble you have given yourself about King Richard. You have convinced me of Crescimbeni's blunder as to Rome. For Florence, I must entreat you to send me another copy, for your copyist or his original have made undecipherable mistakes; particularly in the last line; *La Mère Lovis*[2] is impossible to be sense: I should wish, as I am to print it, to have every letter of the whole sonnet more distinct and certain than most of them are. I don't know how to repay you for all the fatigue I give you. Mr. Fox's urns are arrived, but not yet delivered from the Custom House. You tell me no more of Botta[3]: is he

LETTER 558. — [1] The letter of Dec. 17th, which was lost. *Walpole.*

[2] This phrase in Old French means 'the mother of Louis.' A critical text of King Richard's poem is printed in Toynbee's *Specimens of Old French* (pp. 131–3).

[3] Marshal Botta, commander at

invisible in dignity, like Richcourt; or sunk to nothing, like our poor old friend the Prince[4]? Here is a good epigram on the Prince de Soubise, with which I must conclude, writing without anything to tell you, and merely to show you that I do by no means neglect you:

Soubise, après ses grands exploits,
Peut bâtir un palais qui ne lui coûte guère;
Sa femme lui fournit le bois,
Et chacun lui jette la pierre.

559. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, March 21, 1758.

Between my letters of Nov. 20th and Jan. 11th, which you say you have received, was one of Dec. 11th, lost, I suppose, in the packet: what it contained it is impossible for me to recollect; but I conclude the very notices about the expedition, the want of which troubled you so much. I have nothing now to tell you of any moment; writing only to keep up the chain of our correspondence, and to satisfy you that there is nothing particular.

I forgot in my last to say a word of our East Indian hero, Clive[1], and his victories: but we are growing accustomed to success again! There is Hanover retaken!—if to have *Hanover* again is to have success! We have no news but what is military; Parliaments are grown idle things, or busy like quarter sessions. Mr. Pitt has been in the House of Commons but twice this winter, yet we have some

Florence for the Emperor Francis. *Walpole.*

[4] The Prince de Craon, chief of the Council, superseded by the Comte de Richcourt. *Walpole.*

Letter 559.—[1] Lieutenant-Colonel Robert Clive (1725–1773), cr. (March 15, 1762) Baron Clive of Plassey. He was Governor of Fort St. David's, 1756; Governor of the East India Company's possessions, 1758–60, 1764–67; K.B., 1764; Commander-in-Chief of the East India Company's forces, 1764–67. On June 19, 1756, he recaptured Calcutta from Surajah Dowlah, and on June 23, 1757, totally defeated him at Plassey.

grumblings: a Navy Bill of Mr. George Grenville, rejected last year by the Lords, and passed again by us, has by Mr. Fox's underhand management been made an affair by the Lords; yet it will pass. An extension of the Habeas Corpus, of forty times the consequence, is impeded by the same dealings, and is not likely to have so prosperous an issue. Yet these things scarce make a heat within doors, and scarce conversation without.

Our new Archbishop[2] died yesterday; but the Church loses its head with as little noise as a question is now carried or lost in Parliament.

Poor Sir Charles Williams is returned from Russia, having lost his senses upon the road. This is imputed to a lady at Hamburgh, who gave him, or for whom he took *some assistance* to his passion; but we hope he will soon recover.

The most particular thing I know is what happened the other day: a frantic Earl of Ferrers[3] has for this twelvemonth supplied conversation by attempting to murder his wife[4], a pretty, harmless young woman, and everybody that took her part. Having broken the peace, to which the House of Lords tied him last year, the cause was trying again there on Friday last. Instead of attending it, he went to the assizes at Hertford to appear against a highwayman, one Page, of extraordinary parts and escapes. The Earl had pulled out a pistol, but trembled so that the robber laughed, took it out of his hand quietly, and said, 'My Lord, I know you always carry more pistols about you; give me the rest.' At the trial, Page pleaded that my Lord was excommunicated, consequently could not give evidence, and got acquitted.

[2] (I think) Archbishop Hutton. *Walpole.*—Hutton died less than a year after his translation to Canterbury.

[3] Lawrence Shirley, Earl Ferrers. More of him will appear in some following letters. *Walpole.*

[4] Mary (d. 1807), daughter of Amos Meredith; m. 1. (1752) fourth Earl Ferrers; 2. (1769) Lord Frederick Campbell, second son of fourth Duke of Argyll.

There is just published Swift's History of the *Four Last Years of Queen Anne*: Pope and Lord Bolingbroke always told him it would disgrace him, and persuaded him to burn it. Disgrace him indeed it does, being a weak libel, ill-written for style, uninformed, and adopting the most errant mob-stories. He makes the Duke of Marlborough a coward, Prince Eugene an assassin, my father remarkable for nothing but impudence, and would make my Lord Somers anything but the most amiable character in the world, if unfortunately he did not praise him while he tries to abuse.

Trevor[5] of Durham is likely to go to Canterbury. Adieu!

560. To Charles Lyttelton Dean of Exeter.

Strawberry Hill, March 23, 1758.

Your letter found Mr. Ward[1] here, and though a word from you would be strongest recommendation, his own quickness and knowledge had already made such way with me, that I cannot assume the merit of having liked him on any account but his own. I wish I had had more materials worth his notice; what he thought so I have lent him.

Mr. Whitworth[2] promised to furnish me with the accounts I asked after Easter; my haste is not immediate; if he is very dilatory, as I expect, I shall trouble you to quicken him again. My own book is still likely to drag on for three weeks: you may believe I shall transmit one of the first to you, less indeed from thinking it has any merit, than in hopes that you will send me your corrections, in

[5] Dr. Richard Trevor. This did not happen. *Walpole.*—Hon. Richard Trevor (d. 1771), second son of first Baron Trevor.

Letter 560.—Not in C.; now printed from original in possession of Viscount Cobham.

[1] Probably the Mr. Cæsar Ward mentioned in letter to Zouch of Jan. 12, 1759.

[2] Horace Walpole had probably applied to some member of the Whitworth family for information respecting Lord Whitworth, whose *Account of Russia as it was in the Year* 1710 was published by Walpole in October of this year.

case I should be obliged to another edition from the faults of the first sketch.

Well! there is another Archbishop[3] dead! will none of their deaths operate to your deanery? are you always to serve everybody, and are you never to be served? Must some future Mr. Ward tell how much you promoted every work of learning, and yet how much the learned world lost by your not having greater power of being a patron? It is believed that *St. Durham*[4] goes to Canterbury, and St. Asaph[5] follows him; I don't fancy St. Asaph for you, but considering the ages of London and Winchester[6], can no regulation be made for you when those vacancies shall happen—why not get a promise? Cure your cough, be promised and be a Bishop—so prays,

Your affectionate Beadsman,

THE ABBOT OF STRAWBERRY.

561. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, April 14, 1758.

As you was disappointed of any intelligence that might be in it (I don't know what was), I am sorry my letter of Dec. 14th miscarried; but with regard to my commissions in Stosch's collection, it did not signify, since they propose to sell it in such great morsels. If they are forced to relent, and separate it, what I wish to have, and had mentioned to you, were, 'his sculptured gems that have vases on them, of which he had a large ring box': the following modern medals, *Anglia, resurges*, I think, of Julius III[1]; the Capitol;

[3] Matthew Hutton, Archbishop of Canterbury, d. March 19, 1758.

[4] Dr. Richard Trevor.

[5] Hon. Robert Drummond, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury.

[6] Sherlock and Hoadley.

LETTER 561.—[1] These medals are mentioned by Mann:—'1. Paul 3rd, with the Ganymede on the reverse. . . . 2. Julius 3rd, with the reverse: *Anglia, resurges*. 3. Innocent 10th, with the reverse: the Capitol. 4. Gregory 13th, with the reverse: *Hugonotorum Strages*. This medal

the *Hugonotorum Strages*; the Ganymede, a reverse of a Pope's medal, by Michael Angelo; the first medal of Julius III; all these were in silver, and very fine; then the little Florentine coin in silver, with *Jesus Rex noster* on the reverse: he had, besides, a fine collection of drawings after nudities and prints in the same style, but you may believe I am not *old* enough to give much for these. I am not very anxious about any, consequently am not tempted to purchase wholesale.

Thank you for the second copy of King Richard: my book[2] is finished; I shall send it you by the first opportunity. I did receive the bill of lading for Mr. Fox's wine; and my reason for not telling you how he liked his vases was, because I did not, nor do yet know, nor does he; they are at Holland House, and will not be unpacked till he settles there: I own *I* have a little more impatience about new things!

My letters will grow more interesting to you, I suppose, as the summer opens: we have had no winter campaign, I mean, no parliamentary war. You have been much misinformed about the King's health—and had he been ill, do you think that the recovery of Hanover would not cure him? Yesterday the new convention with the King of Prussia was laid before the Houses, and is to be considered next week: I have not yet read it, and only know that he is to receive from us two millions in three years, and to make no peace without us. I hope he will make one for us before these three years are expired. A great camp is forming in the Isle of Wight, reckoned the best spot for

becomes very rare from the pains that the Court of Rome takes to buy them and destroy them. 5. The mezzo piastro fiorentino, with the reverse, *Jesus Rex noster et Deus noster*, which was struck in Savannerola's (*sic*) time, when, by his advice, this state was put under the protection of Jesus;—this is very rare.' (*Mann and Manners*, vol. ii. pp. 5–6.)

[2] *A Catalogue of the Royal and Noble Authors of England, with Lists of their Works.*

defence or attack. I suppose both will be tried reciprocally.

Sir Charles Williams's disorder appears to have been lightheadedness from a fever; he goes about again: but the world, especially a world of enemies, never care to give up their title to a man's madness, and will consequently not believe that he is yet in his senses.

Lord Bristol[3] certainly goes to Spain; no successor is named for Turin. You know how much I love a prescriptive situation for you, and how I should fear a more eminent one—and yet you see I notify Turin being open, if you should care to push for it. It is not to recommend it to you, that I tell you of it, but I think it my duty as your friend not to take upon me to decide for you without acquainting you.

I rejoice at Admiral Osborn's[4] success. I am not patriot enough to deny but that there are captains and admirals whose glory would have little charms for me; but Osborn was a steady friend of murdered Byng!

The Earl and Countess of Northumberland[5] have diverted the town with a supper, which they intended should make their court to my Lady Yarmouth[6]; the dessert was a *chasse* at Herenhausen, the rear of which was brought up by a chaise and six containing a man with a blue riband and a lady sitting by him! Did you ever hear such a vulgarism! The person complimented is not half so German, and consequently suffered martyrdom at this clumsy apotheosis of her concubinage. Adieu!

[3] George William Hervey, second Earl of Bristol. *Walpole.*

[4] Admiral Henry Osborn (d. 1771). In Feb., 1758, he intercepted a squadron of three French ships of the line under Duquesne (sent to raise the blockade of the French fleet at Carthagena), and took two of them.

[5] Hugh and Elizabeth Percy, Earl and Countess of Northumberland. He was afterwards created a Duke. *Walpole.*

[6] Madame de Walmoden, Countess of Yarmouth, mistress of George II. *Walpole.*

562. To Dr. Birch.

Sir, Arlington Street, May 4, 1758.

I thought myself very unlucky in being abroad when you was so good as to call here t'other day. I not only lost the pleasure of your company, but the opportunity of obtaining from you (what however I will not despair of) any remarks you may have made on the many errors which I fear you found in my book. The hurry in which it was written, my natural carelessness and insufficiency, must have produced many faults and mistakes. As the curiosity of the world, raised I believe only by the smallness of the number printed, makes it necessary for me to provide another edition, I should be much obliged to whoever would be enough my friend to point out my wrong judgements and inaccuracies,—I know nobody, Sir, more capable of both offices than yourself, and yet I have no pretensions to ask so great a favour, unless your own zeal for the cause of literature should prompt you to undertake a little of this task. I shall be always ready to correct my faults, never to defend them.

563. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, May 4, 1758.

You are the first person, I believe, that ever thought of a Swiss transcribing Welsh, unless, like some commentator on the Scriptures, you have discovered great affinity between those languages, and that both are dialects of the Phœnician. I have desired your brother to call here to-day, and to help us in adjusting the inscriptions. I can find no Lady Cutts in your pedigree, and till I do, cannot accommodate her with a coronet.

My book is marvellously in fashion, to my great astonish-

ment. I did not expect that so much truth and such notions of liberty would have made their fortune in this our day. I am preparing an edition for publication, and then I must expect to be a little less civilly treated. My Lord Chesterfield tells everybody that he subscribes to all my opinions; but this mortifies me about as much as the rest flatter me; I cannot, because it is my own case, forget how many foolish books he has diverted himself with commending. The most extraordinary thing I have heard about mine is, that it being talked of at Lord Arran's table, Doctor King[1], the Dr. King of Oxford, said of the passage on my father[2], 'It is very modest, very genteel, and VERY TRUE.' I asked my Lady Cardigan if she would forgive my making free with her grandmother[3]; she replied very sensibly, 'I am sure she would not have hindered anybody from writing against me; why should I be angry at any writing against her?'

The history promised you of Dr. Brown[4] is this. Sir Charles Williams had written an answer to his first silly volume of the *Estimate*, chiefly before he came over, but finished while he was confined at Kensington. Brown had lately lodged in the same house, not mad now, though he has been so formerly. The landlady told Sir Charles, and offered to make affidavit that Dr. Brown was the most profane curser and swearer that ever came into her house. Before I proceed in my history, I will tell you another anecdote of this great reformer: one of his antipathies is the Opera—yet the only time I ever saw him was in last Passion-week, singing the Romish *Stabat mater* with the

LETTER 563.—[1] Dr. William King, Principal of St. Mary Hall.

[2] 'Sir Robert Walpole, Earl of Orford, is only mentioned in this place in his quality of author: It is not proper nor necessary for me to touch his Character here—Sixteen unfortunate and inglorious years since his retirement have already written his Elogium!'

[3] The Duchess of Marlborough.

[4] John Brown (1715–1766), author of *An Estimate of the Manners and Principles of the Times*, which was published in 1757, and went through several editions.

Mingotti behind a harpsichord at a great concert at my Lady Carlisle's[5].—Well—in a great apprehension of Sir Charles divulging the story of his swearing, Brown went to Dodsley in a most scurrilous and hectoring manner, threatening Dodsley if he should publish anything personal against him, abusing Sir Charles for a coward and most abandoned man, and bidding Dodsley tell the latter that he had a cousin in the army who would call Sir Charles to account for any reflections on him, Brown. Stay; this Christian message from a divine, who by the way has a chapter in his book against duelling, is not all. Dodsley refused to carry any such message, unless in writing. The Doctor, enough in his senses to know the consequences of this, refused; and at last a short verbal message, more decently worded, was agreed on. To this Sir Charles made Dodsley write down this answer: 'that he could not but be surprised at Brown's message, after that he, Sir Charles, had at Ranby's desire sent Brown a written assurance that he intended to say nothing personal of him—nay, nor should yet, unless Brown's impertinence made it necessary.' This proper reply Dodsley sent: Brown wrote back, that he should send an answer to Sir Charles himself; but bid Dodsley take notice, that printing the works of a supposed lunatic might be imputed to the printer himself, and which he, the Doctor, should *chastise*. Dodsley, after notifying this new and unprovoked insolence to Mr. Fox and Garrick, the one, friend of Sir Charles, the other of Brown, returned a very proper, decent, yet firm answer, with assurances of *repaying chastisement* of any sort. Is it credible? This audacious man sent only a card back, saying, 'Footman's language I never return, J. Brown.' You know how decent, humble, inoffensive a creature Dodsley is; how little apt to

[5] Hon. Isabella Byron (d. 1795), daughter of fourth Baron Byron; m. 1. (1743) as his second wife, Henry Howard, fourth Earl of Carlisle; 2. (1759) Sir William Musgrave, Baronet.

forget or disguise his having been a footman! but there is no exaggerating this behaviour by reflections! On the same card he tells Dodsley that he cannot now accept, but returns his present of the two last volumes of his *Collection of Poems*, and assures him that they are not soiled by the reading—He wrote in the first volumes himself—nothing else is worth his reading. But the best picture of him is his own second volume, which beats all the Scaligers and Scioppius's for vanity and insolent impertinence. What is delightful; in the first volume he had deified Warburton, but the success of that trumpery has made Warburton jealous, and occasioned a coolness—but enough of this jackanapes!

Your brother has been here, and as he is to go to-morrow, and the pedigree is not quite finished, and as you will be impatient, and as it is impossible for us to transcribe Welsh, which we cannot read, without your assistance, who don't understand it neither, we have determined that the Colonel should carry the pedigree to you; you will examine it, and bring it with you to Strawberry, where it can be finished under your own eye, better than it is possible to do without. Adieu! I have not writ so long a letter this age, and am quite weary. Yours ever,

H. W.

564. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, May 31, 1758.

This is rather a letter of thanks than of course, though I have received, I verily believe, three from you since my last. Well, then, this is to thank you for them too—chiefly for that of to-day, with the account of the medals you have purchased for me from Stosch, and those your own munificence bestows on me. I am ashamed to receive the latter; I must positively know what you paid for the former; and

beg they may all be reserved till a very safe opportunity. The price for the Ganymede is so monstrous that I must not regret not having it—yet if ever he should lower, I should still have a hankering, as it is one of the finest medals I ever saw. Are any of the others in silver? old Stosch had them so. When any of the other things I mentioned descend to more mortal rates, I would be sorry to lose them.

Should not you, if you had not so much experienced the contrary, imagine that services begot gratitude? You know they don't—shall I tell you what they do beget?—at best, expectations of more services. This is my very case now—you have just been delivered of one trouble for me—I am going to get you with twins—two more troubles. In the first place, I shall beg you to send me a case of liqueurs; in the next, all the medals in copper of my poor departed friend the Pope[1], for whom I am as much concerned as his subjects have reason to be. I don't know whether I don't want samples of his coins, and the little pieces struck during the *sede vacante*. I know what I shall want, any authentic anecdotes of the Conclave. There! are there commissions enough? I did receive the Pope's letter on my inscription, and the translation of the epitaph on Theodore, and liked both much, and thought I had thanked you for them—but I perceive I am not half so grateful as troublesome.

Here is the state of our news and politics. We thought *our foreign King*[2] on the road to Vienna; he is now said to be prevented by Daun, and to be reduced to besiege Olmütz, which has received considerable supplies. Accounts make Louisbourg[3] reduced to wait for being taken by us as the easiest way of avoiding being starved—in short, we are to be those unnatural fowl, *ravens* that *carry* bread. But our

LETTER 564.—[1] Benedict XIV, on whose portrait Mr. W. wrote the inscription, which is in a former letter. *Walpole.*

[2] The King of Prussia. *Walpole.*

[3] An expedition under Amherst and Boscawen had been dispatched thither.

biggest of all expectations is from our own invasion of France, which took post last Sunday; fourteen thousand landmen, eighteen ships of the line, frigates, sloops, bombs, and four volunteers, Lord Downe, Sir James Lowther, Sir John Armitage[4], and Mr. Delaval—the latter so ridiculous a character, that it has put a stop to the mode which was spreading. All this commanded by Lord Anson, who has beat the French; by the Duke of Marlborough[5], whose name has beaten them; and by Lord George Sackville, who is to beat them. Every port and town on the coast of Flanders and France have been guessed for the object. It is a vast armament, whether it succeeds or is lost.

At home there are seeds of quarrels. Pratt[6] the Attorney-General has fallen on a necessary extension of the Habeas Corpus to private cases. The interpreting world ascribes his motives to a want of affection for my Lord Mansfield, who unexpectedly is supported by the late Chancellor, the Duke of Newcastle, and that part of the ministry; and very expectedly by Mr. Fox, as this is likely to make a breach between the united powers. The bill passed almost unanimously through our House. It will have a very different fate in the other, where Lord Temple is almost single in its defence, and where Mr. Pitt seems to have little influence. If this should produce a new revolution, you will not be surprised. I don't know that it will; but it has already shown how little cordiality subsists since the last.

[4] Second Baronet, of Kirklees, Yorkshire; killed at St. Cast, Sept. 1758.

[5] Charles Spencer, second Duke of Marlborough. *Walpole.*—He was the third Duke; he succeeded his aunt, who was the second bearer of the title.

[6] Charles Pratt (1714–1794), third son of Sir John Pratt, Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench; knighted, 1761; cr. (July 17, 1765) Baron Camden, of Camden Place, Kent, and Earl Camden, 1786. He was Attorney-General, 1757; Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, 1762; Lord Chancellor, 1766–70; Lord President of the Council, 1782–83, 1784–94. He was a close friend and political adherent of Pitt. In the next reign he was a prominent member of the opposition to Lord North's ministry, and to the American War.

I had given a letter for you to a young gentleman of Norfolk, an only son, a friend of Lord Orford, and of much merit, who was going to Italy with Admiral Broderick[7]. He is lost in that dreadful catastrophe of the *Prince George* —it makes one regret him still more, as the survivors mention his last behaviour with great encomiums.

Adieu! my dear child! when I look back on my letter, I don't know whether there would not be more propriety in calling you *my factor.*

P.S. I cannot yet learn who goes to Turin: it was offered, upon his old request, to my Lord Orford, but he has declined it.

565. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Arlington Street, June 4, 1758.

The Habeas Corpus is finished, but only for this year. Lord Temple threatened to renew it the next; on which Lord Hardwicke took the party of proposing to order the judges to prepare a bill for extending the power of granting the writ in vacation to all the judges. This prevented a division; though Lord Temple, who protested alone t'other day, had a flaming protest ready, which was to have been signed by near thirty. They sat last night till past nine. Lord Mansfield spoke admirably for two hours and twenty-five minutes. Except Lord Ravensworth and the Duke of Newcastle, whose meaning the first never knows himself, and the latter's nobody else, all who spoke,

[7] Admiral Thomas Brodrick (d. 1769). 'Early in 1758, Brodrick was appointed as second in command in the Mediterranean, with his flag on board the *Prince George* of 90 guns. On April 13, being then off Ushant, the *Prince George* caught fire, and out of a complement of nearly 800, some 250 only were saved; the Admiral himself was picked up, stark naked, by a merchant-ship's boat, after he had been swimming for about an hour.' (*D. N. B.*)

spoke well; they were Lord Temple, Lord Talbot, Lord Bruce[1], and Lord Stanhope, for; Lord Morton, Lord Hardwicke, and Lord Mansfield, against the bill. T'other day in our House, we had Lady Ferrers' affair: her sister was heard, and Lord Westmoreland, who had a seat within the bar. Mr. Fox opposed the settlement; but it passed.

The Duke of Grafton[2] has resigned. Norborne Berkeley has converted a party of pleasure into a campaign, and is gone with the expedition[3], without a shirt but what he had on, and what is lent him. The night he sailed he had invited women to supper. Besides him, and those you know, is a Mr. Sylvester Smith. Everybody was asking, 'But who is Sylvester Smith?' Harry Townshend[4] replied, 'Why, he is the son of Delaval, who was the son of Lowther, who was the son of Armitage, who was the son of Downe[5].'

The fleet sailed on Thursday morning. I don't know why, but the persuasion is that they will land on this side

Letter 565.—[1] Thomas Brudenell-Bruce (1729–1814), second Baron Bruce of Tottenham; cr. Earl of Ailesbury, 1776; Lord of the Bedchamber to George III, 1760; Governor to Prince of Wales, May–June, 1776; Lord Chamberlain to Queen Charlotte, 1781–92; Treasurer to Queen Charlotte, 1792.

[2] Augustus Henry Fitzroy (1735–1811), third Duke of Grafton; Lord of the Bedchamber to the Prince of Wales, 1756–58; Secretary of State for the Northern Province (in the Rockingham Ministry), 1765–66; First Lord of the Treasury (Prime Minister), 1766–70; Chancellor of Cambridge University, 1768; K.G., 1769; Lord Privy Seal (in the North Ministry), 1771–75, March–Dec., 1782. Grafton's ministry was marked by Wilkes' struggle with the House of Commons, by the beginning of the troubles which led to the American War, and by the fierce attacks of 'Junius' on the Duke, both in his public and private capacity. During Grafton's public career he is, of course, frequently mentioned by Horace Walpole. His conduct to his first wife, who was afterwards Countess of Ossory and the friend and correspondent of Horace Walpole, made him an object of interest to the latter in private life. At the instigation of his friend and secretary, Richard Stonhewer (who was also a friend of Gray), Grafton appointed Gray to the Professorship of Modern History at Cambridge. Gray, in consequence, wrote the Ode performed at Grafton's Installation as Chancellor in 1769.

[3] Against St. Maloes. *Walpole.*

[4] Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Townshend, third son of Hon. Thomas Townshend, second son of second Viscount Townshend. He was killed at the battle of Wilhelmthal in 1762.

[5] All these gentlemen had been volunteers on successive expeditions to the coast of France. *Walpole.*

Ushant, and that we shall hear some events by Tuesday or Wednesday. Some believe that Lord Anson[6] and Howe have different destinations. Rochfort, where there are twenty thousand men, is said positively not to be the place. The King says there are eighty thousand men and three marshals in Normandy and Bretagne. George Selwyn asked General Campbell if the ministry had yet told the King the object?

Mademoiselle de l'Enclos[7] is arrived, to my supreme felicity—I cannot say very handsome or agreeable; but I had been prepared on the article of her charms. I don't say, like Harry VIII of Anne of Cleves, that she is a Flanders mare, though to be sure she is rather large: on the contrary, I bear it as well as ever prince did who was married by proxy—and she does not find me *fricassé dans de la neige*[8]. Adieu!

Yours ever,
Hor. Walpole.

P.S. I forgot to tell you of another *galanterie* I have had, a portrait of Queen Elizabeth left here while I was out of town. The servant said it was a present, but he had orders not to say from whom.

[6] 'Lord Anson, with the larger ships, kept out at sea; Howe led the transports, which for some days were kept back by contrary winds, but anchored on the fifth in Cancalle bay, near St. Maloes. The troops landed without opposition; when the commanders (as in former expeditions) seeming dispatched, so scanty was their intelligence, to *discover* the coast of France, rather than to master it, soon perceived that the town was so strongly situated, and approachable only by a narrow causeway, that after burning a parcel of small vessels, they returned to their ships; and the French learned that they were not to be conquered by every Duke of Marlborough.' (*Memoirs of George II*, ed. 1822, vol. ii. p. 305.)

[7] The portrait of Ninon de l'Enclos, now at Strawberry Hill, given to Mr. Walpole by the old Countess of Sandwich, daughter to the famous Lord Rochester. She died at Paris in the year 1755. *Walpole.*

[8] Madame de Sévigné, in her Letters to her daughter, reports that Ninon thus expressed herself relative to her son, the Marquis de Sévigné, who was one of her lovers. *Walpole.*

566. To Dr. Ducarel.

Sir, June, 1758.

I am very much obliged to you for the remarks and hints you have sent me on my *Catalogue*. They will be of use to me; and any observations of my friends I shall be very thankful for, and disposed to employ, to make my book, what it is extremely far from being, more perfect.—I was very glad to hear, Sir, that the present Lord Archbishop of Canterbury[1] has continued you in an employment[2] for which nobody is so fit, and in which nobody would be so useful. I wish all manner of success to, as well as continuance of, your labours; and am, &c., &c.

Hor. Walpole.

567. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Sunday morning, June 11, 1758.

This will not depart till to-morrow, by which time probably there will be more news; but I am obliged to go into the country to-day, and would not let so much history set out, without my saying a word of it, as I know you trust to no gazette but mine. Last Thursday se'nnight our great expedition departed from Portsmouth—and soon separated; Lord Anson with the great ships to lie before Brest, and Commodore Howe[1], our naval hero, with the transports and a million of small fry on the secret enterprise. At one o'clock on Thursday night, *alias* Friday morning, a cutter brought advice that on Sunday night the transports had made land in Concalle Bay, near

Letter 566. —[1] Thomas Secker, translated from Oxford; d. 1768.
[2] Keeper of the Library at Lambeth Palace.

Letter 567.—[1] Richard, after the death of his elder brother, Viscount Howe. *Walpole.*

St. Maloes, had disembarked with no opposition or loss, except of a boatswain and two sailors, killed from a little fort, to which Howe was near enough to advise them not to resist. However, some peasants in it fired and then ran away. Some prisoners have assured our troops that there is no force within twenty leagues. This may be *apocryphal*, a word which, as I am left at liberty, I always interpret *false*. It is plain, however, that we were not expected at St. Maloes at least. We are in violent impatience to hear the consequences—especially whether we have taken the town, in which there is but one battalion, many old houses of wood, and the water easily to be cut off.

If you grow wise and ask me with a political face, whether St. Maloes is an object worth risking fourteen thousand of our best troops, an expense of fifty thousand pounds, and half of the purplest blood of England, I shall toss up my head with an air of heroism and contempt, and only tell you—*There! there is a Duke of Marlborough in the heart of France* (for in the heroic dictionary the heart and the coast signify the same thing); *what would you have? Did Harry V or Edward III mind whether it was a rich town or a fishing town, provided they did but take a town in France? We are as great as ever we were in the most barbarous ages, and you are asking mercantile questions with all the littleness of soul that attends the improvements in modern politics!* Well! my dear child, I smile, but I tremble; and though it is pleasanter to tremble when one invades, than when one is invaded, I don't like to be at the eve even of an Agincourt. There are so many of my friends upon heroic ground, that I discern all their danger through all their laurels. Captain Smith, aide-de-camp to Lord George Sackville, dated his letter to the Duke of Dorset, 'from his Majesty's dominions in France.' Seriously, what a change is here! *His Majesty*, since this time twelvemonth, has not

only recovered his dominions in Germany, but is on the acquiring foot in France. What heads, what no heads must they have in France! Where are their Cardinals, their Saxes, their Belleisles? Where are their fleets, their hosts, their arts, their subsidies? Subsidies, indeed! Where are ours? we pay none, or almost none, and are ten times greater than when we hired half Europe. In short, the difference of our situation is miraculous; and if we can but keep from divisions at home, and the King of Prussia does not prosper too fast for us, we may put France and ourselves into situations to prevent them from being formidable to us for a long season. Should the Prussian reduce too suddenly the Empress-Queen to beg and give him a secure peace, considering how deep a stake he still plays for, one could not well blame his accepting it—and then we should still be to struggle with France.

But while I am politicizing, I forget to tell you half the purport of my letter—part indeed you will have heard; Prince Ferdinand's passage of the Rhine[2], the most material circumstance of which, in my opinion, is the discovery of the amazing weakness of the French in their army, discipline, councils, and conduct. Yesterday, as if to amuse us agreeably till we hear again from St. Maloes, an express arrived of great conquests and captures which three of our ships have made on the river Gambia, to the destruction of the French trade and settlements there[3]. I don't tell you the particulars, because I don't know them, and because you will see them in the *Gazette*. In one week we strike a medal with *Georgius Germanicus, Gallicus, Africanus*.

Mr. M'Kinsy, brother of Lord Bute, has kissed hands for Turin; you remember him at Florence. He is very well bred, and you will find him an agreeable neighbour enough.

[2] On June 1, 1758.

[3] On April 23, 1758, a small squadron, under Captain Marsh, attacked and captured the French fort of St. Louis, at the mouth of the Senegal river.

I have seen the vases at Holland House, and am perfectly content with them: the forms are charming. I assure you Mr. Fox and Lady Caroline do not like them less than I do. Good night! am not I a very humane conqueror to condescend to write so long a letter?

568. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

June 16, 1758, 2 o'clock noon.

Well, my dear Harry! you are not the only man in England who have not conquered France[1]! Even Dukes of Marlborough[2] have been there without doing the business. I don't doubt but your good heart has even been hoping, in spite of your understanding, that our heroes have not only taken St. Maloes, but taken a trip 'cross the country to burn Rochefort, only to show how easy it was. We have waited with astonishment at not hearing that the French court was removed in a panic to Lyons, and that the Mesdames had gone off in their shifts with only a provision of rouge for a week. Nay, for my part, I expected to be deafened with encomiums on my Lord Anson's continence, who, after being allotted Madame Pompadour as his share of the spoils, had again imitated Scipio, and, in spite of the violence of his *temperament*, had restored her unsullied to the King of France.—Alack! we have restored nothing but a quarter of a mile of coast to the right owners. A messenger arrived in the middle of the night with an account that we have burned two frigates and an hundred and twenty small fry; that it was found impossible to bring up the cannon against the town; and that, the French army approaching the coast, Commodore Howe, with the expedition of Harlequin as well

Letter 568.—[1] Alluding to the expedition against Rochefort the year before, on which Mr. Conway was second in command. *Walpole.*

[2] The Duke of Marlborough commanded the troops on this expedition against St. Maloes. *Walpole.*

as the taciturnity, reimbarked our whole force in seven hours, volunteers and all, with the loss only of one man, and they are all gone to seek their fortune somewhere else. Well! in half a dozen more wars we shall know something of the coast of France. Last war we discovered a fine bay near Port l'Orient: we have now found out that we knew nothing of St. Maloes. As they are popular persons, I hope the City of London will send some more gold boxes to these discoverers. If they send a patch-box to Lord George Sackville, it will hold all his laurels. As our young nobility cannot at present travel through France, I suppose this is a method for finishing their studies. George Selwyn says he supposes the French ladies will have scaffolds erected on the shore to see the English go by.—But I won't detain the messenger any longer; I am impatient to make the Duchess[3] happy, who I hope will soon see the Duke returned from his coasting voyage.

The Churchills will be with you next Wednesday, and I believe I too; but I can take my own word so little, that I will not give it you. I know I must be back at Strawberry on Friday night; for Lady Hervey and Lady Stafford are to be there with me for a few days from to-morrow se'nnight. Adieu!

Yours ever,
Hor. Walpole.

569. To the Earl of Strafford.

My dear Lord, Arlington Street, June 16, 1758.

I stayed to write to you, in obedience to your commands, till I had something worth telling you. St. Maloes is taken

[3] Lady Mary Bruce, Duchess of Richmond, only child of the Countess of Ailesbury by her first marriage. She was at Park Place with her mother during the Duke of Richmond's absence, who was a volunteer upon this expedition. *Walpole.*

by storm. The governor leaped into the sea at the very name of the Duke of Marlborough. Sir James Lowther put his hand into his pocket, and gave the soldiers two hundred and fifty thousand pounds to drink the King's health on the top of the great church. Norborne Berkeley begged the favour of the Bishop to go back with him and see his house in Gloucestershire. Delaval is turned capuchin, with remorse for having killed four thousand French with his own hand. Commodore Howe[1] does nothing but *talk*[2] of what he has done. Lord Downe, who has killed the *intendant*, has sent for Dupré[3] to put in his place; and my Lord Anson has ravished three abbesses, the youngest of whom was eighty-five. Sure, my Lord, this account is glorious enough! Don't you think one might 'bate a little of it? How much will you give up? Will you compound for the town capitulating, and for threescore men-of-war and two hundred privateers burned in the harbour? I would fain beat you down as low as I could. What if we should not have taken the town? Shall you be very much shocked, if, after burning two ships of fifty-four and thirty-six guns, and a bushel of privateers and small-ware, we had thought it prudent to leave the town where we found it, and had re-embarked last Monday in seven hours (the dispatch of which implies at least as much precipitation as conduct), and that of all the large bill of fare above, nothing should be true but Downe's killing the *intendant*; who coming out to reconnoitre, and not surrendering, Downe, at the head of some grenadiers, shot him dead. In truth, this is all the truth, as it came in the middle of the night; and if your Lordship is obstinately bent on the conquest of France, you must wait till we have found another loophole into it, which it seems our fleet is gone to look for. I fear it is not even

LETTER 569.—[1] The present Earl Howe. *Walpole.*

[2] He was extremely taciturn.

[3] A French master. *Walpole.*

true that we have beat them in the Mediterranean! nor have I any hopes but in Admiral Forbes, who must sail up the Rhone, burn Lyons, and force them to a peace at once.

I hope you have had as favourable succession of sun and rain as we have. I go to Park Place next week, where I fancy I shall find our little Duchess[4] quite content with the prospect of recovering her Duke, without his being loaded with laurels like a boar's head. Adieu! my dear Lord. My best compliments to my Lady and her whole menagerie.

Yours ever,
HORACE WALPOLE.

570. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, June 18, 1758.

I WRITE to you again so soon, only to laugh at my last letter. What a dupe was I! at my years to be dazzled with glory! to be charmed with the rattle of drums and trumpets, till I fancied myself at Cressy or Poictiers! In the middle of all this dream of conquest, just when I had settled in what room of my castle I would lodge the Duke of Alençon or Montpensier, or whatever illustrious captive should be committed to the custody of Seneschal *Me*, I was awakened with an account of our army having re-embarked, after burning some vessels at St. Maloes. This is the history, neither more nor less, of this mighty expedition. They found the causeway broken up, stayed from Tuesday night till Monday morning in sight of the town; agreed it was impregnable; heard ten thousand French (which the next day here were erected into thirty thousand) were coming against them; took to their transports, and are gone to play at hide and seek somewhere else. This campaign being

[4] Of Richmond. *Walpole.*

rather naked, is coloured over with the great damage we have done, and with the fine disposition and dispatch made for getting away—the same colours that would serve to paint pirates or a flight. However, the City is pleased; and Mr. Pitt maintains that he never intended to take St. Maloes, which I believe, *because* when he did intend to have Rochfort taken last year, he sent no cannon; this year, when he never meant to take St. Maloes, he sent a vast train of artillery. Besides, one of the most important towns in France, lying some miles up in the country, was very liable to be stormed; a fishing town on the coast is naturally impracticable. The best side of the adventure is, that they were very near coming away without attempting the conflagration, and only thought of it by chance—then indeed

Diripuere focos—
Atque omnis facibus Pubes accingitur atris.—

Perhaps the metamorphosis in Virgil of the ships into mermaids is not more absurd than an army of twelve or thirteen thousand of the flower of our troops and nobility performing the office of link-boys, making a bonfire, and running away! The French have said well, 'Les Anglois viennent nous casser des vitres avec des guinées.' We have lost six men; they five, and about a hundred vessels, from a fifty-gun ship to a mackerel-boat.

I don't only ask my own pardon for swelling out my imagination, but yours, for making you believe that you was to be representative of the Black Prince or Henry V. I hope you had sent no bullying letter to the Conclave on the authority of my last letter, to threaten the cardinals, that if they did not elect the Archbishop of Canterbury Pope, you would send for part of the squadron from St. Maloes to burn Civita Vecchia. I had promised you the duchy of Bretagne, and we have lost Madras[1]!

Letter 570.—[1] This was not the case.

Our expedition is still afloat—whither bound, I know not; but pray don't bespeak any more laurels; wait patiently for what they shall send you from the Secretary's office.

I gave your brother James my new work to send you—I grieve that I must not, as usual, send a set for poor Dr. Cocchi. Good night!

571. To Lord Lyttelton.

My Lord, Strawberry Hill, June 20, 1758.

I was unluckily at Park Place when your Lordship sent to my house in town; and I more unluckily still left Park Place the very day your Lordship was expected there. I twice waited on you in Hill Street, to thank you for the great favour of lending me your History, which I am sorry I kept longer than you intended; but you must not wonder. I read it with as great attention as pleasure: it is not a book to skim, but to learn by heart, if one means to learn anything of England. You call it the *History of Henry the Second.* It is literally the history of our Constitution, and will last much longer than I fear the latter will; for alas! my Lord, your style, which will fix and preserve our language, cannot do what nature cannot do, reform the nature of man. I beg to know whither I shall send this book, too valuable to be left in a careless manner with a servant. I repeat my warmest thanks, and am, my Lord,

Your Lordship's much obliged and
most obedient humble servant,
Hor. Walpole.

572. To Sir David Dalrymple[1].

Sir, Strawberry Hill, June 29, 1758.

Inaccurate and careless as I must own my book[2] is, I cannot quite repent having let it appear in that state, since it has procured me so agreeable and obliging a notice from a gentleman whose approbation makes me very vain. The trouble you have been so good as to give yourself, Sir, is by no means lost upon me; I feel the greatest gratitude for it, and shall profit not only of your remarks, but with your permission of your very words, wherever they will fall in with my text. The former are so judicious and sensible, and the latter so well chosen, that if it were not too impertinent to propose myself as an example, I should wish, Sir, that you would do that justice to the writers of your own country, which my ignorance has made me execute so imperfectly and barrenly.

Give me leave to say a few words to one or two of your notes. I should be glad to mention more instances of Queen Elizabeth's fondness for praise, but fear I have already been too diffuse on that head. Bufo[3] is certainly Lord Halifax: the person at whom you hint is more nearly described by the name of Bubo[4], and I think in one place is even called Bubb. The number of volumes of *Parthenissa*[5] I took from the list of Lord Orrery's writings in the *Biographia*: it is probable, therefore, Sir, that there were different editions of that romance. You will excuse my repeating once more,

Letter 572.—[1] Sir David Dalrymple, Baronet (1726–1792), afterwards Lord Hailes; Lord of Session, 1766; Lord Justice Clerk, 1776. He was the author of the *Annals of Scotland*, besides many less important works.

[2] *Royal and Noble Authors.*

[3] 'Pope in the portrait of Bufo in the Epistle to Arbuthnot has returned the ridicule, which his Lordship, in conjunction with Prior, had heaped on Dryden's *Hind and Panther*.' (*Royal and Noble Authors.*)

[4] George Bubb Dodington, afterwards Lord Melcombe.

[5] A romance by Roger Boyle (1621–1679), first Earl of Orrery.

Sir, my thanks for your partiality to a work so little worthy of your favour. I even flatter myself that whenever you take a journey this way, you will permit me to have the honour of being acquainted with a gentleman to whom I have so particular an obligation.

573. To John Chute.

Strawberry Hill, June 29, 1758.

The Tower guns have sworn through thick and thin that Prince Ferdinand has entirely demolished the French[1], and the City bonfires all believe it. However, as no officer is yet come, nor confirmation, my crackers suspend their belief. Our great fleet is stepped ashore again near Cherbourg[2]; I suppose, to singe half a yard more of the coast. This is all I know; less, as you may perceive, than anything but the *Gazette*.

What is become of Mr. Montagu[3]? Has he stolen to Southampton, and slipped away a-volunteering like Norborne Berkeley, to conquer France in a dirty shirt and a frock? He might gather forty load more of laurels in my wood. I wish I could flatter myself that you would come with him.

My Lady Suffolk has at last entirely submitted her barn to our *ordination*. As yet it is only in *Deacon's orders*; but will very soon have our last imposition of hands. Adieu! Let me know a word of you.

Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

Letter 573.—[1] At Crefeld, where, on June 23, 1758, Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick defeated the French under Clermont.

[2] Bad weather prevented the attempt on Cherbourg, and the expedition returned to St. Helens.

[3] Mr. George Montagu. *Walpole.*

574. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, July 6, 1758.

You may believe I was thoroughly disappointed in not seeing you here, as I expected. I grieve for the reason, and wish you had told me that your brother was quite recovered. Must I give you over for the summer? sure you are in my debt.

That regiments are going to Germany is certain; which, except the Blues, I know not. Of all secrets, I am not in any Irish ones. I hope for your sake, your Colonel is not of the number—but how can you talk in the manner you do of Prince Ferdinand? Don't you know that, next to Mr. Pitt and Mr. Delaval, he is the most fashionable man in England? Have not the Tower guns, and all the parsons in London, been ordered to pray for him? You have lived in Northamptonshire till you are ignorant that Hanover is in Middlesex, as the Bishop's palace at Chelsea is in the diocese of Winchester. In hopes that you will grow better acquainted with *your own country*, I remain your affect.

Horatius Valpolhausen.

575. To Dr. Birch.

Arlington Street, July 8, 1758.

Sir,

As you have been so good as to favour me with your assistance, I flatter myself you will excuse my begging it once more. I am told that you mentioned to Dr. Jortin[1] a Lord Mountjoy[2], who lived in the reign of Henry VIII, as an author. Will you be so good as to tell me anything you know of him, and what he wrote? I shall entreat the

Letter 575.—[1] John Jortin (1698–1770), author of a *Life of Erasmus*.
[2] William Blount (d. 1534), fourth Baron Mountjoy, pupil and friend of Erasmus, to whom he addressed three Latin letters.

favour of this notice as soon as possibly you can; because my book is printing off, and I am afraid of being past the place where he must come in. I am just going out of town, but a line put into the post any night before nine o'clock will find me next morning at Strawberry Hill.

576. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Arlington Street, July 8, 1758.

You have made me laugh; do you think I found much difficulty to persist in thinking as well of you as I used to do, though you have neither been as great a Poliorcetes as Almanzor, who could take a town alone, nor have executed the commands of another Almanzor[1], who thought he could command the walls of a city to tumble down as easily as those of Jericho did to the march of Joshua's first regiment of Guards? Am I so apt to be swayed by popular clamour? But I will say no more on that head—as to the wording of the sentence I approve your objection; and as I have at least so little of the author in me as to be very corrigible, I will, if you think proper, word the beginning thus:—

'In dedicating a few trifles to you[2], I have nothing new to tell the world. My esteem still accompanies your merit, on which it was founded, and to which, with such abilities as mine, I can only bear testimony; I must not pretend to vindicate it. If your virtues,' &c.

It shall not be said that I allowed prejudice and clamour to be the voice of the world against you. I approve, too, the change of *proposed* for *would have undertaken*: but I cannot like putting in *prejudice and malice*. When one accuses others of malice, one is a little apt to feel it; and

Letter 576.—Collated with original in possession of Earl Waldegrave.

[1] Mr. Pitt.

[2] Horace Walpole's *Fugitive Pieces*, printed at Strawberry Hill, and dedicated to General Conway.

could I flatter myself that such a thing as a Dedication would have weight, or that anything of mine would last, I would have it look as dispassionate as possible. When after some interval I assert coolly that you was most wrongfully blamed, I shall be believed—if I seem angry, it will look like a party quarrel still existing.

Instead of resenting your not being employed in the present follies, I think you might write a letter of thanks to my Lord Legonier[3], or to Mr. Pitt, or even to the *person*[4] who is *appointed* to *appoint* generals himself, to thank them for not exposing you a second year. All the puffs in the newspapers cannot long stifle the ridicule which the French will of course propagate through all Europe on the foolish figure we have made. You shall judge by one sample: the Duc d'Aiguillon[5] has literally sent a vessel with a flag of truce to the Duke of Marlborough, with some teaspoons which, in his hurry, he left behind him. I know the person who saw the packet before it was delivered to Blenheimeius. But what will you say to this wise commander himself? I am going to tell you no secret, but what he uttered publicly at the levee. The King asked him, if he had raised great contributions? 'Contributions, Sir! we saw nothing but old women.' What becomes of the thirty thousand men that made them retire *with such expedition to their transports*? My Lord Downe, as decently as he can, makes the greatest joke of their enterprise, and has said at Arthur's, that five hundred men posted with a grain of common sense would have cut them all to pieces. I was not less pleased at what Monsr. de Monbazon[6], the young prisoner, told Charles Townshend t'other day at Stanley's:

[3] The Commander-in-Chief.

[4] The King.

[5] Armand Vignerot du Plessis-Richelieu (1720–1780), Duc d'Aiguillon, Governor of Brittany, in which capacity he gained an unenviable notoriety by his treatment of La Chalotais. He subsequently became Secretary for Foreign Affairs.

[6] Probably Louis Armand Constantin (1730–1794), Prince de Montbazon.

he was actually in Rochfort when you landed, where he says they had six thousand men, most impatient for your approach, and so posted that not one of you would ever have returned. This is not an evidence to be forgot.

Howe and Lord George are upon the worst terms, as the latter is with the military too. I can tell you some very curious anecdotes when I see you; but what I do not choose, for particular reasons, to write. What is still more curious, when Lord George kissed hands at Kensington, not a word was said to him.

How is your fever? tell me, when you have a mind to write, but don't think it necessary to answer my gazettes; indeed I don't expect it.

Yours ever,
H. W.

577. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, July 8, 1758.

If you will not take Prince Ferdinand's victory at Crevelt in full of all accounts, I don't know what you will do—*autrement*, we are insolvent. After dodging about the coasts of Normandy and Bretagne, our armada is returned; but in the hurry of the retreat from St. Maloes, the Duke of Marlborough left his silver teaspoons behind. As he had generously sent back an old woman's finger and gold ring which one of our soldiers had cut off, the Duc d'Aiguillon has sent a cartel-ship with the prisoner-spoons. How they must be diverted with this tea-equipage, stamped with the Blenheim eagles! and how plain by this sarcastic compliment what they think of us! Yet we fancy that we detain forty thousand men on the coast from Prince Clermont's[1]

Letter 577.—[1] Louis de Bourbon-Condé (1709–1771), Comte de Clermont. He was a churchman, but had received a dispensation to enable him to bear arms.

army! We are sending nine thousand men to Prince Ferdinand; part, those of the expedition: the remainder are to make another attempt; perhaps to batter Calais with a pair of tea-tongs.

I am sorry for the Comte de la Marche[2], and much more sorry for the Duc de Gisors[3]. He was recommended to me when he was in England; I knew him much, and thought as well of him as all the world did. He was graver, and with much more application to improve himself, than any young Frenchman of quality I ever saw. How unfortunate Belleisle is, to have outlived his brother[4], his only son, and his hearing! You will be charmed with an answer of Prince Ferdinand to our Princess Gouvernante of Holland[5]. She wrote by direction of the States to complain of his passing over the territories of the Republic. He replied, 'That he was sorry, though he had barely crossed over a very small corner of their dominions; and should not have trespassed even there, if he had had the same Dutch guides to conduct him that led the French army last year to Hanover.'

I congratulate you on your *regalo*[6] from the Northumberlands. How seldom people think of all the trouble and expense they put you to—I amongst the rest! Apropos, if they are not bespoken, I will not trouble you for the case of drams. Lord Hertford has given me some of his; the fashion is much on the decline, and never drinking any myself, these will last me long enough; and considering that I scarce ever give you a commission, but somehow or

[2] Louis François Joseph de Bourbon (1734–1814), Comte de la Marche; son of the Prince de Conti, whom he succeeded in 1776.

[3] Only son of Marshal Belleisle, was killed at the battle of Crevelt: the Comte de la Marche was not. *Walpole.*

[4] The Chevalier de Belleisle, killed at Exilles, in 1747.

[5] Anne, eldest daughter of George II, and Princess Dowager of Orange. *Walpole.*

[6] A 'prodigious fine snuff-box,' sent to Mann as a recognition of his efforts in procuring pictures for the Earl of Northumberland.

other ends at your expense (witness the medals you gave me of your own), it is time for me to check my pen that asks so flippantly. As I am not mercenary, I cannot bear to turn you to account; if I was, I should bear it very easily: but it is ridiculous to profit of one's friends, when one does not make friendships with that view.

Methinks you don't make a Pope very fast. The battle of Crevelt has restored him a little, or the head of our church was very declining. He said the other day to Lady Coventry[7] in the Drawing-room, 'Don't look at me, I am a dismal figure; I have entirely lost one eye.' Adieu!

578. To David Hume.

Sir, Strawberry Hill, July 15, 1758.

It is impossible to trouble my Lady Hervey with transcribing what I wish to say in answer to your kind objections to a very few passages in my *Catalogue*[1]: yet as I cannot deny myself the pleasure, and indeed the duty, of making some reply to such undeserved civilities from a gentleman of your abilities, you must excuse me, Sir, if I take the liberty of addressing my letter directly to you. It is, I assure you, neither with vanity nor presumption; even your flattery, Sir, cannot make me forget the distance between the author of the best history of England, and a compiler of English writers. Were it known what countenance I have received from men of such talents as Mr. Hume and Sir David Dalrymple, I should with reason be suspected of partiality to Scotland. What I did say of your country[2], Sir, was dictated by conviction, before the least selfishness or gratitude could have biased me.

[7] Maria Gunning, the celebrated beauty. *Walpole.*

Letter 578. — [1] *Of Royal and Noble Authors.*

[2] 'It is not my purpose to give an exact account of the Royal and

I must premise, Sir, that what I am going to say is not directly to defend what you criticize, it is rather an explanation which I owe to such criticisms, and to apologize for not correcting my work in consequence of your remarks; but unhappily for me, the greater part of your notes regard passages in pages already printed off for the future edition. I will touch them in order.

I perceive by what you and others have said to me, Sir, that the freedom I have taken with Sir Philip Sidney is what gives most offence: yet I think if my words are duly weighed, it will be found that my words are too strong, rather than my argument weak. I say, *when we at this distance of time inquire what prodigious merits excited such admiration.* What admiration? why, that all the learned of Europe praised him, all the poets of England lamented his death, the republic of Poland thought of him for their king. I allow Sir Philip great valour, and from some of his performances good sense; but, dear Sir, compare his talents with the admiration they occasioned, and that in no unlettered, no unpolished age, and can we at this distance help wondering at the vastness of his character? Allowing as much sense to Sir Philip as his warmest admirers can demand for him, surely this country has produced many men of far greater abilities, who have by no means met with a proportionate share of applause. It were a vain parade to name them—take Lord Bacon alone, who I believe of all our writers, except Newton, is most known to foreigners, and to whom Sir Philip was a puny child in genius,—how far was he from attaining an equal degree of fame and honour? To say the truth, I attribute the great

Noble Authors of Scotland: I am not enough versed in them to do justice to Writers of the most accomplished Nation in Europe; the nation to which, if any one country is endowed with a superior partition of sense, I should be inclined to give the preference in that particular.' (*Royal and Noble Authors*, 2nd ed., vol. ii. p. 201.)

admiration of Sir Philip Sidney to his having so much merit and learning for a man of his rank,

> *Rarus enim ferme sensus communis in illâ Fortunâ.*

Indeed, Sir, if your good sense and philosophy did not raise you above being blinded, I should suspect that you had conceived still more undeserved esteem from the same surprise for another author, who is the only one, that, by being compared with Sir Philip Sidney, could make me think the latter a very great man. I have already thrown in a note to illustrate my argument, and to excuse myself to some gentlemen who thought I had not paid attention enough to Sir Philip's *Defence of Poesy*; but whether one or two particular tracts are a little better or not than I have represented his general writings, it does not affect the scope of my reasoning, the whole result of which is, as I said, that he was not a great man in proportion to his fame.

I will not be equally diffuse in my defence of the character of Lord Falkland[3]; the same kind of answer must serve for that too. The greatest part of page 194 was intended as an answer to your objection, Sir, as I apprehended it would be made. When the King originally, and the Patriots subsequently, had drawn upon their country all the violences of a civil war, it might be just abstractedly, but I think was not right for the consequences it might have, to consider that the King was become the party aggrieved. I cannot but be of opinion, that assisting an oppressed king is, in reality, helping him to tyranny. It is the nature of man and power, not to be content with being restored to their due and former rights. And however illegal and tyrannous the conduct of a victorious Parliament may be, I should

[3] Lucius Cary (1610–1643), second Viscount Falkland, killed at the first battle of Newbury.

think it more likely to come to its rational senses, than a victorious king—perhaps mine are principles rather than arguments. On the coolest examination of myself and of the history of those times, I think I should have been one of the last to have had recourse to arms, because an encroaching prince can never take such strides as a triumphant; but I should have been one of the last, too, to lay them down, for the reasons I have given you. As to the trifling affair of the clean shirt[4], it was Whitlocke[5], as I have quoted him, page 195, and not Lord Clarendon, that mentioned it; and I was glad it was Whitlocke, to show that I equally blamed the republican and royalist writers for thinking Lord Falkland of consequence enough to have every little circumstance relating to him recorded. For the transaction[6] of the King and Glamorgan, I must own, Sir, you have helped me to a strong argument against the King, which I had overlooked, as I had another, which I have mentioned in my new edition, though a fault not equally culpable, in my opinion,—the indulgences granted to the Catholics. If the argument I have proposed in the note, page 213, does not seem a strong one to you for the reality of Glamorgan's commission, I might use more words, but I fear without conveying more conviction.

The reference to the *General Dictionary* was certainly wrong, though too late for me now to correct. Instead of vol. iii, page 359, I ought to have referred to vol. x, page 76, where if not a new or satisfactory, is at least so long a discussion, that I should have thought myself unpardonable to repeat it, as I had nothing new to offer on either side of the

[4] 'His putting on a clean shirt to be killed in is no proof of sense either in his Lordship or in the historian who thought it worth relating.' (See notice of Falkland in *R. and N. A.*)

[5] Bulstrode Whitelocke (1605–1676), author of *Memorials of English Affairs*.

[6] Relative to the commissions by which the Earl of Glamorgan was empowered to raise an army of Irish rebels and foreign Roman Catholics for the assistance of Charles I.

question. But, Sir, this is only a single and a slight mistake, in comparison of the many which I fear still remain. As my work has been so fortunate to find some favour, it would look like a boast to mention how rapidly it was compiled and composed; and I must waive my truest apology rather than plead it with an air of arrogance. But now, Sir, though I can a little defend myself against myself, what sort of an apology shall I use for the liberty I have taken with you? A liberty which you have reprimanded in the genteelest, though severest manner, by your gentle observations on a work so faulty as mine. When you allow that I am at all justifiable in mistaking your sense, I must not retract, and therefore I will only say that the words, *conduct much more natural could not however procure Lord Halifax*[7] *the character of integrity*, did seem to me to say, that though his trimming more probably flowed from integrity than policy, yet it could not attain the reputation of the former. In general, too, I must own that you seemed to make him figure as a more considerable minister than I had thought him; for thus, Sir, one compares one's own scanty and superficial reading, with the study of an historian, who has long and diligently weighed every circumstance. All men are not fortunate, like me, to write from slight knowledge, and then to be examined with the mildest good-nature by men far more able and better informed.

I am sensible, Sir, that I have transgressed all bounds; I meant to thank you, and to explain myself; instead of that, I have wearied you, while I was amusing myself with the pleasure of talking to a man whose works I have so long admired. I am, Sir,

Your much obliged and most obedient humble Servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[7] George Savile (1633–1695), Marquis of Halifax.

579. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Strawberry Hill, July 21, 1758.

Your gazette, I know, has been a little idle; but we volunteer gazettes, like other volunteers, are not easily tied down to regularity and rules. We think we have so much merit, that we think we have a right to some demerit too; and those who depend upon us, I mean us gazettes, are often disappointed. A common-foot newspaper may want our vivacity, but is ten times more useful. Besides, I am not in town, and ten miles out of it is an hundred miles out of it for all the purposes of news. You know, of course, that Lord George Sackville refused to go *a-buccaneering* again, as he called it; that *my friend*, Lord Ancram[1], who loves a dram of anything, from glory to brandy, is *out of order*; that just as Lord Panmure was going to take the command, he missed an eye; and that at last they have routed out an old General Blighe[2] from the horse armoury in Ireland, who is to undertake the codicil to the expedition. Moreover, you know that Prince Edward is bound 'prentice[3] to Mr. Howe. All this you have heard, yet, like my cousin the *Chronicle*, I repeat what has been printed in every newspaper of the week, and then finish with one paragraph of *spick and span*. Alack! my postscript is not very fortunate: a convoy[4] of twelve thousand men, &c., was going to the King of Prussia, was attacked unexpectedly by five thousand Austrians, and cut entirely to pieces; provisions, ammuni-

Letter 579.—[1] William Henry Kerr (1710–1775), Earl of Ancram, succeeded his father as fourth Marquis of Lothian, 1767. He entered the army, 1735; was present at the battle of Fontenoy, 1745; commanded the cavalry at the battle of Culloden, 1746; General, 1770.

[2] General Edward Bligh (1685–1775).

[3] Prince Edward had entered the navy as a midshipman, and was on the *Essex*, under Howe's care.

[4] The convoy was attacked by Loudon at Domstädtl, in Moravia, on June 30. A small part of it escaped.

tion, &c., all taken. The King instantly raised the siege[5], and retreated with so much precipitation, that he was forced to nail up sixty pieces of cannon[6]. I conclude the next we hear of him will be a great victory: if he sets overnight in a defeat, he always rises next morning in a triumph—at least, we that have nothing to do but expect and admire, shall be extremely disappointed if he does not. Besides, he is three months debtor to Fame.

The only private history of any freshness is my Lady Dalkeith's christening; the child[7] had *three* godfathers: and I will tell you why: they had thought of the Duke of Newcastle, my Lord and George Townshend: but of two Townshends and his Grace, God could not take the word of any two of them, so all three were forced to be bound.

I draw this comfort from the King of Prussia's defeat, that it may prevent the folly of another expedition: I don't know how or why, but no reason is a very good one against a thing that has no reason in it. Eleven hundred men are ill from the last enterprise. Perhaps Don William Quixote[8] and Admiral Amadis[9] may determine to send them to the Danube; for, as no information ever precedes their resolutions, and no impossibilities ever deter them, I don't see why the only thing worthy their consideration should not be, how glorious and advantageous an exploit it would be, if it could be performed. Why did Bishop Wilkins[10] try to fly? Not that he thought it practicable, but because it would be very convenient. As he did not happen to be a particular favourite of the city of London, he was laughed

[5] Of Olmütz.

[6] This was not the case; only one cannon and four or five mortars were left behind.

[7] Thomas Charles, eldest son of the Countess of Dalkeith by her second husband, Hon. Charles Townshend.

[8] William Pitt, afterwards Earl of Chatham, then Secretary of State. *Walpole.*

[9] Lord Anson, then First Lord of the Admiralty. *Walpole.*

[10] John Wilkins (d. 1672), Bishop of Chester.

at: they prepossessed in his favour, and he would have received twenty gold boxes, though twenty people had broken their necks off St. Paul's with trying the experiment.

I have heard a whisper, that you do not go into Yorkshire this summer. Is it true? It is fixed that I go to Ragley[11] on the 13th of next month; I trust you do so too. Have you had such deluges for three weeks well counted, as we have? If I had not cut one of my perroquet's wings, and there were an olive-tree in the country, I would send to know where there is a foot of dry land.

You have heard, I suppose,—if not, be it known to you,—that Mr. Keppel[12], the canon of Windsor, espouses my niece Laura; yes, Laura[13]. I rejoice much; so I receive your compliments upon it, lest you should, as it sometimes happens, forget to make them. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

July 22.

For the pleasure of my conscience I had written all the above last night, expecting Lord Lyttelton, the Dean, and other company to-day. This morning I receive yours; and having already told you all I know, I have only a few paragraphs to answer.

I am pleased that you are pleased about my book: *you* shall see it very soon; though there will scarce be a new page: nobody else shall see it till spring. In the first place, the prints will not be finished: in the next, I intend that two or three other things shall appear before it from my

[11] The seat of the Earl of Hertford. *Walpole.*

[12] Hon. Frederick Keppel (1729–1777), fifth son of second Earl of Albemarle; Bishop of Exeter, 1762; Dean of Windsor and Registrar of the Order of the Garter, 1765.

[13] Eldest daughter of Sir Edward Walpole. *Walpole.*

press, of other authors; for I will not surfeit people with my writings, nor have them think that I propose to find employment alone for a whole press—so far from it, I intend to employ it no more about myself.

I will certainly try to see you during your waiting. Adieu!

580. To the Rev. Henry Zouch[1].

Sir, Strawberry Hill, Aug. 3, 1758.

I have received, with much pleasure and surprise, the favour of your remarks upon my *Catalogue*; and whenever I have the opportunity of being better known to you, I shall endeavour to express my gratitude for the trouble you have given yourself in contributing to perfect a work, which, notwithstanding your obliging expressions, I fear you found very little worthy the attention of so much good sense and knowledge, Sir, as you possess.

I am extremely thankful for all the information you have given me; I had already met with a few of the same lights as I have received, Sir, from you, as I shall mention in their place. The very curious accounts of Lord Fairfax[2] were entirely new and most acceptable to me. If I decline making use of one or two of your hints, I believe I can explain my reasons to your satisfaction. I will, with your leave, go regularly through your letter.

As Caxton laboured in the monastery of Westminster, it is not at all unlikely that he should wear the habit, nor, considering how vague our knowledge of that age is, impossible but he might enter the order[3].

Letter 580.—[1] Vicar of Sandal Magna, Yorkshire; d. 1795.

[2] Thomas Fairfax (1612–1671), third Baron Fairfax.

[3] This paragraph relates to the frontispiece to *Royal and Noble Authors*, stated by Horace Walpole to represent 'Earl Rivers presenting his book and Caxton his printer to Edward IV.' Caxton, however, was not a monk.

I have met with Henry's *Institution of a Christian*[4], and shall give you an account of it in my next edition. In that, too, I shall mention, that Lord Cobham's[5] allegiance professed at his death to Richard II, probably means to Richard and his right heirs, whom he had abandoned for the house of Lancaster. As the article is printed off, it is too late to say anything more about his works.

In all the old books of genealogy you will find, Sir, that young Richard Duke of York[6] was solemnly married to a child of his own age, Anne Mowbray, the heiress of Norfolk, who died young as well as he.

The article of the Duke of Somerset[7] is printed off too; besides, I should imagine the letter you mention not to be of his own composition, for, though not illiterate, he certainly could not write anything like classic Latin. I may, too, possibly have inclusively mentioned the very letter; I have not Ascham's book, to see from what copy the letter was taken, but probably from one of those which I have said is in Bennet Library[8].

The catalogue of Lord Brooke's[9] works is taken from the volume of his works; such pieces of his as I found doubted, particularly the tragedy of *Cicero*, I have taken notice of as doubtful.

In my next edition you will see, Sir, a note on Lord Herbert[10], who, besides being with the King at York, had offended the Peers by a speech in his Majesty's defence. Mr. Wolseley's preface I shall mention, from your informa-

[4] *De Christiani Hominis Institutione*, by Henry VIII.

[5] Sir John Oldcastle, Knight, Lord Cobham, hanged as a traitor, 1417.

[6] Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, brother of Edward V, with whom he was murdered in the Tower, 1483. He was married, at the age of five, to the Countess of Norfolk, aged six.

[7] The Protector Somerset.

[8] The library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge.

[9] Fulke Greville (1554–1628), first Baron Brooke.

[10] Edward Herbert (1583–1648), first Baron Herbert of Cherbury. His *Life*, written by himself, was printed by Horace Walpole at Strawberry Hill.

tion. Lord Rochester's[11] letters to his son are letters to a child, bidding him mind his book and his grandmother. I had already been told, Sir, what you tell me of Marchmont Needham[12].

Matthew Clifford I have altered to Martin[13], as you prescribed; the blunder was my own, as well as a more considerable one, that of Lord Sandwich's[14] death—which was occasioned by my supposing, at first, that the translation of Barba[15] was made by the second Earl[16], whose death I had marked in the list, and forgot to alter, after I had writ the account of the father. I shall take care to set this right, as the second volume is not yet begun to be printed.

Lord Halifax's *Maxims*[17] I have already marked down, as I shall Lord Dorset's share in *Pompey*.

The account of the Duke of Wharton's death I had from a very good hand—Captain Willoughby; who, in the convent where the Duke died[18], saw a picture of him in the habit. If it was a Bernardine convent, the gentleman might confound them; but, considering that there is no life of the Duke but bookseller's trash, it is much more likely that they mistook.

I have no doubts about Lord Belhaven's[19] speeches; but unless I could verify their being published by himself, it were contrary to my rule to insert them.

[11] John Wilmot (1648–1680), second Earl of Rochester.

[12] Marchmont Needham (1620–1678), journalist.

[13] Martin Clifford (d. 1677), Master of the Charterhouse, to whom the Duke of Buckingham addressed an essay in the form of a letter on *Human Reason*.

[14] Edward Montagu (1625–1672), first Earl of Sandwich.

[15] *The Art of Metals*, by Alvares Alonzo Barba.

[16] Edward Montagu (d. 1688), second Earl of Sandwich.

[17] *Maxims of State applicable to all Times*, by the Marquis of Halifax.

[18] The Duke of Wharton died in a Franciscan monastery at Poblet, in north-eastern Spain.

[19] John Hamilton (1656–1708), second Baron Belhaven. Two of his speeches, delivered in the Scottish Parliament, protesting against the proposed union of England and Scotland, were printed and sold in the streets in London and Edinburgh, and were afterwards published in Defoe's *History of the Union*.

If you look, Sir, into Lord Clarendon's account of Montrose's death, you will perceive that there is no probability of the book of his actions being composed by himself.

I will consult Sir James Ware's[20] book on Lord Totness's[21] translation ; and I will mention the Earl of Cork's[22] *Memoirs.*

Lord Leppington is the Earl of Monmouth[23], in whose article I have taken notice of his *Romulus and Tarquin.*

Lord Berkeley's[24] book I have actually got, and shall give him an article.

There is one more passage, Sir, in your letter, which I cannot answer, without putting you to new trouble—a liberty which all your indulgence cannot justify me in taking ; else I would beg to know on what authority you attribute to Laurence Earl of Rochester[25] the famous preface to his father's history, which I have always heard ascribed to Atterbury, Smallridge, and Aldridge. The knowledge of this would be an additional favour ; it would be a much greater, Sir, if, coming this way, you would ever let me have the honour of seeing a gentleman to whom I am so much obliged.

[20] Sir James Ware, Knight (1594–1666), Irish antiquary and historian. His *History of Irish Writers* is the book mentioned by Horace Walpole.

[21] George Carew, Earl of Totnes. 'Sir James Ware states that this Earl translated into English a History of the Affairs of Ireland, written by Maurice Regan, servant and interpreter to Dermot, son of Murchard, King of Leinster, in 1171, and which had been turned into French verse by a friend of Regan.' (See notice of Totnes in *R. and N. A.*)

[22] Richard Boyle (1566–1643), first Earl of Cork ; author of *True Remembrances* of his own time, printed in Birch's *Life of Robert Boyle* (1744).

[23] Henry Carey (1596–1661), second Earl of Monmouth. Leppington was his second title.

[24] George Berkeley (1627–1698), first Earl of Berkeley ; author of *Historical Applications and Occasional Meditations upon Several Subjects.*

[25] Laurence Hyde (1642–1711), first Earl of Rochester ; he was the author of the preface in question.

581. To the Rev. Henry Zouch.

Sir, Strawberry Hill, Aug. 12, 1758.

It were a disrespect to your order, of which I hope you think me incapable, not to return an immediate answer to the favour of your last, the engaging modesty of which would raise my esteem if I had not felt it before for you. I certainly do not retract my desire of being better acquainted with you, Sir, from the knowledge you are pleased to give me of yourself. Your profession is an introduction anywhere; but, before I learned that, you will do me the justice to observe, that your good sense and learning were to me sufficient recommendation; and though, in the common intercourse of the world, rank and birth have their proper distinctions, there is certainly no occasion for them between men whose studies and inclinations are the same. Indeed, I know nothing that gives me any pretence to think any gentleman my inferior: I am a very private person myself, and if I have anything to boast from my birth, it is from the good understanding, not from the nobility of my father. I must beg, therefore, that, in the future correspondence, which I hope we shall have, you will neither show me, nor think I expect, a respect to which I have no manner of title, and which I wish not for, unless it would enable me to be of service to gentlemen of merit, like yourself. I will say no more on this head, but to repeat, that if any occasion should draw you to this part of England (as I shall be sorry if it is ill-health that has carried you from home), I flatter myself you will let me have the satisfaction and, for the last time of using so formal a word, the honour of seeing you.

In the meantime, you will oblige me by letting me know how I can convey my *Catalogue* to you. I ought, I know,

to stay till I can send you a more correct edition; but, though the first volume is far advanced, the second may profit by your remarks. If you could send me the passage and the page in Wareus[1], relating to the Earl of Totness, it would much oblige me; for I have only the English edition, and, as I am going a little journey for a week, cannot just now get the Latin.

You mention, Sir, Mr. Thoresby's Museum[2]: is it still preserved entire?

I would fain ask you another question, very foreign to anything I have been saying, but from your searches into antiquity, you may possibly, Sir, be able to explain what nobody whom I have consulted hitherto can unravel. At the end of the second part of the *Cabala*[3], p. 105, in the folio edition, is a letter from Henry VIII to the Cardinal Cibo[4], dated from 'our palace, Mindas[5], 10th July, 1527.' In no map, topographical account, or book of antiquity, can I possibly find such house or place as Mindas.

582. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 12, 1758.

It is not a thousand years since I wrote to you, is it?—nay, if it is, blame the King of Prussia, who has been firing away his time at Olmütz; blame Admiral Howe, who never said a word of having taken Cherbourg till yesterday. —Taken Cherbourg!—yes, he has—he landed within six miles of it on the 6th, saw some force, who only stayed

Letter 581.—[1] Sir James Ware, mentioned in the preceding letter. This name was printed 'Wardus' in previous editions. (See *Notes and Queries*, Dec. 31, 1898.)

[2] 'Thoresby's museum and library were bequeathed to his son Ralph, after whose death they were sold by auction in London in 1764.' (*D. N. B.*)

[3] *Cabala, sive Scrinia Sacra: Mysteries of State and Government, in Letters*, published in London (in folio), 1691.

[4] Cardinal Innocent Cibo, d. 1550.

[5] Windsor. See letter to Zouch, Oct. 5, 1758.

to run away; attacked a fort, a magazine blew up, the Guards marched against a body of French, who again made fools of them, pretending to stand, and then ran away—and then, and then, why then we took Cherbourg. We pretended to destroy the works, and a basin that has just cost two millions. We have not lost twenty men. The City of London, I suppose, is drinking brave Admiral Howe's and brave Cherbourg's health; but I miss all these festivities by going into Warwickshire to-morrow to Lord Hertford. In short, Cherbourg comes very opportunely: we had begun to grow peevish at Louisbourg not being arrived, and there are some people[1] at least as peevish that Prince de Soubise has again walked into Hanover, after having demolished the Hessians[2]. Prince Ferdinand, who a fortnight ago was as great a hero as if he had been born in Thames Street, is kept in check by Monsieur de Contades[3], and there are some little apprehensions that our Blues, &c., will not be able to join him. Cherbourg will set all to rights; the King of Prussia may fumble as much as he pleases, and though the French should not be frightened out of their senses at the loss of this town, we shall be fully persuaded they are, and not a gallon less of punch will be drunk from Westminster to Wapping.

I have received your two letters of July 1st and 7th, with the prices of Stosch's medals, and the history of the new pontificate. I will not meddle with the former, content with and thanking you much for those you send me; and for the case of liqueurs, which I don't intend to present myself with, but to pay you for.

You must, I think, take up with this scrap of a letter;

LETTER 582.—[1] The King. *Walpole.*

[2] At Sangerhausen in Saxony, where, on July 23, 1758, the Hessian troops, under Prince Isenburg, were defeated by a superior force of French under Soubise and Broglie.

[3] Louis Georges Erasme (1704–1793), Marquis de Contades, Maréchal de France, who had taken command in place of Clermont.

consider it contains a conquest. If I wrote any longer, before I could finish my letter, perhaps I should hear that our fleet was come back again, and, though I should be glad they were returned safely, it diminishes the lustre of a victory to have a tame conclusion to it—without that you are left at liberty to indulge vision—Cherbourg is in France, Havre and St. Maloes may catch the panic, Calais may be surprised, that may be followed by a battle which we may gain; it is but a march of a few days to Paris, the King flies to his good allies the Dutch for safety, Prince Edward takes possession of the Bastile in his brother's name, to whom the King, content with England and Hanover—alas! I had forgot that he has just lost the latter.—Good night!

Sunday morning.

Mr. Conway, who is just come in to carry me away, brings an account of an important advantage gained by a detachment of six battalions of Hanoverians [4], who have demolished fourteen of the French, and thereby secured the magazines and a junction with the English.

583. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 20, 1758.

After some silence, one might take the opportunity of Cherbourg and Louisbourg to revive a little correspondence with popular topics; but I think you are no violent politician, and I am full as little so; I will therefore tell you of what I of course care more, and I am willing to presume you do too; that is, myself. I have been journeying much since I heard from you: first to the Vine, where I was greatly pleased with the alterations; the garden is

[4] At Mehr, in Rhenish Prussia, where, on August 5, 1758, the Hanoverians, under Baron Imhoff, defeated a greatly superior force under Chevert.

quite beautified and the house dignified. We went over to the Grange [1], that sweet house of my Lord Keeper's, that you saw too. The pictures are very good, and I was particularly pleased with the procession, which you were told was by Rubens, but is certainly Vandyke's sketch for part of that great work, that he was to have executed in the Banqueting House. You did not tell me of a very fine Holbein, a woman, who was evidently some princess of the White Rose.

I am just now returned from Ragley, which has had a great deal done to it since I was there last. Browne has improved both the ground and the water, though not quite to perfection. This is the case of the house; where there are no striking faults, but it wants a few Chute—or Bentley—touches. I have recommended some dignifying of the *salon* with Seymours and Fitzroys, Henry the Eighths, and Charles the Seconds. They will correspond well to the proudest situation imaginable. I have already dragged some ancestors out of the dust there, and written their names on their portraits; besides which, I have found and brought up to have repaired an incomparable picture of Van Helmont [2] by Sir Peter Lely.—But now for recoveries—think what I have in part recovered! Only the state papers, private letters, &c. &c. of the two Lords Conway [3], Secretaries of State. How you will rejoice and how you will grieve! —They seem to have laid up every scrap of paper they ever had, from the middle of Queen Elizabeth's reign to the middle of Charles the Second's. By the accounts of the family there were whole rooms full, all which, during the absence of the last [4] and the minority of the present lord,

LETTER 583.—[1] The Grange, near Alresford, Hampshire, the seat of Sir Robert Henley, the Lord Keeper.

[2] Francis Van Helmont (1618–1690), resided at Ragley as physician to Anne Finch, Viscountess Conway.

[3] Edward Conway (d. 1631), first Viscount Conway; Edward Conway (d. 1683), first Earl of Conway.

[4] Francis Seymour Conway (1679–1732), first Baron Conway.

were by the ignorance of a steward consigned to the oven and to the uses of the house. What remained, except one box that was kept till almost rotten in a cupboard, were thrown loose into the lumber-room, where, spread on the pavements, they supported old marbles and screens and boxes. From thence I have dragged all I could, and have literally, taking all together, brought away a chest near five feet long, three wide and two deep, brim full. Half are bills, another part rotten, another gnawed by rats, yet I have already found enough to repay my trouble and curiosity, not enough to satisfy it. I will only tell you of three letters of the great Strafford, and three long ones of news of Mr. Garrard[5], Master of the Charterhouse, all six written on paper edged with green, like modern French paper. There are handwritings of everybody, all their seals perfect, and the ribands with which they tied their letters. The original proclamation of Charles the First, signed by the Privy Council, a letter to King James from his son-in-law of Bohemia[6], with his seal, and many, very many letters of negotiation from the Earl of Bristol[7] in Spain, Sir Dudley Carleton[8], Lord Chichester[9], and Sir Thomas Roe[10].—What say you? will not here be food for the Press?

I have picked up a little painted glass too, and have got a promise of some old statues, lately dug up, which formerly adorned the cathedral of Litchfield.—You see I continue to labour in my vocation,—of which I can give you a comical instance; I remembered a rose in painted

[5] Rev. George Garrard, Master of the Charterhouse, 1637–50. He was a correspondent of the great Earl of Strafford and of Dr. Donne.

[6] Frederick, King of Bohemia and Elector Palatine; d. 1632.

[7] John Digby (1580–1654), first Earl of Bristol, at different times Ambassador in Spain.

[8] Sir Dudley Carleton, Knight (1573–1632), cr. Viscount Dorchester in 1628; Ambassador and Secretary of State.

[9] Arthur Chichester (1563–1625), first Baron Chichester, Lord Deputy of Ireland and Ambassador to the Elector Palatine.

[10] Sir Thomas Roe (d. 1644), explorer and ambassador.

glass in a little village going to Ragley, which I remarked passing by five years ago, told Mr. Conway on *which* hand it would be, and found it in the very spot. I saw a very good and perfect tomb at Aulcester[11] of Sir Fulke Grevile's[12] father and mother, and a wretched old house, with a very handsome gateway of stone, at Colton[13], belonging to Sir Rob. Throckmorton[14]. There is nothing else tolerable but twenty-two coats of the matches of the family in painted glass. You cannot imagine how astonished a Mr. Seward[15], a learned clergyman, was, who came to Ragley while I was there. Strolling about the house, he saw me first sitting on the pavement of the lumber-room, with Louis, all over cobwebs and dirt and mortar; then found me in his own room on a ladder writing on a picture: and half an hour afterwards lying on the grass in the court with the dogs and the children, in my slippers and without my hat. He had had some doubt whether I was the painter or the factotum of the family; but you would have died at his surprise when he saw me walk in to dinner dressed and sit by Lady Hertford. Lord Lyttelton was there, and the conversation turned on literature—finding me not quite ignorant added to the parson's wonder, but he could not contain himself any longer, when after dinner he saw me go to romps and jumping with the two boys—he broke out to my Lady Hertford, and begged to know who and what sort of man I really was, for he had never met with anything of the kind. Adieu!

Yours ever,

H. W.

[11] Alcester.

[12] Sir Fulke Greville, Knight (d. 1606). The tomb is that of his father, also Sir Fulke Greville, who married an heiress of the Willoughby family.

[13] Coughton, near Alcester.

[14] Fourth Baronet (1702–1791).

[15] Rev. Thomas Seward (1708–1790), Canon of Lichfield; father of Anna Seward, the poetess.

584. To John Chute.

Arlington Street, Aug. 22, 1758.

By my ramble into Warwickshire I am so behindhand in politics, that I don't know where to begin to tell you any news, and which by this time would not be news to you. My table is covered with *Gazettes*, victories and defeats which have come in such a lump, that I am not quite sure whether it is Prince Ferdinand or Prince Boscawen that has taken Louisbourg [1], nor whether it is the late Lord Howe [2] or the present that is killed at Cherbourg. I am returning to Strawberry, and shall make Mr. Müntz's German and military *sang-froid* set the map in my head to rights.

I saw my Lord Lyttelton and Miller at Ragley; the latter put me out of all patience. As he has heard me talked of lately, he thought it not below him to consult me on ornaments for my Lord's house. I, who know nothing but what I have purloined from Mr. Bentley and you, and who have not forgot how little they tasted your real taste and charming plan, was rather lost. To my comfort, I have seen the plan of their hall; it is stolen from Houghton, and mangled frightfully: and *both* their eating-room and *salon* are to be stucco, with pictures.

I have not time or paper to give you a full account of a vast treasure that I have discovered at Lord Hertford's, and brought away with me. If I were but *so lucky* as to be thirty years older, I might have been much luckier. In short, I have got the remains of vast quantities of letters

Letter 584.—[1] Louisbourg surrendered to the English under Amherst and Boscawen on July 25, 1758.

[2] George Augustus Howe (circ. 1724–1758), third Viscount Howe. He entered the army in 1749. He was killed in a skirmish with the French during the English advance on Ticonderoga.

and state papers of the two Lords Conway, Secretaries of State—forty times as many have been using for the oven and the house, by sentence of a steward during my Lord's minority. Most of what I have got are gnawed by rats, rotten, or not worth a straw; and yet I shall save some volumes of what is very curious and valuable—three letters of Mr. Garrard, of the Charterhouse, some of Lord Strafford, and two of old Lenox, the Duchess [3], &c., &c. In short, if I can but continue to live thirty years extraordinary, in lieu of those I have missed, I shall be able to give to the world some treasures from the press at Strawberry. Do tell me a little of your motions, and good night.

585. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 24, 1758.

You must go into laurels, you must go into mourning. Our expedition has taken Cherbourg shamefully—I mean the French lost it shamefully, and then stood looking on while we destroyed all their works, particularly a basin that had cost vast sums. But, to balance their awkwardness with ours, it proved to be an open place, which we might have taken when we were before it a month ago. The fleet is now off Portland, expecting orders for landing or proceeding. Prince Edward gave the ladies a ball, and told them he was too young to know what was good breeding in France, therefore he would behave as he should if meaning to please in England—and kissed them all. Our next and greatest triumph is the taking of Cape Breton, the account of which came on Friday. The French have not improved like their wines by crossing the sea; but lost their spirit at

[3] Hon. Frances Howard (d. 1639), daughter of first Viscount Howard of Bindon; m. 1. Henry Pranell; 2. Edward Seymour, first Earl of Hertford of the third creation; 3. Ludovic Stuart, second Duke of Lennox and Richmond.

Louisbourg as much as on their own coast. The success, especially in the destruction of their fleet, is very great: the triumphs not at all disproportionate to the conquest, of which you will see all the particulars in the *Gazette*. Now for the chapter of cypresses. The attempt on Crown Point[1] has failed; Lord Howe was killed in a skirmish; and two days afterward by blunders, rashness, and bad intelligence, we received a great blow at Ticonderoga[2]. There is a *Gazette*, too, with all the history of this. My hope is that Cape Breton may buy us Minorca and a peace. I have great satisfaction in Captain Hervey's[3] gallantry; not only he is my friend, but I have the greatest regard for and obligations to my Lady Hervey[4]; he is her favourite son and she is particularly happy.

Mr. Wills is arrived and has sent me the medals, for which I give you a million of thanks; the scarce ones are not only valuable for the curiosity of them, but for their preservation. I laughed heartily at the Duke of Argyll[5], and am particularly pleased with the *Jesus Rex noster*[6].

Chevert[7], the best and most sensible of the French officers,

LETTER 585.—[1] Known to the French as Fort Frédéric, and situated on the south-western shore of Lake Champlain, north of Ticonderoga.

[2] The English, under Abercrombie, attacked Ticonderoga on July 9, 1758, but were repulsed with heavy loss.

[3] Augustus Hervey, second son of John, Lord Hervey, and afterwards Earl of Bristol. *Walpole.*—He succeeded his brother as third Earl of Bristol in 1775. He entered the navy in 1740; was Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean, 1763; Vice-Admiral of the Blue, 1778. He married privately in 1744 Elizabeth Chudleigh, who married (during his lifetime) the Duke of Kingston, and who was tried for bigamy in 1776. In July, 1758, he destroyed the *Rose*, a French 36-gun frigate.

[4] Mary Lepelle, widow of John, Lord Hervey. *Walpole.*

[5] On a medal thus described by Mann (*Mann and Manners*, vol. ii. p. 6), 'A most ridiculous vulgar brass medal struck by some Irish priest at Rome. On one side is a figure with a halter, by which the devil is leading it to hell; with the words, "Make room for Sir Robert!" and at the bottom, "No Excise!" On the other side is a figure in robes and in armour, with "The Generouse Duke of Argyll," and at bottom, "No Petitioners!"'

[6] Inscription on a silver coin of the Republic of Florence, who declared Jesus Christ their King, to prevent the usurpation of Pope Clement VII. *Walpole.*

[7] François de Chevert (1695–1769).

has been beat by a much smaller number under the command of Imhoff, who, I am told would be very stupid, if a *German* could be so.—I think they hope a little still for Hanover, from this success. Of the King of Prussia—not a word.

My Lady Bath[8] has had a paralytic stroke, which drew her mouth aside and took away her speech. I never heard a greater instance of cool sense; she made signs for a pen and ink, and wrote 'Palsy.' They got immediate assistance, and she is recovered.

As I wrote to you but a minute ago, I boldly conclude this already. Adieu!

586. To Grosvenor Bedford.

Dear Sir, Strawberry Hill, Aug. 29, 1758.

As you know a great deal more of Somerset House than I do, I will beg you some day as you go by to call there, and inquire carefully of the keeper of the King's pictures, or of the housekeeper, if there is any such thing as a picture of Lord Wimbledon there. In an old MS. of Vertue, I find this memorandum:—

'Among the King's pictures at Somerset House, a picture of Colonel Cecil Viscount Wimbledon, ætat: 37, anno 1610. Corn. Johnson pinx.'

You may imagine why I am solicitous to see this portrait[1].

Adieu, dear Sir,

Yours ever,
H. Walpole.

[8] Elizabeth Gumley, wife of William Pulteney, Earl of Bath. *Walpole.*

Letter 586.—[1] It was probably with a view to the *Anecdotes of Painting*, begun in September of this year.

587. To George Augustus Selwyn.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 29, 1758.

I guessed right, I find: my journey to Matson would again interfere with one of yours; and as all parties of pleasure should be as much so as possible, we will defer ours if you please, till we can accommodate it to the satisfaction of both. I will deal frankly with you, which we have known one another long enough to do. I could not well set out before the tenth; and I own, besides the pleasure of seeing you and Mr. Williams, I did propose this time to look at Berkeley Castle, Lord Ducie's[1], Mr. Morris's, and finish with Bath; you see what a furious list I had prepared, and how far this would carry you towards winter; and having missed your letter at Ragley, it would be to return back all this way for a day or two. Now whenever you shall really have nothing else to do, and will let me make Matson my head quarters, this will be more agreeable to me, and I shall have the satisfaction of thinking I don't constrain you. Instead of my going this year to Matson, you will come hither when you have again had enough of London and Betty[2]; and in October if you are still idle, we may go and fetch Mr. Williams from Bath. What say you to this?

I will speak to Scarlet about the picture the first moment I am in town. Do write me a line as soon as you receive this, for I will still be at your command if you insist upon it. Adieu!

Yours ever,

H. W.

Letter 587. — Not in C.; now first printed from original in South Kensington Museum (Dyce and Forster Collection).

[1] Matthew Ducie Moreton (d. 1770), second Baron Ducie. His seat was Tortworth, in Gloucestershire.

[2] Betty Neale, who kept a fruit shop in St. James' Street.

588. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 2, 1758.

It is well I have got something to pay you for the best letter that ever was! A vast victory, I own, does not entertain me so much as a good letter; but you are bound to like anything military better than your own wit, and therefore I hope you will think a defeat of the Russians a better *bon mot* than any you sent me. Should you think it clever if the King of Prussia has beaten them? How much cleverer if he has taken three lieutenant-generals and a hundred pieces of cannon? How much cleverer still, if he has left fifteen thousand Muscovites dead on the spot[1]? Does the loss of *only* three thousand of his own men take off from or sharpen the sting of this joke? In short, all this is fact, as a courier arrived at Sion Hill[2] this morning affirms. The City, I suppose, expect that his Majesty will now be at leisure to step to Ticonderoga and repair our mishap[3]. But I shall talk no more politics; if this finds you at Chatsworth, as I suppose it will, you will be better informed than from me.

Lady Mary Coke arrived at Ragley between two and three in the morning; how unlucky that I was not there to offer her part of an aired bed! But how could you think of the proposal you have made me? Am not I already in love with *the youngest, handsomest, and wittiest widow in England*? As *herculean a labourer* as I am, as Tom Hervey says, I don't choose another. I am still in the height of my impatience for the chest of old papers from Ragley[4], which, either by the fault of their servants or of the waggoner, is

Letter 588.—[1] The defeat of the Russians at Zornsdorff. *Walpole.*—On Aug. 25, 1758.

[2] At Isleworth, the residence of the Earl of Holdernesse, Secretary of State.

[3] The repulse of General Abercrombie at Ticonderoga. *Walpole.*

[4] The Conway papers in the reign of James I. *Walpole.*

not yet arrived. I shall go to London again on Monday in quest of it; and in truth think so much of it, that, when I first heard of the victory this morning, I rejoiced, as we were likely now *to recover the Palatinate*[5]. Good night!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

589. To DAVID MALLET.

DEAR SIR, Strawberry Hill, Sept. 8, 1758.

The pamphlet I mentioned to you t'other day, of which I could not remember the title, is called *Reflections concerning Innate Moral Principles*, written in French by the late Lord Bolingbroke, and translated into English. Printed in both languages 1752.

May I mention this as Lord Bolingbroke's[1]?

Be so good as to tell Mrs. Mallet how extremely obliged I am for her note, and I hope she knows that I have scarce been in town two days this whole summer. When she returns she shall have no reason to think me insensible to her goodness. I am, Sir,

Hers and your most obedient

Humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

590. To SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 9, 1758.

WELL! the King of Prussia is found again—where do you think? only in Poland, up to the chin in Russians!

[5] The loss (in 1620) of the possessions of the Elector Palatine, son-in-law of James I, was doubtless the subject of some of the Conway correspondence.

LETTER 589.—[1] The pamphlet is mentioned among Bolingbroke's works in the second edition of *Royal and Noble Authors*. It was 'said to have been written for the "Entresol" Club, founded by Alari.' (*D. N. B.*)

Was ever such a man! He was riding home from Olmütz; they ran and told him of an army of Muscovites, as you would of a covey of partridges; he galloped thither, and shot them. But what news I am telling you!—I forgot that all ours comes by water-carriage, and that you must know everything a fortnight before us. It is incredible how popular he is here; except a few, who take him for the same person with Mr. Pitt, the lowest of the people are perfectly acquainted with him: as I was walking by the river the other night, a bargeman asked me for something to drink the King of Prussia's health. Yet Mr. Pitt specifies his own glory as much as he can: the standards taken at Louisbourg have been carried to St. Paul's with much parade; and this week, after bringing it by *land* from Portsmouth, they have dragged the cannon of Cherbourg into Hyde Park, on pretence of diverting a man[1], at whom, in former days, I believe, Mr. Pitt has laughed for loving such rattles as drums and trumpets. Our expedition, since breaking a basin at Cherbourg, has done nothing, but are dodging about still. Prince Edward gave a hundred guineas to the poor of Cherbourg, and the general and admiral twenty-five apiece. I love charity, but sure this is excess of it, to lay out thousands, and venture so many lives, for the opportunity of giving a Christmas-box to your enemies! Instead of beacons, I suppose, the coast of France will be hung with pewter-pots with a slit in them, as prisons are, to receive our alms.

Don't trouble yourself about the Pope[2]: I am content to find that he will by no means eclipse my friend. You please me with telling me of a collection of medals bought for the Prince of Wales. I hope it is his own taste; if it is only thought right that he should have it, I am glad.

Letter 590.—[1] The King. *Walpole.* [2] Clement XIII; d. 1769.

I am again got into the hands of builders, though this time to a very small extent; only the addition of a little cloister and bedchamber. A day may come that will produce a gallery, a round tower, a larger cloister, and a cabinet, in the manner of a little chapel: but I am too poor for these ambitious designs yet, and I have so many ways of dispersing my money, that I don't know when I shall be richer. However, I amuse myself infinitely; besides my printing-house, which is constantly at work, besides such a treasure of taste and drawing as my friend Mr. Bentley, I have a painter[3] in the house, who is an engraver too, a mechanic, and everything. He was a Swiss engineer in the French service; but his regiment being broken at the peace, Mr. Bentley found him in the isle of Jersey and fixed him with me. He has an astonishing genius for landscape, and added to that, all the industry and patience of a German. We are just now practising, and have succeeded surprisingly in a new method of painting, discovered at Paris by Count Caylus[4], and intended to be the encaustic method of the ancients. My Swiss has painted, I am writing the account[5], and my press is to notify our improvements. As you will know that way, I will not tell you here at large. In short, to finish all the works I have in hand, and all the schemes I have in my head, I cannot afford to live less than fifty years more. What pleasure it would give me to see you here for a moment! I should think I saw you and your dear brother at once! Can't you form some violent secret expedition against Corsica or Port Mahon, which may make it necessary for you to come and settle here? Are we to correspond till we meet in some unknown world? Alas! I fear so; my dear Sir, you are as little likely to save money as I am—

[3] J. H. Müntz. *Walpole.*

[4] Anne Claude de Lévis (1692–1765), Comte de Caylus, soldier and writer on art.

[5] Müntz left Mr. W. and published another account himself. *Walpole.*

would you could afford to resign your crown and be a subject at Strawberry Hill! Adieu!

P.S. I have forgot to tell you of a wedding in our family; my brother's eldest daughter[6] is to be married to-morrow to Lord Albemarle's third brother, a canon of Windsor. We are very happy with the match. . . .[7] The bride is very agreeable, and sensible, and good; not so handsome as her sisters, but farther from ugliness than beauty. It is the second, Maria[8], who is beauty itself! her face, bloom, eyes, hair, teeth, and person are all perfect. You may imagine how charming she is, when her only fault, if one must find one, is that her face is rather too round. She has a great deal of wit and vivacity, with perfect modesty. I must tell you too of their brother[9]: he was on the expedition to St. Maloes; a party of fifty men appearing on a hill, he was dispatched to reconnoitre with only eight men. Being stopped by a brook, he prepared to leap it; an old sergeant dissuaded him, from the inequality of the numbers. 'Oh!' said the boy, 'I will tell you what; our profession is bred up to so much regularity that any novelty terrifies them—with our light English horses we will leap the stream; and I'll be d—— d if they don't run.' He did so—and they did so. However, he was not content; but insisted that each of his party should carry back a prisoner before them. They had got eight, when they overtook an elderly man, to whom they offered quarter, bidding him lay down his arms. He replied, they were English, the enemies of his King and country; that he hated them, and had rather be killed.

[6] Laura, the eldest daughter of Sir Edward Walpole, married to Dr. Frederick Keppel, afterwards Dean of Windsor and Bishop of Exeter. *Walpole.*

[7] Passage erased in MS.

[8] Maria, second daughter, married first to James, second Earl of Waldegrave, and afterwards to William Henry, Duke of Gloucester, brother of King George the Third. *Walpole.*

[9] Edward, only son of Sir Edward Walpole, died young. *Walpole.*

My nephew hesitated a minute, and then said, 'I see you are a brave fellow, and don't fear death, but very likely you fear a beating—if you don't lay down your arms this instant, my men shall drub you as long as they can stand over you.' The fellow directly flung down his arms in a passion. The Duke of Marlborough sent my brother word of this, adding, it was the only clever action in their whole exploit. Indeed I am pleased with it; for besides his spirit, I don't see, with this thought and presence of mind, why he should not make a general. I return to one little word of the King of Prussia—shall I tell you? I fear all this time he is only fattening himself with glory for Marshal Daun, who will demolish him at last, and then, for such service, be shut up in some fortress or in the Inquisition—for it is impossible but the house of Austria must indemnify themselves for so many mortifications by some horrid ingratitude!

591. To the Rev. Henry Zouch.

Sir, Strawberry Hill, Sept. 14, 1758.

Though the approaching edition of my *Catalogue* is so far advanced that little part is left now for any alteration, yet as a book of that kind is always likely to be reprinted from the new persons who grow entitled to a place in it, and as long as it is in my power I shall wish to correct and improve it, I must again thank you, Sir, for the additional trouble you have given yourself. The very first article strikes me much. May I ask where, and what page of what book, I can find Sir R. Cotton's account of Richard II being an author[1]: does not he mean Richard I?

The *Basilicon Doron* is published in the folio of K. James's

Letter 591.—[1] Croker states that in a letter to Archbishop Usher, Sir Robert Cotton requests the Archbishop to procure for him a poem of Richard II.

Works, and contains instructions to his son, Prince Henry. In return, I will ask you where you find those verses of Herbert; and I would also ask you, how you have had time to find and know so much?

Lord Leicester, and much less the Duke of Monmouth, will scarce, I fear, come under the description I have laid down to myself of authors. I doubt the first did not compose his own *Apology*.

Did the Earl of Bath publish, or only design to publish, *Dionysius*? Shall I find the account in Usher's letters? Since you are so very kind, Sir, as to favour me with your assistance, shall I beg, Sir, to prevent my repeating trouble to you, just to mark at any time where you find the notices you impart to me; for though the want of a citation is the effect of my ignorance, it has the same consequence to you.

I have not the *Philosophical Transactions*, but I will hereafter examine them on the hints you mention, particularly for Lord Brounker, who I did not know had written, though I have often thought it probable he did. As I have considered Lord Berkeley's *Love-Letters*, I have no doubt but they are a fiction, though grounded on a real story.

That Lord Falkland was a writer of controversy appears by the list of his works, and that he is said to have assisted Chillingworth[2]: that he wrote against Chillingworth, you see, Sir, depends upon very vague authority; that is, upon the assertion of an anonymous person, who wrote so above a hundred years ago.

James Earl of Marlborough[3] is entirely a new author to me—at present, too late. Lord Raymond[4] I had inserted, and he will appear in the next edition.

[2] William Chillingworth (1602–1644). In *Royal and Noble Authors* (under Falkland) Walpole says, 'He is said to have assisted Chillingworth in his book called *The Religion of Protestants*.'

[3] James Ley (1552–1629), first Earl of Marlborough. He wrote pamphlets on antiquarian subjects.

[4] Robert Raymond (1682–1732), first Baron Raymond.

I have been as unlucky, for the present, about Lord Totness. In a collection published in Ireland, called *Hibernica*[5], I found, but too late, that he translated another very curious piece, relating to Richard II. However, Sir, with these, and the very valuable helps I have received from you, I shall be able, at a proper time, to enrich another edition much.

592. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Arlington Street, Sept. 19, 1758.

I have all my life laughed at ministers in my letters; but at least with the decency of obliging them to break open the seal. You have more noble frankness, and send your satires to the post with not so much as a wafer, as my Lord Bath did sometimes in my father's administration. I scarce laughed more at the inside of your letter than at the cover—not a single button to the waistband of its breeches, but all its nakedness fairly laid open! what was worse, all Lady Mary's nakedness was laid open at the same time. Is this your way of treating a *dainty widow*? nay, and your own wife! every clerk in the post office knows that a gentleman before your face desired *to lay with her*! What will Mr. Pitt think of all this? Will he be pleased with your suffering such proposals to your wife, or begin to believe that you have some spirit, when, with no fear of Dr. Shebbeare's example[1] before your eyes, you speak your mind so freely, without any modification? As Mr. Pitt may be cooled a little to his senses, perhaps he may *now* find out that a grain of prudence is no bad ingredient in a mass of

[5] Published in Dublin in 1747 by Walter Harris. The piece in question is a translation of a French contemporary account of the visit of Richard II to Ireland.

Letter 592.—Collated with original in possession of Earl Waldegrave.

[1] Shebbeare had been tried for libel, after the publication of his sixth *Letter to the People of England*.

courage; in short, he and the mob are at last undeceived, and have found, by sad experience, that *all* the cannon of France has not been brought into Hyde Park. An account, which you will see in the *Gazette* (though a little better disguised than your letters), is come, that after our troops had been set on shore, and left there, till my Lord Howe went somewhere else and cried 'Hoop!' having nothing else to do for four days to amuse themselves, nor knowing whether there was a town within an hundred miles, went staring about the country to see whether there were any Frenchmen left in France; which Mr. Pitt, in very fine words, had assured them there was not, and which my Lord Howe, in very fine silence, had confirmed. However, somehow or other (Mr. Deputy Hodges says they were not French, but Papists sent from Vienna to assist the King of France), twelve battalions fell upon our rear-guard, and, which General Blighe says is *very common* (I suppose he means that rashness and folly should run itself into a scrape), were all cut to pieces or taken[2]. The town says, Prince Edward ran hard to save himself; I don't mean, too fast, but scarcely fast enough; and the general says that Lord Frederick, your friend, is safe; the thing he seems to have thought of most, except a little vain parade of his own self-denial on his nephew. I shall not be at all surprised if, to show he was not in the wrong, Mr. Pitt should get ready another expedition by the depth of winter, and send it in search of the cannon and colours of these twelve battalions. Pray Heaven your letter don't put it in his head to give you the command! It is *not* true that he made the King ride upon one of the cannons to the Tower.

I was really touched with my Lady Howe's[3] advertise-

[2] At St. Cast in Brittany on Sept. 11, 1758. The French attacked the rear-guard as they descended a rocky defile previous to re-embarking. The English loss amounted to nearly 1,000 men.

[3] Mary Sophia Charlotte Kilmansegge (d. 1782), generally supposed

ment, though I own at first it made me laugh, for seeing an address to the voters for Nottingham signed *Charlotte Howe*, I concluded (they are so manly a family) that Mrs. Howe[4], who rides a fox-chase, and dines at the *table d'hôte* at Grantham, intended to stand for member of Parliament.

Sir John Armitage died on board a ship before the landing; Lady Hardwicke's nephew, Mr. Cocks, scarce recovered of his Cherbourg wound, is killed. He had 7,000*l.* a year, and was a volunteer. I don't believe his uncle and aunt advised his venturing so much money.

My Lady Burlington is very ill, and the distemper shows itself oddly; she breaks out all over in—curses and blasphemies. Her maids are afraid of catching them, and will hardly venture into her room.

On reading over your letter again, I begin to think that the connection between Mr. Pitt and my *dainty widow*[5] is stronger than I imagined. One of them must have caught of the other that noble contempt which makes a thing's being *impossible not signify*. It sounds very well in *sensible* mouths; but how terrible to be the chambermaid or the army of such people! I really am in a panic, and having some mortal impossibilities about me which a dainty widow might not allow to signify, I will balance a little between her and my Lady Carlisle, who, I believe, knows that im-

to be the daughter of George I by the Countess of Darlington; m. (1719) Emanuel Scrope Howe, second Viscount Howe (d. 1735). Her advertisement was as follows:—

'To the gentlemen, clergy, freeholders, and burgesses of the town and county of Nottingham.

As Lord Howe is now absent upon the public service, and Lieutenant-Colonel Howe is with his regiment at Louisbourg, it rests upon me to beg the favour of your votes and interests, that Lieutenant-Colonel Howe may supply the place of his late brother, as your representative in Parliament.

Permit me, therefore, to implore the protection of every one of you, as the mother of him, whose life has been lost in the service of his country.

CHARLOTTE HOWE.

Albemarle Street, Sept. 14, 1758.'

(*Ann. Reg.* 1758, p. 73.)

[4] Eldest daughter of second Viscount Howe, married to John Howe, of Hanslope, Buckinghamshire.

[5] Lady Mary Coke.

possibilities do signify. These were some of my reflections on reading your letter again; another was, that I am now convinced you sent your letter open to the post on purpose; you knew it was so good a letter, that everybody ought to see it—and yet you would pass for a modest man!

I am glad I am not in favour enough to be consulted by *my Lord Duchess*[6] on the Gothic farm; she would have given me so many fine and unintelligible reasons why it should not be as it should be, that I should have lost a little of my patience. You don't tell me if the goose-board in hornbeam is quite finished; and have you forgot that I actually was in t'other goose-board, the conjuring room?

I wish you joy on your preferment in the militia, though I do not think it quite so safe an employment as it used to be. If George Townshend's *disinterested* virtue should grow impatient for a *regiment*, he will persuade Mr. Pitt that the militia are the only troops in the world for taking Rochfort. Such a scheme would answer all his purposes; would advance his own interest, contradict the Duke's opinion, who holds militias cheap, and by the ridiculousness of the attempt would furnish very good subjects to his talent of buffoonery in black-lead.

The King of Prussia you may believe is in Petersburg, but he happens to be in Dresden. Good night! Mine and Sir Harry Hemlock's[7] services to my Lady Ailesbury.

Yours ever,

H. W.

593. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 22, 1758.

The confusion of the first accounts and the unwelcomeness of the subject, made me not impatient to dispatch

[6] The Duchess of Norfolk. She had planted a game of the goose in hornbeam, at Worksop. *Walpole.*

[7] No doubt Sir Henry Hunloke, fourth Baronet, of Wingerworth, Derbyshire; d. 1804.

another letter so quickly after my last. However, as I suppose the French relations will be magnified, it is proper to let you know the exact truth. Not being content with doing nothing at St. Maloes, and with being suffered to do all we could at Cherbourg (no great matter), our land and sea heroes, Mr. Pitt and Lord Howe, projected a third—I don't know what to call it. It seems they designed to take St. Maloes, but being disappointed by the weather, they—what do you think?—landed fifteen miles from it, with no object nor near any—and lest that should not be absurd enough, the fleet sailed away for another bay, leaving the army with only two cannons, to scramble to them across the country as they could. *Nine* days they were staring about France; at last they had notice of twelve battalions approaching, on which they stayed a little before they hurried to the transports. The French followed them at a distance, firing from the upper grounds. When the greatest part were re-embarked, the French descended and fell on the rear, on which it was necessary to sacrifice the Guards to secure the rest. Those brave young men did wonders—that is, they were cut to pieces with great intrepidity. We lost General Dury and ten other officers; Lord Frederick Cavendish with twenty-three others were taken prisoners. In all we have lost seven hundred men, but more shamefully for the projectors and conductors than can be imagined, for no shadow of an excuse can be offered for leaving them so exposed, with no purpose or possible advantage, in the heart of an enemy's country. What heightens the distress, the army sailed from Weymouth with a full persuasion that they were to be sacrificed to the vainglorious whims of a man of words and a man of none[1]!

LETTER 593.—[1] The two brothers, successively Lords Howe, were remarkably silent. *Walpole.*

Three expeditions we have sent,
And if you bid me show where,
I know as well as those who went,
To St. Maloes, Cherbourg, nowhere.

Those whose trade or amusement is politics may comfort themselves with their darling Prussian; he has strode back over 20 or 30,000 Russians, and stepped into Dresden. They even say that Daun is retired. For my part, it is to inform *you* that I dwell at all on these things. I am shocked with the iniquities I see and have seen. I abhor their dealings,

And from my soul sincerely hate
Both Kings and Ministers of State!

I don't know whether I can attain any goodness by shunning them, I am sure their society is contagious. Yet I will never advertise my detestation, for if I professed virtue, I should expect to be suspected of designing to be a minister. Adieu! you are good, and will keep yourself so.

Sept. 25th.

I had sealed my letter, but as it cannot go away till to-morrow, I open it again on receiving yours of Sept. 9th. I don't understand Marshal Botta's being so well satisfied with our taking Louisbourg. Are the Austrians disgusted with the French? Do they begin to repent their alliance? or has he so much sense as to know what improper allies they have got? It is very right in *you* who are a minister, to combat hostile ministers—had I been at Florence, I should not have so much contested the authority of the Abbé de Ville's [2] performance: I have no more doubt of the convention of Closter Severn having been scandalously broken, than it was shamelessly disavowed by those who *commanded* it.

[2] Abbé Jean Ignace de la Ville (d. 1774), head of the ministry of Foreign Affairs in France.

In our loss are included some of our volunteers; a Sir John Armitage, a young man of fortune, just come much into the world, and engaged to the sister[3] of the hot-headed and cool-tongued Lord Howe; a Mr. Cocks, nephew of Lady Hardwicke, who could not content himself with seven thousand pounds a year, without the addition of an ensign's commission: he was not quite recovered of a wound he had got at Cherbourg. The royal volunteer, Prince Edward, behaved with much spirit. Adieu!

594. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Oct. 3, 1758.

Having no news to send you, but the massacre of St. Cas, not agreeable enough for a letter, I stayed till I had something to send you, and behold a book[1]! I have delivered to portly old Richard, your ancient nurse, the new produce of the Strawberry Press.

You know that the wife of Bath is gone to maunder at St. Peter, and before he could hobble to the gate, my Lady Burlington, cursing and blaspheming, overtook t'other Countess, and both together made such an uproar, that the cock flew up into the tree of life for safety, and St. Peter himself turned the key and hid himself; and as nobody could get into t'other world, half the Guards are come back again, and appeared in the Park to-day, but such dismal ghostly figures, that my Lady Townshend was really frightened, and is again likely to turn Methodist.

Do you design, or do you not, to look at Strawberry as you come to town? if you do, I will send a card to my neighbour, Mrs. Holman, to meet you any day five weeks

[3] Mary, their youngest sister, was afterwards married to General Pitt, brother of George, Lord Rivers. *Walpole.*

Letter 594. — [1] *An Account of Russia as it was in the year* 1710. By Charles, Lord Whitworth.

that you please—or I can amuse you without cards—such fat bits of your *dear dad*, old Jammy[2], as I have found among the Conway papers, such morsels of all sorts!—but come and see.—Adieu! Yours ever,

H. W.

595. To the Rev. Henry Zouch.

Sir, Strawberry Hill, Oct. 5, 1758.

You make so many apologies for conferring great favours on me, that if you have not a care, I shall find it more convenient to believe that, instead of being grateful, I shall be very good if I am forgiving. If I am impertinent enough to take up this style, at least I promise you I will be very good, and I will certainly *pardon* as many obligations as you shall please to lay on me.

I have that *Life of Richard II.* It is a poor thing, and not even called in the title-page Lord Holles's[1]; it is a still lower trick of booksellers to insert names of authors in a catalogue, which, with all their confidence, they do not venture to bestow on the books themselves; I have found several instances of this.

Lord Preston's[2] Boetius I have. From Scotland, I have received a large account of Lord Cromerty[3], which will appear in my next edition: as my copy is in the press, I do not exactly remember if there is the Tract on Precedency: he wrote a great number of things, and was held in great contempt living and dead.

I have long sought, and wished to find, some piece of Duke Humphrey[4]: he was a great patron of learning, built

[2] King James I.

Letter 595.—[1] Denzil Holles (1599–1680), first Baron Holles.

[2] Richard Graham (1648–1695), first Viscount Preston, sometime Secretary of State. He translated Boethius' *Consolations of Philosophy*.

[3] George Mackenzie (1630–1714), first Earl of Cromartie.

[4] It does not appear that Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, was an author.

the Schools, I think, and gave a library to Oxford. Yet, I fear, I may not take the authority of Pits[5], who is a wretched liar; nor is it at all credible that in so blind an age a Prince, who, with all his love of learning, I fear, had very little of either learning or parts, should write on astronomy;—had it been on astrology, it might have staggered me.

My omission of Lord Halifax's *Maxims* was a very careless one, and has been rectified. I did examine the *Musae Anglicanae*, and I think found a copy or two, and at first fancied I had found more, till I came to examine narrowly. In the *Joys and Griefs of Oxford and Cambridge* are certainly many noble copies; but you judge very right, Sir—they are not to be mentioned, no more than exercises at school, where, somehow or other, every peer has been a poet. To my shame, you are still more in the right about the Duke of Buckingham[6]: if you will give me leave, instead of thinking that he wrote, hoping to be mistaken for his predecessor, I will believe that he hoped so after he had written.

You are again in the right, Sir, about Lord Abercorn[7], as the present Lord himself informed me. I don't know Lord Godolphin's[8] verses: at most, by your account, he should be in the Appendix; but if they are only signed Sidney Godolphin, they may belong to his uncle, who, if I remember rightly, was one of the troop of verse-writers of that time.

You have quite persuaded me of the mistake in *Mindas*; till you mentioned it, I had forgot that they wrote Windsor

[5] John Pits (1560–1616), Catholic divine and writer of biography.

[6] John Sheffield (1647–1721), first Duke of Buckingham and Normanby.

[7] James Hamilton (d. 1744), seventh Earl of Abercorn, author of *Calculations and Tables relating to the Attractive Power of Loadstones.*

[8] Sidney Godolphin (1645–1712), first Earl of Godolphin. He was no poet. The verses were probably by his uncle and namesake, Sidney Godolphin (1610–1643).

'Windesore,' and then by abbreviation the mistake was easy.

The account of Lord Clarendon is printed off; I do mention as printed his account of Ireland[9], though I knew nothing of Borlase[10]. Apropos, Sir, are you not glad to see that the second part of his *History* is actually advertised to come out soon after Christmas?

Lord Nottingham's[11] letter I shall certainly mention.

I yesterday sent to Mr. Whiston a little piece[12] that I have just mentioned[13] here, and desired him to convey it to you; you must not expect a great deal from it: yet it belongs so much to my *Catalogue*, that I thought it a duty to publish it. A better return to some of your civilities is to inform you of Dr. Jortin's *Life of Erasmus*, with which I am much entertained. There are numberless anecdotes of men thought great in their day, now so much forgotten, that it grows valuable again to hear about them. The book is written with great moderation and goodness of heart; the style is not very striking, and has some vulgarisms, and in a work of that bulk I should rather have taken more pains to digest and connect it into a flowing narrative, than dryly give it as a diary: yet I dare promise it will amuse you much.

With your curiosity, Sir, and love of information, I am sure you will be glad to hear of a most valuable treasure that I have discovered; it is the collection of state papers amassed by the two Lords Conway, that were Secretaries of

[9] *History of the Rebellion and Civil Wars in Ireland*, printed in 1726.

[10] Edmund Borlase, physician and historic writer. He compiled a *History of the Irish Rebellion*. 'For the purposes of his work, Borlase obtained a copy of an unpublished treatise on Irish affairs by Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon. This he unskilfully altered and interpolated, to make it accord with his views.' (*D. N. B.*)

[11] Daniel Finch (1647–1730), seventh Earl of Winchilsea and Nottingham. His *Letter* was addressed to Dr. Waterland.

[12] Lord Whitworth's *Account of Russia*.

[13] Probably a slip for 'printed.'

State, and their family: vast numbers have been destroyed; yet I came time enough to retrieve vast numbers, many, indeed, in a deplorable condition. They were buried under lumber upon the pavement of an unfinished chapel, at Lord Hertford's in Warwickshire, and during his minority, and the absence of his father, an ignorant steward delivered them over to the oven and kitchen, and yet had not been able to destroy them all. It is a vast work to dry, range, and read them, and to burn the useless, as bills, bonds, and every other kind of piece of paper that ever came into a house, and were all jumbled and matted together. I propose, by degrees, to print the most curious; of which, I think, I have already selected enough to form two little volumes of the size of my *Catalogue*. Yet I will not give too great expectations about them, because I know how often the public has been disappointed when they came to see in print what in manuscript has appeared to the editor wonderfully choice.

596. To Lady Hervey.

Arlington Street, Oct. 17, 1758.

Your Ladyship, I hope, will not think that such a strange thing as my own picture seems of consequence enough to me to write a letter about it: but obeying your commands does seem so; and lest you should return and think I had neglected it, I must say that I have come to town three several times on purpose, but Mr. Ramsay[1] (I will forgive him) has been constantly out of town.—So much for that.

I would have sent you word that the King of Portugal[2] coming along the road at midnight, which was in his own room at noon, his foot slipped, and three balls went through

Letter 596. — [1] Allan Ramsay (1713–1784). [2] Joseph, King of Portugal; d. 1777.

his body; which, however, had no other consequence than giving him a stroke of a palsy, of which he is quite recovered, except being dead[3]. Some, indeed, are so malicious as to say that the Jesuits, who are the most conscientious men in the world, murdered him, because he had an intrigue with another man's wife: but all these histories I supposed your Ladyship knew better than me, as, till I came to town yesterday, I imagined you was returned. For my own part, about whom you are sometimes so good as to interest yourself, I am as well as can be expected after the murder of a king, and the death of a person of the next consequence to a king, the Master of the Ceremonies, poor Sir Clement[4], who is supposed to have been suffocated by my Lady Macclesfield's[5] kissing hands.

This will be a melancholy letter, for I have nothing to tell your Ladyship but tragical stories. Poor Dr. Shawe[6] being sent for in great haste to Claremont (it seems the Duchess had caught a violent cold by a hair of her own whisker getting up her nose and making her sneeze)—the poor Doctor, I say, having eaten a few mushrooms before he set out, was taken so ill, that he was forced to stop at Kingston; and, being carried to the first apothecary's, prescribed a medicine for himself which immediately cured him. This catastrophe so alarmed the Duke of Newcastle, that he immediately ordered all the mushroom beds to be destroyed, and even the toadstools in the park did not escape scalping in this general massacre. What I tell you is literally true. Mr. Stanley, who dined there last Sunday, and is not partial against that court, heard the edict repeated, and confirmed it to me last night. And a voice

[3] An allusion to the confused accounts of the attempt on his life. The fact was concealed as much as possible, and it was given out that the King had fallen down in his palace.

[4] Sir Clement Cotterel. *Walpole.*

[5] She had been a common woman. *Walpole.*

[6] Physician to the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle. *Walpole.*

of lamentation was heard at Ramah in Claremont, *Chloe*[7] weeping for *her* mushrooms, and they are not!

After all these important histories, I would try to make you smile, if I was not afraid you would resent a little freedom taken with a great name[8].—May I venture?

> Why Taylor the quack calls himself *Chevalier*,
> 'Tis not easy a reason to render;
> Unless blinding eyes, that he thinks to make clear,
> Demonstrates he 's but a *Pretender*.

A book has been left at your Ladyship's house; it is Lord Whitworth's *Account of Russia*. Monsieur Kniphausen[9] has promised me some curious anecdotes of the Czarina Catherine—so my shop is likely to flourish.

I am your Ladyship's most obedient servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

597. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Arlington Street, Oct. 17, 1758.

I HAVE read your letter, as you may believe, with the strictest attention, and will tell you my thoughts as sincerely as you do and have a right to expect them.

In the first place, I think you far from being under any obligation for this notice[1]. If Mr. Pitt is sensible that he has used you very ill, is it the part of an honest man to require new submissions, new supplications from the person he has injured? If he thinks you proper to command, as one must suppose by this information, is it patriotism that forbids him to employ an able officer, unless that officer sues to be employed? Does patriotism bid him send out

[7] The Duke of Newcastle's cook. *Walpole.*

[8] That of the Pretender. Lady Hervey was partial to the Stuarts.

[9] Baron von Kniphausen, Prussian Minister in London.

LETTER 597.—[1] Pitt had made a point of explaining to Lord Hertford that Conway's exclusion from the proposed expedition to the West Indies was not due to him.

a man that has had a stroke of a palsy, preferable to a young man of vigour and capacity, only because the latter has made no application within these two months?—But as easily as I am inclined to believe that your merit makes its way even through the cloud of Mr. Pitt's proud prejudices, yet I own in the present case I question it. I can see two reasons why he should wish to entice you to this application: the first is, the clamour against his giving all commands to young or improper officers is extreme; Holmes, appointed Admiral of the Blue but six weeks ago, has writ a warm letter on the chapter of subaltern commanders: the second, and possibly connected in his mind with the former, may be this; he would like to refuse you, and then say you had asked when it was too late; and at the same time would have to say that he would have employed you if you had asked sooner. This leads me to the point of time: Hobson [2] is not only appointed, but Haldane, though going governor to Jamaica, is made a brigadier and joined to him,—Colonel Barrington set out to Portsmouth last night. All these reasons, I think, make it very improper for you to ask this command now. You have done more than enough to satisfy your honour, and will certainly have opportunities again of repeating offers of your service. But though it may be right to ask in general to serve, I question much if it is advisable to petition for particulars, any failure in which would be charged entirely on you. I should wish to have you vindicated by the rashness of Mr. Pitt and the miscarriages of others, as I think they hurry to make you be; but while he bestows only impracticable commands, knowing that, if there is blood enough shed, the City of London will be content even with disappointments, I hope you will not be sacrificed either to the mob or the minister. And this leads me to the article of the expedition itself. Mar-

[2] Major-General Hopson; d. 1759.

tinico is the general notion; a place the strongest in the world, with a garrison of ten thousand men. Others now talk of Guadaloupe, almost as strong and of much less consequence. Of both, everybody that knows, despairs. It is almost impossible for *me* to find out the real destination. I avoid every one of the three factions—and though I might possibly learn the secret from the chief of one of them, if he knows it, yet I own I do not care to try; I don't think it fair to thrust myself into secrets with a man [3], of whose ambition and view I do not think well, and whose purposes (in those lights) I have declined and will decline to serve. Besides, I have reason just now to think that he and his court are meditating some attempt which may throw us again into confusion; and I had rather not be told what I am sure I shall not approve: besides, I cannot ask secrets of this nature without hearing more with which I would not be trusted, and which, if divulged, would be imputed to me. I know you will excuse me for these reasons, especially as you know how much I would do to serve you, and would even in this case, if I was not convinced that it is too late for you to apply; and being too late, they would be glad to say you had asked too late. Besides, if any information could be got from the channel at which I have hinted, the Duke of Richmond could get it better than I; and the Duke of Devonshire could give it you without.

I can have no opinion of the expedition itself, which certainly started from the disappointment at St. Cas, if it can be called a disappointment where there was no object. I have still more doubts on Lord Milton's authority; Clarke [4] was talked to by the Princess yesterday much more than

[3] Mr. Fox. *Walpole.*

[4] A Scotch military adventurer favoured by Lord Bute. He was largely responsible for the expedition to Rochefort.

anybody in the room. Cunningham[5] is made Quarter-master-General to this equipment; these things don't look as if *your interest* was increased. As Lord George[6] has sent over his commands for Cunningham, might not his art at the same time have suggested some application to you—tell me, do you think he would ask this command for himself? I, who am not of so honest and sincere a nature as you are, suspect that this hint is sent to you with some bad view—I don't mean on Lord Milton's part, who I dare say is deceived by his readiness to serve you; and since you do me the honour of letting me at all judge for you, which in one only light I think I am fit to do, I mean, as your spirit naturally makes you overlook everything to get employed, I would wish you to answer to Lord Milton, 'that you should desire of all things to have had this command, but that having been discouraged from asking what you could not flatter yourself would be granted, it would look, you think, a vain offer, to sue for what is now given away, and would not be consistent with your honour to ask when it is too late.' I hint this, as such an answer would turn their arts on themselves, if, as I believe, they mean to refuse you, and to reproach you with asking too late.

If the time is come for Mr. Pitt to want you, you will not long be unemployed; if it is not, then you would get nothing by asking. Consider, too, how much more graceful a reparation of your honour it will be, to have them forced to recall you, than to force yourself on desperate service, as if you yourself, not they, had injured your reputation.

I can say nothing now on any other chapter, this has so much engrossed all my thoughts. I see no one reason upon earth for your asking *now*. If you ever should *ask* again,

[5] Major Cunningham, who had greatly distinguished himself at Minorca. He died at Guadaloupe in 1759.
[6] Lord George Sackville.

you will not want opportunities; and the next time you ask, will have just the same merit that this could have, and by asking in time, would be liable to none of the objections of that sort which I have mentioned. Adieu! *Timeo* Lord George *et dona.*

598. To the Rev. Henry Zouch.

Sir, Strawberry Hill, Oct. 21, 1758.

Every letter I receive from you is a new obligation, bringing me new information: but, sure, my *Catalogue* was not worthy of giving you so much trouble. Lord Fortescue[1] is quite new to me; I have sent him to the press. Lord Dorset's poem it will be unnecessary to mention separately, as I have already said that his works are to be found among those of the minor poets.

I don't wonder, Sir, that you prefer Lord Clarendon to Polybius; nor can two authors well be more unlike: the *former* wrote a general history in a most obscure and almost unintelligible style; the *latter*[2], a portion of private history, in the noblest style in the world. Whoever made the comparison, I will do them the justice to believe that they understood bad Greek better than their own language in its elevation. For Dr. Jortin's *Erasmus,* which I have very nearly finished, it has given me a good opinion of the author, and he has given me a very bad one of his subject. By the Doctor's labour and impartiality, Erasmus appears a begging parasite, who had parts enough to discover truth, and not courage enough to profess it: whose vanity made him always writing; yet his writings ought to have cured

Letter 598.—[1] John Fortescue-Aland (1670–1746), first Baron Fortescue, Justice of the Common Pleas, 1728–46. He edited a treatise by his ancestor, Sir John Fortescue, on *The Difference between an Absolute and Limited Monarchy.*

[2] 'Former' and 'latter' should evidently be transposed in this sentence.

his vanity, as they were the most abject things in the world. *Good Erasmus's honest mean* was alternate time-serving. I never had thought much about him, and now heartily despise him.

When I speak my opinion to you, Sir, about what I dare say you care as little for as I do (for what is the merit of a mere man of letters?), it is but fit I should answer you as sincerely on a question about which you are so good as to interest yourself. That my father's life is likely to be written, I have no grounds for believing. I mean I know nobody that thinks of it. For myself, I certainly shall not, for many reasons, which you must have the patience to hear. A reason to me myself is, that I think too highly of him, and too meanly of myself, to presume I am equal to the task. They who do not agree with me in the former part of my position, will undoubtedly allow the latter part. In the next place, the very truths that I should relate would be so much imputed to partiality, that he would lose of his due praise by the suspicion of my prejudice. In the next place, I was born too late in his life to be acquainted with him in the active part of it. Then I was at school, at the university, abroad, and returned not till the last moments of his administration. What I know of him I could only learn from his own mouth in the last three years of his life; when, to my shame, I was so idle, and young, and thoughtless, that I by no means profited of his leisure as I might have done; and, indeed, I have too much impartiality in my nature to care, if I could, to give the world a history, collected solely from the person himself of whom I should write. With the utmost veneration for his truth, I can easily conceive, that a man who had lived a life of party, and who had undergone such persecution from party, should have had greater bias than he himself could be sensible of. The last, and that a reason which

must be admitted, if all the others are not—his papers are lost. Between the confusion of his affairs, and the indifference of my elder brother to things of that sort, they were either lost, burnt, or what we rather think, were stolen by a favourite servant of my brother, who proved a great rogue, and was dismissed in my brother's life; and the papers were not discovered to be missing till after my brother's death. Thus, Sir, I should want vouchers for many things I could say of much importance. I have another personal reason that discourages me from attempting this task, or any other, besides the great reluctance that I have to being a voluminous author. Though I am by no means the learned man you are so good as to call me in compliment; though, on the contrary, nothing can be more superficial than my knowledge, or more trifling than my reading,—yet, I have so much strained my eyes, that it is often painful to me to read even a newspaper by daylight. In short, Sir, having led a very dissipated life, in all the hurry of the world of pleasure, I scarce ever read, but by candle-light, after I have come home late at nights. As my eyes have never had the least inflammation or humour, I am assured I may still recover them by care and repose. I own I prefer my eyes to anything I could ever read, much more to anything I could write. However, after all I have said, perhaps I may now and then, by degrees, throw together some short anecdotes of my father's private life and particular story, and leave his public history to more proper and more able hands, if such will undertake it. Before I finish on this chapter, I can assure you he did forgive my Lord Bolingbroke[3]—his nature was forgiving: after all was over, and he had nothing to fear or disguise, I can say with truth,

[3] 'He . . . wrote against Sir Robert Walpole, who did forgive him; against the Pretender and the clergy, who never will forgive him.' (Notice of Bolingbroke in *R. and N. A.*)

that there were not *three* men of whom he ever dropped a word with rancour. What I meant of the clergy not forgiving Lord Bolingbroke, alluded not to his doctrines, but to the direct attack and war he made on the whole body. And now, Sir, I will confess my own weakness to you. I do not think so highly of that writer, as I seem to do in my book; but I thought it would be imputed to prejudice in me, if I appeared to undervalue an author of whom so many persons of sense still think highly. My being Sir Robert Walpole's son warped me to praise, instead of censuring Lord Bolingbroke. With regard to the Duke of Leeds[4], I think you have misconstrued the decency of my expression. I said, *Burnet had treated him severely*; that is, I chose that Burnet should say so, rather than myself. I have never praised where my heart condemned. Little attentions, perhaps, to worthy descendants, were excusable in a work of so extensive a nature, and that approached so near to these times. I may, perhaps, have an opportunity, at one day or other, of showing you some passages suppressed on these motives, which yet I do not intend to destroy.

Crew[5], Bishop of Durham, was as abject a tool as possible. I would be very certain he is an author before I should think him worth mentioning. If ever you should touch on Lord Willoughby's[6] sermon, I should be obliged for a hint of it. I actually have a printed copy of verses by his son, on the marriage of the Princess Royal; but they are so ridiculously unlike measure, and the man was so mad and so poor, that I determined not to mention them.

If these details, Sir, which I should have thought interest-

[4] Thomas Osborne (1631 – 1712), first Duke of Leeds.

[5] Nathaniel Crew (1633–1721), third Baron Crew of Stene; Bishop of Oxford, 1671–74; Bishop of Durham, 1674–1721.

[6] George Verney (1659 – 1728), twelfth Lord Willoughby de Broke, and Dean of Windsor, 1714–28. He published in 1712 a sermon *On the Blessedness of Doing Good*. His son and successor died in 1752.

ing to no mortal but myself, should happen to amuse you, I shall be glad; if they do not, you will learn not to question a man who thinks it his duty to satisfy the curiosity of men of sense and honour, and who, being of too little consequence to have secrets, is not ambitious of the less consequence of appearing to have any.

P.S. I must ask you one question, but to be answered entirely at your leisure. I have a play in rhyme called *Saul*[7], said to be written by a peer. I guess Lord Orrery. If ever you happen to find out, be so good to tell me.

599. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Oct. 24, 1758.

I am a little sorry that my preface, like the show-cloth to a sight, entertained you more than the *bears* that it invited you in to see. I don't mean that I am not glad to have written anything that meets your approbation, but if Lord Whitworth's[1] work is not better than my preface, I fear he has much less merit than I thought he had.

Your complaint of your eyes makes me feel for you: mine have been very weak again, and I am taking the bark, which did them so much service last year. I don't know how to give up the employment of them, I mean reading—for as to writing, I am absolutely winding up my bottom, for twenty reasons. The first, and perhaps the best, I have writ enough.—The next; by what I have writ, the world thinks I am not a fool, which was just what I wished them to think, having always lived in terror of that oracular saying, Ηρωων παιδες λωβοι[2], which Mr. Bentley translated

[7] *King Saul*, a tragedy, 'written by a deceased person of quality,' and first published in 1705. Its authorship is uncertain.

Letter 599.—[1] Charles Whitworth (1675–1725), first Baron Whitworth, sometime Minister at Vienna and Berlin.

[2] Without breathing or accents in MS.

with so much more parts than the vain and malicious *hero* could have done that set him the task, I mean his father, 'the sons of heroes are loobies.' My last reason is, I find my little stock of reputation very troublesome, both to maintain and to undergo the consequences—it has dipped me in *erudite* correspondences—I receive letters every week that compliment my learning—now, as there is nothing I hold so cheap as a learned man, except an unlearned one, this title is insupportable to me; if I have not a care, I shall be called learned, till somebody abuses me for *not* being learned, as they, not I, fancied I was. In short, I propose to have nothing more to do with the world, but divert myself in it as an obscure passenger—pleasure, virtù, politics, and literature, I have tried them all, and have had enough of them.—Content and tranquillity, with now and then a little of three of them, that I may not grow morose, shall satisfy the rest of a life that is to have much idleness, and I hope a little goodness—for politics—a long adieu! With some of the Cardinal de Retz's[3] experience, though with none of his genius, I see the folly of taking a violent part without any view (I don't mean to commend a violent part *with* a view, that is still worse). I leave the state to be scrambled for by Mazarine[4], at once cowardly and enterprising, ostentatious, jealous, and false; by Louvois[5], rash and dark; by Colbert[6], the affector of national interest, with designs not much better; and I leave the Abbé de la Rigbiere[7] to sell the weak Duke of Orléans[8] to whoever has money to buy him, or would buy him to get money—at least these are my present reflections—if I should change them to-morrow, remember I am not only a human creature, but that I am I, that is, one of the weakest of human

[3] Jean François Paul de Gondi (1614–1679), Cardinal de Retz, prominent in the war of the *Fronde*.
[4] The Duke of Newcastle.
[5] Henry Fox.
[6] Pitt.
[7] Richard Rigby.
[8] The Duke of Bedford.

creatures; and so sensible of my fickleness that I am sometimes inclined to keep a diary of my mind, as people do of the weather.—To-day you see it temperate—to-morrow it may again blow politics and be stormy—for while I have so much quicksilver left, I fear my passionometer will be susceptible of sudden changes. What do years give one? Experience. Experience, what? Reflections. Reflections, what?—nothing that I ever could find—nor can I well agree with Waller, that

> The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
> Lets in new light through chinks that time has made.—

Chinks I am afraid there are, but instead of new light, I find nothing but darkness visible, that serves only to discover sights of woe! I look back through my chinks—I find errors, follies, faults—forwards, old age and death; pleasures fleeting from me, no virtues succeeding to their place—*il faut avouer*, I want all my quicksilver to make such a background receive any other objects!

I am glad Mr. Frederick Montagu[9] thinks so well of me as to be sure I shall be glad to see him without an invitation. For you, I had already perceived that you would not come to Strawberry this year. Adieu! Remember, nobody is to see this letter, but yourself and the clerks of the post office.

Yours ever,
H. W.

600. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 24, 1758.

It is a very melancholy present I send you here, my dear Sir; yet, considering the misfortune that has befallen us,

[9] Frederick Montagu (1733–1800), of Papplewick, Nottinghamshire; Lord of the Treasury, 1782, 1783. He was a friend of the poets Gray and Mason.

perhaps the most agreeable I could send you. You will not think it the bitterest tear you have shed when you drop one over this plan of an urn inscribed with the name of your dear brother, and with the testimonial of my eternal affection to him! This little monument is at last placed over the pew of your family at Linton, and I doubt whether any tomb was ever erected that spoke so much truth of the departed, and flowed from so much sincere friendship in the living. The thought was my own, adopted from the antique columbaria, and applied to Gothic. The execution of the design was Mr. Bentley's, who alone, of all mankind, could unite the grace of Grecian architecture and the irregular lightness and solemnity of Gothic. Kent and many of our builders sought this, but have never found it. Mr. Chute, who has as much taste as Mr. Bentley, thinks this little sketch a perfect model. The soffite is more beautiful than anything of either style separate. There is a little error in the inscription; it should be *Horatius Walpole posuit.* The urn is of marble, richly polished; the rest of stone. On the whole, I think there is simplicity and decency, with a degree of ornament that destroys neither.

What do you say in Italy on the assassination of the King of Portugal? Do you believe that Portuguese subjects lift their hand against a monarch for gallantry? Do you believe that when a slave murders an absolute prince, he goes a-walking with his wife the next morning and murders her too[1]? Do you believe the dead King is alive? and that the Jesuits are as *wrongfully* suspected of this assassination as they have been of many others they have committed? If you do believe this, and all this, you are not very near turning Protestants. It is scarce talked of here, and to save trouble, we admit just what the Portuguese minister is ordered to publish. The King of Portugal murdered, throws

LETTER 600.—[1] This did not prove true. *Walpole.*

us two hundred years back—the King of Prussia *not* murdered, carries us two hundred years forward again.

Another King I know has had a little blow: the Prince de Soubise has beat[2] some Isenbourgs and Obergs, and is going to be Elector of Hanover this winter. There has been a great sickness among our troops in the other German army; the Duke of Marlborough has been in great danger, and some officers are dead. Lord Frederick Cavendish is returned from France. He confirms and adds to the amiable accounts we had received of the Duc d'Aiguillon's behaviour to our prisoners. You yourself, the pattern of attentions and tenderness, could not refine on what he has done both in good-nature and good breeding: he even forbad any ringing of bells or rejoicings wherever they passed—but how your representative blood will curdle when you hear of the absurdity of one of your countrymen: the night after the massacre at St. Cas, the Duc d'Aiguillon gave a magnificent supper of eighty covers to our prisoners—a Colonel Lambert got up at the bottom of the table, and asking for a bumper, called out to the Duc, 'My Lord Duke, here's the Roy de Franse!' You must put all the English you can crowd into the accent. *My Lord Duke* was so confounded at this preposterous compliment, which it was impossible for him to return, that he absolutely sank back into his chair and could not utter a syllable: our own people did not seem to feel more.

You will read and hear that we have another expedition sailing, somewhither in the West Indies. Hobson, the commander, has in his whole life had but one stroke of a palsy, so possibly may retain half of his understanding at least. There is great tranquillity at home, but I should think not promising duration. The disgust in the army on the late frantic measures will furnish some warmth probably

[2] The allied Hessians and Hanoverians were defeated at Lutternberg, on Oct. 10, 1758.

to Parliament—and if the French should think of returning our visits, should you wonder? There are even rumours of some stirring among your little neighbours at Albano[3]—keep your eye on them—if you could discover anything in time, it would do you great credit. Apropos to *them*, I will send you an epigram that I made the other day on Mr. Chute's asking why Taylor the oculist called himself Chevalier[4]?

601. To the Duke of Newcastle.

My Lord,

Some time ago Mr. West[1], by your Grace's order, treated with me for the sale of my place in the Custom House, which bringing in to me at the lowest thirteen hundred per ann., with the contingence of 100 per ann. more on the death of Mrs. Leneve, besides other advantages which I shall mention presently, was thought worth, by those who understand, and whom I consulted on, these sort of things, from fourteen to fifteen thousand pounds. The affair, as I understood, went off by my brother, who has the reversion after me, expecting much more for his small share and great reversion, than was thought reasonable.

This being a brief state of the case, I have now thought of a plan, by which I believe I could accommodate your Grace in a much easier manner, and which I shall here propose to be accepted or rejected as your Grace shall think proper.

The post of Master of the Mint, held at present by Mr. Chetwynd[2], is, I think, reckoned at 1,200*l.* per ann. If it is less, even 1,000*l.*, I will exchange mine for it on the following terms. If your Grace will give me the reversion

[3] The Pretender and his family had a villa at Albano, near Rome. *Walpole.*

[4] The Pretender went by the name of Chevalier de St. George. *Walpole.*

Letter 601.—Not in C.; reprinted from Lord Orford's *Works* (1798), vol. ii. pp. 371–3.

[1] James West, Joint Secretary to the Treasury.

[2] Hon. William Chetwynd, afterwards third Viscount Chetwynd.

of the Master of the Mint after Mr. Chetwynd, for my life, I will immediately on his death resign my share and profits of the place in the Custom House to whomever your Grace pleases. That is, I will give up fourteen hundred a year, precarious, for 1,200 or 1,000 certain; on which your Grace will please to make these observations: If my brother will not part with his contingency, whoever shall have my share will still be a great gainer. For instance, the Master of the Mint must be given to somebody—if to me, I give in lieu my profits (I believe, greater than those), besides what I hinted at above; and in our place there are seven or eight places in mine and my brother's gift alternately, of which two at least are *very* good—I shall give up my nominations with my place. If Mr. Chetwynd outlives me, as my profits would go to another, not a farthing of money is thrown away, and when Mr. Chetwynd shall drop, his place will be in your Grace's disposal, as it is at present. If my brother dies before me and Mr. Chetwynd, the whole profit of the Custom House place will be in your Grace's disposal, and I shall be to wait for Mr. Chetwynd's reversion, or to die myself; neither of which will be of any consequence but to myself. In short, my Lord, instead of paying me a large sum of money as was before proposed, your Grace will only have the trouble of asking the King to consent to my exchange of my place, that your Grace may have the very fair pretence of asking at the same time for one or two lives in the Custom House place, which on this agreement with me your Grace would ensure to your family (and would be a great provision for a younger son of my Lord Lincoln); and as I should be ready to resign mine (by much the largest share), I should suppose his Majesty would not refuse your Grace a suit so advantageous to you, and which then you would have so reasonable foundation for asking. And I own I have one pleasure in reflecting how, different

from most reversions, this would be rather a service than anyways offensive to Mr. Chetwynd.

There is one thing more I ought to mention. I don't know the exact value of Mr. Chetwynd's place; it may be more than I have stated it, and I have no thoughts of making any clandestine advantage. If it should exceed 13 or 1,400*l.* per ann., I by no means desire to be a gainer in income, and shall readily agree to pay to whomever your Grace pleases as much as it shall exceed my present place; as on the other hand if it falls short, I am content to be the sufferer.

I have treated this exchange as very advantageous to your Grace, and it certainly would be exceedingly so; yet I do not mean either to be artful for my own profit, or to pretend to make any court by it. It would be below me not to deal frankly with your Grace: I have neither ambition nor avarice to satisfy; I have as much from the government as I desire, or have any pretensions to; I want no more; but I do wish to be secure for my life, and to keep nearly what I have. If I can keep it honourably, as I should, by this exchange, I should be glad: if I cannot, I shall be content with much less, for I would do nothing unworthy of me, to obtain any advantage. Your Grace sent to me in a very handsome manner before; I hope my compliance then, and the much better proposal for your Grace that I make now, mark my attention and desire of obliging your Grace, in which, without any disguise, I mean, my Lord, at once to pay a civility to you, and to secure myself in a way which leaves me nothing to be ashamed of, and gives your Grace some reason to be satisfied with my plain dealing—in a word, a way as creditable to you as it will be little expensive.

I am, my Lord,

Your Grace's, &c.,

Nov. 12, 1758.

Hor. Walpole.

602. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Nov. 26, 1758.

How can you make me formal excuses for sending me a few covers to frank? Have you so little right to any act of friendship from me, that you should apologize for making me do what is scarce any act at all?—However, your man has not called for the covers, though they have been ready this fortnight.

I shall be very glad to see your brother in town, but I cannot quite take him in full of payment. I trust you will stay the longer for coming the later.

There is not a syllable of news. The Parliament is met, but empty and totally oppositionless. Your great Cu [1] moved in the Lords, but did not shine much. The great Cu of all Cues [2] is out of order; not in danger, but certainly breaking.

My eyes are performing such a strict quarantine, that you must excuse my brevity. Adieu!

Yours faithfully,

H. W.

603. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Nov. 27, 1758.

It seems strange that at this time of the year, with armies still in the field and Parliaments in town, I should have had nothing to tell you for above a month—yet so it was. The King caught cold on coming to town, and was very ill, but the gout, which had never been at court above twice in his reign, came, seized his foot a little, and has promised him at least five or six years more—that is, if he will take care of himself; but yesterday, the coldest day we have felt, he would go into the Drawing-room, as if he was fond of showing the new stick he is forced to walk with.

Letter 602.—[1] The Earl of Halifax. [2] The King.

The Parliament is all harmony, and thinks of nothing but giving away twelve more millions. Mr. Pitt made the most artful speech he ever made: provoked, called for, defied objections; promised enormous expense, demanded never to be judged by events. Universal silence left him arbiter of his own terms. In short, at present he is absolute master, and if he can coin twenty millions, may command them. He *does* everything, the Duke of Newcastle *gives* everything. As long as they can agree in this partition, they may do what they will.

We have been in great anxiety for twenty-four hours to learn the fate of Dresden, and of *the King of resources*, as Mr. Beckford called the King of Prussia the other day. We heard that while he was galloped to raise the siege of Neiss[1], Marshal Daun was advanced to Dresden; that Schmettau[2] had sent to know if he meant to attack it, having orders to burn the faubourgs and defend it street by street; that Daun not deigning a reply, the conflagration had been put in execution; that the King was posting back, and Dohna[3] advancing to join him. We expected every minute to hear either of the demolition of the city, or of a bloody decision fought under the walls—an account is just arrived that Daun is retired—thus probably the campaign is finished, and another year of massacre to come. One could not but be anxious at such a crisis—one felt for Dresden, and pitied the Prince Royal[4] shut up in his own capital, a mere spectator of its destruction; one trembled for the decisive moment of the life of such a man as the King of Prussia. It is put off—yet perhaps he will scarce recover so favourable a moment. He had assembled his whole

LETTER 603.—[1] In Silesia. The Austrians were forced to raise the siege.

[2] Lieutenant-General Count von Schmettau (d. 1775), at this time commanding in Dresden.

[3] General Christoph von Dohna (1702–1762).

[4] Frederick Christian, Prince Royal of Saxony. He succeeded as Elector in 1763, but only reigned two months.

force, except a few thousands left to check the Swedes. Next year this force must be again parcelled out against Austrians, Russians, Swedes, and possibly French. He must be more than a *King of resources* if he can for ever weather such tempests!

Knyphausen[5] diverted me yesterday with some anecdotes of the Empress's college of chastity—*not* the Russian Empress's. . . .[6] The King of Prussia asked some of his Austrian prisoners whether their mistress consulted her college of chastity on the letters she wrote (and he intercepted) to Madame Pompadour.

You have heard some time ago of the death of the Duke of Marlborough[7]. The estate is forty-five thousand pounds a year—nine of which are jointured out. He paid *but* eighteen thousand pounds a year in joint lives. This Duke[8] and the estate save greatly by his death, as the present wants a year of being of age, and would certainly have accommodated his father in agreeing to sell and pay. Lord Edgcumbe[9] is dead too, one of the honestest and most steady men in the world.

I was much diverted with your histories of *our* Princess[10] and Madame de Woronzow[11]. Such dignity as Madame de Craon's wants a little absolute power to support it! Adieu! my dear Sir.

[5] The Prussian minister. *Walpole.*

[6] Passage omitted.

[7] Charles Spencer, second Duke of Marlborough. *Walpole.*—He was the third Duke.

[8] George Spencer (1739–1817), fourth Duke of Marlborough; Lord Chamberlain, 1762–63; Lord Privy Seal, 1763–65.

[9] Richard, first Lord Edgcumbe; an intimate friend of Sir R. Walpole. *Walpole.*

[10] The Princess de Craon. *Walpole.*

[11] Countess Woronzow, wife of the Russian Chancellor. She had fallen out with the Princess de Craon. (See *Mann and Manners*, vol. ii. pp. 20–1.)

604. To the Rev. Henry Zouch.

Sir, Arlington Street, Dec. 9, 1758.

I have desired Mr. Whiston to convey to you the second edition of my *Catalogue*, not so complete as it might have been, if great part had not been printed before I received your remarks, but yet more correct than the first sketch with which I troubled you. Indeed, a thing of this slight and idle nature does not deserve to have much more pains employed upon it.

I am just undertaking an edition of *Lucan*, my friend Mr. Bentley having in his possession his father's notes and emendations on the first seven books. Perhaps a partiality for the original author concurs a little with this circumstance of the notes, to make me fond of printing, at Strawberry Hill, the works of a man who, alone of all the classics, was thought to breathe too brave and honest a spirit for the perusal of the Dauphin and the French. I don't think that a good or bad taste in poetry is of so serious a nature, that I should be afraid of owning too, that, with that great judge Corneille, and with that, perhaps, *no* judge Heinsius, I prefer Lucan to Virgil. To speak fairly, I prefer great sense, to poetry with little sense. There are hemistichs in Lucan that go to one's soul and one's heart;—for a mere epic poem, a fabulous tissue of uninteresting battles that don't teach one even to fight, I know nothing more tedious. The poetic images, the versification and language of the *Aeneid* are delightful; but take the story by itself, and can anything be more silly and unaffecting? There are a few gods without power, heroes without character, heaven-directed wars without justice, inventions without probability, and a hero who betrays one woman with a kingdom that he might have had, to force himself upon another woman and another

kingdom to which he had no pretensions, and all this to show his obedience to the gods! In short, I have always admired his numbers so much, and his meaning so little, that I think I should like Virgil better if I understood him less.

Have you seen, Sir, a book which has made some noise—Helvétius[1] *De l'Esprit*? The author is so good and moral a man, that I grieve he should have published a system of as relaxed morality as can well be imagined: 'tis a large quarto, and in general a very superficial one. His philosophy may be new in France, but is greatly exhausted here. He tries to imitate Montesquieu, and has heaped commonplaces upon commonplaces, which supply or overwhelm his reasoning; yet he has often wit, happy allusions, and sometimes writes finely: there is merit enough to give an obscure man fame; flimsiness enough to depreciate a great man. After his book was licensed, they forced him to retract it by a most abject recantation. Then why print this work? If zeal for his system pushed him to propagate it, did not he consider that a recantation would hurt his cause more than his arguments could support it?

We are promised Lord Clarendon in February from Oxford, but I hear shall have the surreptitious edition from Holland much sooner.

You see, Sir, I am a sceptic as well as Helvetius, but of a more moderate complexion. There is no harm in telling mankind that there is not so much divinity in the *Aeneid* as they imagine; but, even if I thought so, I would not preach that virtue and friendship are mere names, and resolvable into self-interest; because there are numbers that would remember the grounds of the principle, and forget what was to be engrafted on it. Adieu!

LETTER 604.—[1] Claude Adrien Helvétius (1715–1771).

605. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Christmas Day, 1758.

Adieu! my dear Sir—that is, adieu to our correspondence, for I am neither dying nor quarrelling with you; but as we, Great-Britons, are quarrelling with all Europe, I think very soon I shall not be able to convey a letter to you, but by the way of Africa, and there I am afraid the post offices are not very well regulated. In short, we are on the brink of a Dutch war too. Their merchants are so enraged that we will not only not suffer them to enrich themselves by carrying all the French trade and all kinds of military stores to the French settlements, but that they lose their own ships into the bargain, that they are ready to dispatch the Princess Royal[1] into the other world even before her time; if her death arrives soon, and she is thought in great danger, it will be difficult for anybody else to keep the peace. Spain and Denmark are in little better humour—well, if we have not as many lives as a cat or the King of Prussia! However, our spirits do not droop; we are raising thirteen millions, we look upon France as totally undone, and that they have not above five loaves and a few small fishes left; we intend to take all America from them next summer, and then if Spain and Holland are not terrified, we shall be at leisure to deal with them. Indeed, we are rather in a hurry to do all this, because people may be weary of paying thirteen millions; and besides it may grow decent for Mr. Pitt to visit his gout, which this year he has been forced to send to the Bath without him. I laugh, but seriously we are in a critical situation; and it is as true, that if Mr. Pitt had not exerted the spirit and activity that he has, we should ere

Letter 605.—[1] The Princess Dowager of Orange, eldest daughter of George II. *Walpole.*

now have been past a critical situation. Such a war as ours carried on by my Lord Hardwicke, with the dull dilatoriness of a Chancery suit, would long ago have reduced us to what suits in Chancery reduce most people! At present our unanimity is prodigious—you would as soon hear *No* from an old maid as from the House of Commons—but I don't promise you that this tranquillity will last. One has known more ministries overturned of late years by their own squabbles than by any assistance from Parliaments.

Sir George Lee, formerly an heir-apparent[2] to the ministry, is dead; it was almost sudden, but he died with great composure. Lord Arran went off with equal philosophy. Of the great house of Ormond there now remains only his sister, Lady Emily Butler, a young heiress of ninety-nine.

It is with great pleasure I tell you that Mr. Conway is going to Sluys to settle a cartel with the French. The commission itself is honourable, but more pleasing as it re-establishes him—I should say his merit re-establishes him. All the world now acknowledges it—and the insufficience of his brother-generals makes it vain to oppress him any longer.

I am happy that you are pleased with the monument, and vain that you like the *Catalogue*[3]—if it would not look too vain, I would tell you that it was absolutely undertaken and finished within five months. Indeed, the faults in the first edition and the deficiencies show it was; I have just printed another more correct.

Of the Pretender's family one never hears a word: unless our Protestant brethren the Dutch meddle in their affairs, they will be totally forgotten; we have too numerous a breed of our own, to want Princes from Italy. The old Chevalier

[2] Frederick, Prince of Wales had designed, if he outlived the King, to make Sir George Lee Chancellor of the Exchequer. *Walpole.*

[3] The *Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors.* *Walpole.*

by your account is likely to precede his rival, who with care may still last a few years, though I think will scarce appear again out of his own house.

I want to ask you if it is possible to get the royal edition of the *Antiquities of Herculaneum*? and I do not indeed want you to get it for me unless I am to pay for it. Prince San Severino has told the foreign ministers here that there are to be *twelve hundred* volumes of it—and they believe it. I imagine the fact is, that there are to be but twelve hundred copies printed. Could Cardinal Albani get it for me? I would send him my Strawberry editions and the Birmingham editions[4] in exchange—things here much in fashion.

The night before I came from town, we heard of the fall of the Cardinal de Bernis[5], but not the cause of it—if we have a Dutch war, how many cardinals will fall in France and in England, before you hear of these, or I of the former! I have always written to you with the greatest freedom, because I care more that *you* should be informed of the state of your own country, than what secretaries of state or their clerks think of *me*—but one must be more circumspect if the Dey of Algiers is to open one's letters. Adieu!

606. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Dec. 26, 1758.

It is so little extraordinary to find you doing what is friendly and obliging, that one don't take half notice enough of it. Can't you let Mr. Conway go to Sluys without taking notice of it? How would you be hurt, if

[4] Baskerville's editions, printed at Birmingham.

[5] Cardinal François Joachim de Pierre de Bernis (d. 1794), the French Minister for Foreign Affairs. The ill-success of the French armies in Germany and the state of the French finances made him desirous of peace. This was unpleasing to Madame de Pompadour, who induced Louis XV to dismiss him.

he continued to be oppressed? what is it to you whether I am glad or sorry? Can't you enjoy yourself whether I am happy or not?—I suppose if I was to have a misfortune, you would immediately be concerned at it! How troublesome it is to have you sincere and good-natured! Do be a little more like the rest of the world.

I have been at Strawberry these three days, and don't know a tittle—the last thing I heard before I went was that Colonel Yorke is going to be married to one or both of the Miss Crasteyns, nieces of the rich grocer that died three years ago. They have two hundred and sixty thousand pound apiece. A Marchioness Grey[1] or a grocer, nothing comes amiss to the digestion of that family. If the rest of the trunk was filled with money, I believe they would really marry Carafattatouadaht—what was the lump of deformity called in the Persian Tales, that was sent to the lady in a coffer?—and as to marrying both the girls, it would cost my Lord Hardwicke but a new Marriage Bill; I suppose it is all one to his conscience, whether he prohibits matrimony or licenses bigamy.

Poor Sir Charles Williams is relapsed, and strictly confined. As you come so late, I trust you will stay with us the longer. Adieu! Yours ever,

H. W.

607. To the Rev. Henry Zouch.

Sir, Strawberry Hill, Jan. 12, 1759.

I shall certainly be obliged to you for an account of that piece[1] of Lord Lonsdale: besides my own curiosity after

Letter 606.—[1] Jemima Campbell (1722–1797), Marchioness Grey, eldest daughter of third Earl of Breadalbane by Lady Amabel Grey, daughter of first Duke of Kent, whom she succeeded as Marchioness Grey; m. (1740) Hon. Philip Yorke, afterwards Viscount Royston, who succeeded his father as second Earl of Hardwicke in 1764.

Letter 607. —[1] Possibly the *Memoirs of the Reign of James II*, written by John Lowther (1655–1700), first Viscount Lonsdale, and first printed (privately) in 1808.

anything that relates to a work in which I have engaged so far, I think it a duty to the public to perfect, as far as one can, whatever one gives to it; and yet I do not think of another edition; two thousand have been printed, and though nine hundred went off at once, it would be presumption in me to expect that the rest will be sold in any short time. I only mean to add occasionally to my private copy whatever more I can collect and correct; and shall, perhaps, but leave behind me materials for a future edition, in which should be included what I have hitherto omitted. Yet it is very vain in me to expect that anybody should care for such a trifle after the novelty is worn off; I ought to be content with the favourable reception I have found; so much beyond my first expectations, that, except in two magazines, not a word of censure has passed on me in print. You may easily believe, Sir, that having escaped a *trial*, I am not mortified at having dirt thrown at me by children in the kennel. With regard to the story of Lord Suffolk[2], I wish I had been lucky enough to have mentioned it to you in time, it should not have appeared: yet it was told me by Mr. Mallet, who did not seem to have any objection that I should even mention his name as the very person to whom it happened. I must suppose that Lord Suffolk acted that foolish scene in imitation of Lord Rochester.

I am happy, Sir, that I have both your approbation to my opinion of Lucan, and to my edition of him; but I assure you there will not be one word from me. I am sensible that it demands great attention to write even one's own language well: how can one pretend to purity in a foreign language? to any merit in a dead one? I would not *alone* undertake to correct the press; but I am so lucky as to live in the strictest friendship with Dr. Bentley's only son, who,

[2] Edward Howard (d. 1731), eighth Earl of Suffolk. The story is related in a note on the notice of him in *Royal and Noble Authors*.

to all the ornament of learning, has the amiable turn of mind, disposition, and easy wit. Perhaps you may have heard that his drawings and architecture are admirable,—perhaps you have not: he is modest—he is poor—he is consequently little known, less valued.

I am entirely ignorant of Dr. Burton[3] and his *Monasticon*, and after the little merit you tell me it has, I must explain to you that I have a collection of books of that sort, before I own that I wish to have it; at the same time, I must do so much justice to myself as to protest that I don't know so contemptible a class of writers as topographers, not from the study itself, but from their wretched execution. Often and often I have had an inclination to show how topography should be writ, by pointing out the curious particulars of places, with descriptions of principal houses, the pictures, portraits, and curiosities they contain.

I scarce ever yet found anything one wanted to know in one of those books; all they contain, except encomiums on the Stuarts and the monks, are lists of institutions and inductions, and inquiries how names of places were spelt before there was any spelling. If the *Monasticon Eboracense* is only to be had at York, I know Mr. Cæsar Ward, and can get him to send it to me.

I will add but one short word: from every letter I receive from you, Sir, my opinion of you increases, and I much wish that so much good sense and knowledge were not thrown away only on me. I flatter myself that you are engaged, or will engage, in some work or pursuit that will make you better known. In the meantime, I hope that some opportunity will bring us personally acquainted, for I am, Sir, already most sincerely yours,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[3] Dr. John Burton (1697–1771), physician and antiquary, satirized by Sterne as 'Dr. Slop.'

P.S. You love to be troubled, and therefore I will make no apology for troubling you. Last summer, I bought of Virtue's [4] widow forty volumes of his MS. collections relating to English painters, sculptors, gravers, and architects. He had actually begun their lives: unluckily he had not gone far, and could not write grammar. I propose to digest and complete this work (I mean after the Conway papers). In the meantime, Sir, shall I beg the favour of you just to mark down memorandums of the pages where you happen to meet with anything relative to these subjects, especially of our ancienter buildings, paintings, and artists? I would not trouble you for more reference, if even that is not too much.

608. To Dr. Robertson [1].

Jan. 18, 1759.

I EXPECT with impatience your book, which you are so kind as to say you have ordered for me, and for which I already give you many thanks; the specimen I saw convinces me that I do not thank you rashly. Good historians are the most scarce of all writers; and no wonder! a good style is not very common; thorough information is still more rare;—and if these meet, what a chance that impartiality should be added to them! Your style, Sir, I may venture to say, I saw was uncommonly good; I have reason to think your information so; and in the few times I had the pleasure of conversing with you, your good sense and candour made me conclude, that even on a subject which we are foolish enough to make *party*, you preserve your judgement unbiased. I fear I shall not

[4] George Vertue (1684–1756), engraver and antiquary. The notebooks from which Horace Walpole compiled his *Anecdotes of Painting* are now in the British Museum.

LETTER 608.—[1] Dr. William Robertson, the historian (1721–1793). His *History of Scotland* appeared in February, 1759.

preserve mine so; the too kind acknowledgements that I frequently receive from gentlemen of your country, of the just praise that I paid to merit, will make me at least for the future not very unprejudiced. If the opinion of so trifling a writer as I am was of any consequence, it would then be worth Scotland's while to let the world know, that when my book was written, I had no reason to be partial to it:—but, Sir, your country will trust to the merit of its natives, not to foreign testimonials, for its reputation.

609. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Arlington Street, Jan. 19, 1759.

I hope the treaty of Sluys advances rapidly[1]. Considering that your own court is as new to you as Monsieur de Bareil and his, you cannot be very well entertained: the joys of a Dutch fishing town and the incidents of a cartel will not compose a very agreeable history. In the meantime you do not lose much: though the Parliament is met, no politics are come to town: one may describe the House of Commons like the price of stocks—Debates, nothing done. Votes, under par. Patriots, no price. Oratory, books shut. Love and war are as much at a stand; neither the Duchess of Hamilton[2] nor the expeditions are gone off yet. Prince Edward[3] has asked to go to Quebec, and has been refused. If I was sure they would refuse me, I would ask to go thither too. I should not dislike about as much laurel as I could stick in my window at Christmas.

We are next week to have a *serenata* at the Opera House for the King of Prussia's birthday: it is to begin, 'Viva

Letter 609.—[1] Mr. Conway was sent to Sluys to settle a cartel for prisoners with the French. Monsieur de Bareil was the person appointed by the French court for the same business. *Walpole.*

[2] Elizabeth Gunning, Duchess Dowager of Hamilton. *Walpole.*

[3] Afterwards created Duke of York. *Walpole.*

Georgio, e Frederigo viva!' It will, I own, divert me to see my Lord Temple whispering *for* this alliance, on the same bench on which I have so often seen him whisper *against* all Germany. The new opera pleases universally, and I hope will yet hold up its head. Since Vanneschi[4] is cunning enough to make us sing *the roast beef of old Germany*, I am persuaded it will revive: politics are the only hot-bed for keeping such a tender plant as Italian music alive in England.

You are so thoughtless about your dress, that I cannot help giving you a little warning against your return. Remember, everybody that comes from abroad is *censé* to come from France, and whatever they wear at their first reappearance immediately grows the fashion. Now if, as is very likely, you should through inadvertence change hats with a master of a Dutch smack, Offley will be upon the watch, will conclude you took your pattern from M. de Bareil, and in a week's time we shall all be equipped like Dutch skippers. You see I speak very disinterestedly; for, as I never wear a hat myself, it is indifferent to me what sort of hat I don't wear. Adieu! I hope nothing in this letter, if it is opened, will affect *the conferences*, nor hasten our rupture with Holland. Lest it should, I send it to Lord Holdernesse's office; concluding, like Lady Betty Waldegrave, that the government never suspect what they send under their own covers.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[4] Abbate Vanneschi, an Italian, and director of the opera. *Walpole.*

610. To Dr. Robertson.

[1759.]

Having finished the first volume[1], and made a little progress in the second, I cannot stay till I have finished the latter to tell you how exceedingly I admire the work. Your modesty will perhaps make you suppose these are words of compliment and of course; but as I can give you very good reasons for my approbation, you may believe that I no more flatter your performance, than I have read it superficially, hastily, or carelessly.

The style is most pure, proper, and equal; is very natural and easy, except now and then where, as I may justly call it, you are forced to *translate* from bad writers. You will agree with me, Sir, that an historian who writes from other authorities cannot possibly always have as flowing a style as an author whose narrative is dictated from his own knowledge. Your perspicuity is most beautiful, your relation always interesting, never languid; and you have very extraordinarily united two merits very difficult to be reconciled; I mean that, though you have formed your history into pieces of information, each of which would make a separate memoir, yet the whole is hurried on into one uninterrupted story. I assure you I value myself on the first distinction, especially as Mr. Charles Townshend made the same remark. You have preserved the gravity of history without any formality; and you have at the same time avoided what I am now running into, antithesis and conceit. In short, Sir, I don't know where or what history is written with more excellences; and when I say this, you may be sure I do not forget your impartiality. But, Sir, I will not wound your bashfulness with more encomiums; yet the public will force you to hear them. I never knew

Letter 610.—[1] Of the *History of Scotland.*

justice so rapidly paid to a work of so deep and serious a kind, for deep it is; and it must be great sense that could penetrate so far into human nature, considering how little you have been conversant with the world.

. . . . . .

It is plain that you wish to excuse Mary; and yet it is so plain that you never violate truth in her favour, that I own I think still worse of her than I did, since I read your *History*.

611. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Arlington Street, Jan. 28, 1759.

You and M. de Bareil may give yourselves what airs you please of settling cartels with expedition: you don't exchange prisoners with half so much alacrity as Jack Campbell[1] and the Duchess of Hamilton have exchanged hearts. I had so little observed the negotiation, or suspected any, that when your brother told me of it yesterday morning, I would not believe a tittle—I beg Mr. Pitt's pardon, not an *iota*. It is the prettiest match in the world since yours, and everybody likes it but the Duke of Bridgewater[2] and Lord Coventry. What an extraordinary fate is attached to those two women! Who could have believed that a Gunning would unite the two great houses of Campbell and Hamilton? For my part, I expect to see my Lady Coventry Queen of Prussia. I would not venture to marry either of them these thirty years, for fear of being shuffled out of the world *prematurely*, to make room for the rest of their adventures. The first

Letter 611.—[1] The present Duke of Argyll. *Walpole.*—Colonel John Campbell, eldest son of General John Campbell, of Mamore (afterwards fourth Duke of Argyll); succeeded his father as fifth Duke of Argyll in 1770; d. 1806. He was brother of General Conway's wife.

[2] Francis Egerton (1736–1803), third Duke of Bridgewater. He had apparently wished to marry the Duchess. Lord Coventry was her brother-in-law.

time Jack carries the Duchess into the Highlands, I am persuaded that some of his second-sighted subjects will see him in a winding-sheet, with a train of kings behind him as long as those in Macbeth.

We had a scrap of a debate on Friday, on the Prussian and Hessian treaties. Old Vyner opposed the first, in pity to that *poor woman*, as he called her, the Empress-Queen. Lord Strange objected to the gratuity of sixty thousand pounds to the Landgrave, unless words were inserted to express his receiving that sum in full of all demands. If Hume Campbell had cavilled at this favourite treaty Mr. Pitt could scarce have treated him with more haughtiness; and, what is far more extraordinary, Hume Campbell could scarce have taken it more dutifully. This *long* day was over by half an hour after four.

As you and M. de Bareil are on such amicable terms, you will take care to soften to him a new conquest we have made. Keppel has taken the island of Goree[3]. You great ministers know enough of its importance: I need not detail it. Before your letters came we had heard of the death of the Princess Royal[4]: you will find us black and all black. Lady Northumberland and the great ladies put off their assemblies: diversions begin again to-morrow with the mourning.

You perceive London cannot furnish half so long a letter as the little town of Sluys; at least I have not the art of making one out. In truth, I believe I should not have writ this unless Lady Ailesbury had bid me; but she does not care how much trouble it gives me, provided it amuses you for a moment. Good night!

Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

[3] On the west coast of Africa, captured by Captain Augustus Keppel on Dec. 29, 1758.

[4] The eldest daughter of George II.

P.S. I forgot to tell you that the King has granted my Lord Marischall's[5] pardon, at the request of M. de Knyphausen. I believe the Pretender himself could get his attainder reversed if he would apply to the King of Prussia.

612. To John Chute.

Arlington Street, Feb. 1, 1759.

Well! my dear Sir, I am now convinced that both Mr. Keate's panic and mine were ill-founded; but pray, another time, don't let him be afraid of being afraid for fear of frightening me: on the contrary, if you will dip your gout in lemonade, I hope I shall be told of it. If you have not had it in your stomach, it is not your fault: drink brandy, and be thankful. I would desire you to come to town, but I must rather desire you not to have a house to come to. Mrs. H. Grenville[1] is passionately enamoured of yours, and begged I would ask you what will be the lowest price, with all the particulars, which I assured her you had stated very ill for yourself. I don't quite like this commission; if you part with your house in town, you will never come hither; at least, stow your cellars with drams and gunpowder as full as Guy Fawkes's—you will be drowned if you don't blow yourself up. I don't believe that the Vine is within the verge of the rainbow: seriously, it is too damp for you.

Colonel Campbell marries the Duchess of Hamilton forthwith. The house of Argyle is content, and think that the head of the Hamiltons had purified the blood of Gunning; but I should be afraid that his Grace was more likely to corrupt blood than to mend it.

[5] George Keith (circ. 1692-1778), tenth Earl Marischal. He was attainted after the rebellion of 1715. In 1745 he entered the service of the King of Prussia. He was pardoned in May, 1759.

Letter 612.—[1] Hon. Mrs. Henry Grenville, *née* Margaret Bankes.

Never was anything so crowded as the house last night for the Prussian cantata; the King was hoarse, and could not go to sing his own praises. The dancers seemed transplanted from Sadler's Wells; there were milkmaids riding on dolphins; Britain and Prussia kicked the King of France off the stage, and there was a *petit-maître* with his handkerchief full of holes; but this vulgarism happily was hissed.

I am deeper than ever in Gothic antiquities: I have bought a monk of Glastonbury's chair, full of scraps of the Psalms; and some seals of most reverend illegibility. I pass all my mornings in the thirteenth century, and my evenings with the century that is coming on. Adieu!

613. To John Chute.

My dear Sir, Arlington Street, Feb. 2, 1759.

I am glad to see your writing again, and can now laugh very cordially at my own fright, which you take a great deal too kindly. I was not quite sure you would like my proceedings, but just then I could not help it, and perhaps my natural earnestness had more merit than my friendship; and yet it is worth my while to save a friend, if I think I can—I have not so many! you yourself are in a manner lost to me! I must not, cannot repine at your having a fortune that delivers you from uneasy connections with a world that is sure to use ill those that have any dependence on it; but undoubtedly some of the satisfaction that you have acquired is taken out of my scale; I will not, however, moralize, though I am in a very proper humour for it, being just come home from an outrageous crowd at Northumberland House, where there were five hundred people, that would have been equally content or discontent with any other five hundred. This is pleasure! You invite so many

people to your house, that you are forced to have constables at your door to keep the peace; just as the royal family, when they hunted, used to be attended by surgeons. I allow honour and danger to keep company with one another, but diversion and breaking one's neck are strangely ill-matched. Mr. Spence's *Magliabechi*[1] is published to-day from Strawberry; I believe you saw it, and shall have it; but 'tis not worth sending you on purpose. However, it is full good enough for the generality of readers. At least there is a proper dignity in *my* saying so, who have been so much abused in all the magazines lately for my *Catalogue*. The chief points in dispute lie in a very narrow compass; they think I don't understand English, and I am sure they don't: yet they will not be convinced, for I shall certainly not take the pains to set them right. Who *them* are I don't know; the highest, I believe, are Dr. Smollett[2], or some chaplain of my uncle.

Adieu! I was very silly to alarm you so; but the wisest of us, from Solomon to old Carr's cousin, are poor souls! Maybe you don't know anything of Carr's cousin. Why then, Carr's cousin was—I don't know who; but Carr was very ill, and had a cousin, as I may be, to sit up with her. Carr had not slept for many nights—at last she dozed—her cousin jogged her: 'Cousin, cousin!'—'Well!' said Carr, 'what would you have?'—'Only, cousin, if you die, where will you be buried?' This resemblance mortifies me ten times more than a thousand reviews could do: there is nothing in being abused by Carr's cousin, but it is horrid to be like Carr's cousin! Good night!

LETTER 613.—[1] *A Parallel in the Manner of Plutarch* between Antonio Magliabecchi (1633–1714), librarian to Cosmo III, Grand Duke of Tuscany, and celebrated for his prodigious memory, and Robert Hill (1699–1777), the learned tailor of Buckingham.

[2] Tobias Smollett the novelist (1721–1771).

614. To the Hon. Henry Bilson Legge.

Sir,

Upon hearing a motion yesterday in the House of Commons for an account of the produce of the tax on places, I sent for my deputy and asked what I had paid. He told me that nothing had been demanded; that he had been ready to pay whatever should be required, as I had given him positive orders, and to answer to the extent of the value of my place whenever it should be inquired into. You will excuse my troubling you with this now, since on one hand I don't know on what method the Treasury have fixed for taxing the places in the Exchequer; and on the other, if I did, I would not send my assessment *just now*, lest it should look as if I had any design of evading the tax, and only paid for fear of the inquiry. I must appeal to you, Sir, how very groundless such a suspicion would be. I can scarce expect that anything I say should make an impression on anybody, and yet I believe you may recollect, that when such a tax was first talked of, I told you how far I was from wishing it should not be imposed; that I thought persons who had a good deal from the government ought to pay towards carrying it on, and that we in employment could afford it better than many on whom the weight of taxes fell very heavily. I must bear my brother witness that he entirely agreed with me in these sentiments.

When this tax was to be voted, I again spoke to you upon it, Sir, and said, though I was very ready to pay myself, I hoped it would not be extended to little offices, where salaries were small, and the business great: and I mentioned to you a difficulty that might by inadvertence be laid upon me, if I was rated according to my bills, which including

Letter 614.—Not in C.; reprinted from Lord Orford's *Works* (1798), vol. ii. pp. 373-4.

all that I pay to the King's workmen and tradesmen, would, if valued in that manner, impose a greater duty upon me than my whole income would amount to. This you told me could never be the case; and I only mention it now, to show that I no more conceal what I said *for* myself, than I sought to avoid any encumbrance to which I ought to be subject. You concluded the conversation with saying, that no method of taxing places was yet settled, and that it would be a very difficult matter to adjust.

Do excuse my repeating all this detail, and be so good as to keep this letter, if it should be necessary for my justification. There is but one thing in the world that I have any pretence to be proud of, and that is, my disinterestedness. It would hurt me beyond measure to have it for one moment called in question. My carelessness about money had made me quite forget the tax since last year, or I should have again applied to you for directions—but I do protest I had rather give up the place than have one man in England think that I meant to avoid paying my share.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

Arlington Street,
Feb. 3, 1759.

HOR. WALPOLE.

615. To GROSVENOR BEDFORD.

DEAR SIR, Arlington Street, Feb. 3, 1759.

I am glad the time is not lapsed when I should have paid the tax. I have written to Mr. Legge for directions, and in the meantime can give you no other than to pay whatever shall be demanded, and to answer *any* questions that are asked, as I at first desired you to do. I am very indifferent about the money, exceedingly delicate not to take any advantage of exemption. It may be in the power of many persons to hurt my fortune, but it shall never be in their

power to touch my character for disinterestedness. You can be my witness ever since you came into the office, how scrupulous I have been not to take any improper advantage, and how constantly I have enjoined you not to think of my interest, but where I had the most exact right. Adieu!

Yours ever,

H. Walpole.

616. To John Chute.

Arlington Street, Feb. 6, 1759.

Mrs. H. Grenville is a foolish gentlewoman and don't know her own mind. Before it was possible to me to receive your answer she fixed herself in Clifford Street.

I find, instead of a physician, it would have been a shorter way to send you a housekeeper, as all La Cour's[1] prescriptions are at last addressed to the confectioner, not to the apothecary.

I don't approve you changing your arms for those of Chelsea College; nor do I understand what the *chief* means, I mean the bearing in it. The crest I honour; it was *anciently* a coat. The late Lord Hervey said his arms should be a *cat* scratchant, with this motto: 'For my friends where they itch; for my enemies where they are sore.'

617. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Feb. 9, 1759.

The Dutch have not declared war and interrupted our correspondence, and yet it seems ceased as if we had declared war with one another. I have not heard from you this age—how happens it? I have not seized any

Letter 616.—Not in C.; now printed from copy of original in possession of Mrs. Chute of the Vine.

[1] Philip de la Cour (1710–1780); he was well known for his preference of diet to medicine.

ships of yours—you carry on no counterband trade!—oh! perhaps you are gone *incognito* to Turin, are determined to have a King of Prussia of your own! I expect to hear that the King of Sardinia, accompanied by Sir Horace Mann, the British minister, suddenly appeared before Parma at the head of an hundred thousand men, and had been *privately* landed at Leghorn. I beg, as Harlequin did when he had a house to sell, that you will send me a brick, as a sample of the first town you take—the Strawberry Press shall be preparing a congratulatory ode.

The Princess Royal has been dead some time; and yet the Dutch and we continue in amity, and put on our weepers together. In the meantime our warlike eggs have been some time under the hen, and one has hatched and produced Goree. The expedition, called to Quebec, departs on Tuesday next, under Wolfe and George Townshend, who has thrust himself again into the service, and as far as wrongheadedness will go, very proper for a hero. Wolfe, who was no friend of Mr. Conway last year, and for whom I consequently have no affection, has great merit, spirit, and alacrity, and shone extremely at Louisbourg. I am not such a Juno but I will forgive him after eleven more labours. Prince Edward asked to go with them, but was refused. It is clever in him to wish to distinguish himself; I, who have no partiality to royal blood, like his good-nature and good breeding.

Except the horrid Portuguese histories, that between Jesuits[1] and executions make one's blood run hot and cold, we have no news. The Parliament has taken a quieting-draught. Of private story, the Duchess of Hamilton is

LETTER 617.—[1] The Jesuits in Portugal (the instigators of the attempt on the King's life) were first imprisoned and then expelled, with a few exceptions, one of whom was Malagrida, burned alive in 1761. Several members of the noble families of Tavora and Aveiro, who were involved in the conspiracy, were executed, as well as one of the hired assassins.

going to marry Colonel Campbell, Lady Ailesbury's brother. It is a match that would not disgrace Arcadia. Her beauty has made sufficient noise, and in some people's eyes is even improved—he has a most pleasing countenance, person, and manner, and if they could but carry to Scotland some of our sultry English weather, they might restore the ancient pastoral life, when fair Kings and Queens reigned at once over their subjects and their sheep. Besides, exactly like antediluvian lovers, they reconcile contending clans, the great houses of Hamilton and Campbell—and all this is brought about by a Gunning! I talked of *our sultry* weather, and this is no air. While Italy, I suppose, is buried in snow, we are extinguishing fires, and panting for breath. In short, we have had a wonderful winter—beyond an earthquake winter—we shall soon be astonished at frost, like an Indian. Shrubs and flowers and blossoms are all in their pride; I am not sure that in some counties the corn is not cut.

I long to hear from you; I think I never was so long without a letter. I hope it is from no bad reason. Adieu!

618. To Thomas Gray.

Arlington Street, Feb. 15, 1759.

The enclosed, which I have this minute received from Mr. Bentley, explains much that I had to say to you—yet I have a question or two more.

Who and what sort of man is a Mr. Sharp[1] of Benet? I have received a most obliging and genteel letter from him, with the very letter of Edward VI which you was so good as to send me. I have answered his, but should like to know a little more about him. Pray thank the Dean

Letter 618.—[1] Rev. John Sharp, Fellow of Benet or Corpus Christi College, Cambridge.

of Lincoln too for me: I am much obliged to him for his offer, but had rather draw upon his *Lincolnship* than his *Cambridgehood*[2]. In the library of the former are some original letters of Tiptoft[3], as you will find in my *Catalogue*. When Dr. Greene is there, I shall be glad if he will let me have them copied.

I will thank you if you will look in some provincial history of Ireland for Odo (Hugh) Oneil, King of Ulster. When did he live? I have got a most curious seal of his, and know no more of him than of Ouacraw, King of the Pawwaws.

I wanted to ask you, whether you, or anybody that you believe in, believe in the Queen of Scots' letter to Queen Elizabeth. If it is genuine, I don't wonder she cut her head off—but I think it must be some forgery that was not made use of.

Now to my distress. You must have seen an advertisement, perhaps the book itself, the villainous book itself, that has been published to defend me against the *Critical Review*[4]. I have been childishly unhappy about it, and had drawn up a protestation or affidavit of my knowing nothing of it; but my friends would not let me publish it. I sent to the printer, who would not discover the author—nor could I guess. They tell me nobody can suspect my being privy to it: but there is an intimacy affected that I think will deceive many—and yet I must be the most arrogant fool living, if I could know and suffer anybody to speak of me in that style. For God's sake, do all you can for me,

[2] He was Master of Benet College, Cambridge. *Walpole.*—John Green, Bishop of Lincoln, 1761; d. 1769.

[3] John Tiptoft (1427–1470), Earl of Worcester. The letters mentioned were in the cathedral library at Lincoln.

[4] It was called 'Observations on the account given of the *Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors of England*, &c., &c., in article vi of the *Critical Review*, No. 25, for December, 1758, where the unwarrantable liberties taken with that work and the honourable author of it are examined and exposed.' *Walpole.*

and publish my abhorrence. To-day I am told that it is that puppy Doctor Hill [5], who has chosen to make war with the magazines through my sides. I could pardon him any abuse, but I never can forgive this *friendship*. Adieu!

619. To Lady Hervey.

Feb. 20, 1759.

I met with this little book [1] t'other day by chance, and it pleased me so much, that I cannot help lending it to your Ladyship, as I know it will amuse you from the same causes. It contains many of those important truths which history is too proud to tell, and too dull from not telling.

Here Grignon's soul the living canvas warms:
Here fair Fontange [2] assumes unfading charms:
Here Mignard's [3] pencil bows to female wit;
Louis rewards, but ratifies Fayette:
The philosophic Duke [4], and painter too,
Thought from her thoughts—from her ideas drew.

620. To Sir David Dalrymple.

Strawberry Hill, Feb. 25, 1759.

I think, Sir, I have perceived enough of the amiable benignity of your mind, to be sure that you will like to hear the praises of your friend. Indeed, there is but one opinion about Mr. Robertson's *History*. I don't remember any other work that ever met universal appro-

[5] John Hill (d. 1775), miscellaneous writer and botanist. He was afterwards gardener at Kensington Palace.

Letter 619.—[1] *Divers portraits de quelques personnes de la cour*, by Marie Madeleine Pioche de la Vergne (1632–1693), Comtesse de la Fayette.

[2] Marie Angélique Scoraille de Rousille (1661–1681), Duchesse de Fontanges, mistress of Louis XIV.

[3] Pierre Mignard (1610–1695).

[4] François (1613–1680), Duc de la Rochefoucauld, author of the *Maximes*. He was the intimate friend of Madame de la Fayette.

bation. Since the Romans and the Greeks, who have *now* an exclusive charter for being the best writers in every kind, he is the historian that pleases me best; and though what he has been so indulgent as to say of me ought to shut my mouth, I own I have been unmeasured in my commendations. I have forfeited my own modesty rather than not do justice to him. I did send him my opinion some time ago, and hope he received it. I can add, with the strictest truth, that he is regarded here as one of the greatest men that this island has produced. I say *island*, but you know, Sir, that I am disposed to say *Scotland*. I have discovered another very agreeable writer among your countrymen, and in a profession where I did not look for an author; it is Mr. Ramsay[1], the painter, whose pieces being anonymous, have been overlooked. He has a great deal of genuine wit, and a very just manner of reasoning. In his own walk, he has great merit. He and Mr. Reynolds[2] are our favourite painters, and two of the very best we ever had. Indeed, the number of good has been very small, considering the numbers there are. A very few years ago there were computed two thousand portrait-painters in London; I do not exaggerate the computation, but diminish it; though I think it must have been exaggerated. Mr. Reynolds and Mr. Ramsay can scarce be rivals; their manners are so different. The former is bold, and has a kind of tempestuous colouring, yet with dignity and grace; the latter is all delicacy. Mr. Reynolds seldom succeeds in women; Mr. Ramsay is formed to paint them.

I fear I neglected, Sir, to thank you for your present of the history of the conspiracy of the Gowries[3]; but I shall never forget all the obligations I have to you. I don't

LETTER 620.—[1] Ramsay the younger wrote essays and pamphlets.

[2] Joshua (afterwards Sir Joshua) Reynolds (1723–1792).

[3] The attempted capture of James VI by John Ruthven (d. 1600), third Earl of Gowrie, and his brother John (d. 1600), Master of Ruthven.

doubt but in Scotland you approve what is liked here almost as much as Mr. Robertson's *History*; I mean the marriage of Colonel Campbell and the Duchess of Hamilton. If her fortune is singular, so is her merit. Such uncommon noise as her beauty made has not at all impaired the modesty of her behaviour. Adieu!

621. To Dr. Robertson.

March 4, 1759.

If I can throw in any additional temptation to your disposition for writing, it is worth my while, even at the hazard of my judgement and my knowledge, both of which, however, are small enough to make me tender of them. Before I read your *History*, I should probably have been glad to dictate to you, and (I will venture to say it—it satirizes nobody but myself) should have thought I did honour to an obscure Scotch clergyman, by directing his studies with my superior lights and abilities. How you have saved me, Sir, from making a ridiculous figure, by making so great an one yourself! But could I suspect that a man I believe much younger, and whose dialect I scarce understood, and who came to me with all the diffidence and modesty of a very middling author, and who I was told had passed his life in a small living near Edinburgh; could I suspect that he had not only written what all the world now allows the best modern history, but that he had written it in the purest English, and with as much seeming knowledge of men and courts as if he had passed all his life in important embassies? In short, Sir, I have not power to make you, what you ought to be, a minister of state; but I will do all I can, I will stimulate you to continue writing, and I shall do it without presumption.

I should like either of the subjects you mention, and

I can figure one or two others that would shine in your hands. In one light the History of Greece seems preferable. You have all the materials for it that can possibly be had. It is concluded, it is clear of all objections; for perhaps nobody but I should run wildly into passionate fondness for liberty, if I was writing about Greece. It even might, I think, be made agreeably new, and *that* by comparing the extreme difference of their manners and ours, particularly in the article of finances, a system almost new in the world.

. . . . . .

With regard to the History of Charles V it is a magnificent subject and worthy of you. It is more, it is fit for you; for you have shown that you can write on ticklish subjects with the utmost discretion, and on subjects of religious party with temper and impartiality. Besides, by what little I have skimmed of history myself, I have seen how many mistakes, how many prejudices, may easily be detected: and though much has been written on that age, probably truth still remains to be written of it. Yet I have an objection to this subject. Though Charles V was in a manner the Emperor of Europe, yet he was a German or a Spaniard. Consider, Sir, by what you must have found in writing the History of Scotland, how difficult it would be for the most penetrating genius of another country to give an adequate idea of Scottish story. So much of all transactions must take their rise from, and depend on national laws, customs, and ideas, that I am persuaded a native would always discover great mistakes in a foreign writer.

Greece indeed is a foreign country, but no Greek is alive to disprove one.

There are two other subjects which I have sometimes had a mind to treat myself; though my naming one of

them will tell you why I did not. It was the History of Learning. Perhaps indeed it is a work which could not be executed unless intended by a young man from his first looking on a book with reflection. The other is the history of what I may in one light call the most remarkable period of the world, by containing a succession of five good princes: I need not say they were Nerva, Trajan, Adrian, and the two Antonines. Not to mention that no part almost of the Roman history has been well written from the death of Domitian, this period would be the fairest pattern for use, if history can ever effect what she so much pretends to—doing good. I should be tempted to call it the *History of Humanity*; for though Trajan and Adrian had private vices that disgraced them as men, as princes they approached to perfection. Marcus Aurelius arrived still nearer, perhaps with a little ostentation; yet vanity is an amiable machine if it operates to benevolence. Antoninus Pius seems to have been as good as human nature royalized can be. Adrian's persecution of the Christians would be objected, but then it is much controverted. I am no admirer of elective monarchies; and yet it is remarkable that when Aurelius's diadem descended to his natural heir, not to the heir of his virtues, the line of beneficence was extinguished; for I am sorry to say that *hereditary* and *bad* are almost synonymous.

But I am sensible, Sir, that I am a bad adviser for you; the chastity, the purity, the good sense, and regularity of your manner, that unity you mention, and of which you are the greatest master, should not be led away by the licentious frankness, and, I hope, honest indignation of my way of thinking. I may be a fitter companion than a guide; and it is with most sincere zeal that I offer myself to contribute any assistance in my power towards polishing your future work, whatever it shall be. You want little

help; I can give little; and indeed I, who am taxed with incorrectnesses, should not assume airs of a corrector. My *Catalogue* I intended should have been exact enough in style: it has not been thought so by some; I tell you, that you may not trust me too much. Mr. Gray, a very perfect judge, has sometimes censured me for parliamentary phrases, familiar to me, as your Scotch law is to you. I might plead for my inaccuracies, that the greatest part of my book was written with people talking in the room; but that is no excuse to myself, who intended it for correct. However, it is easier to remark inaccuracies in the work of another than in one's own; and, since you command me, I will go again over your second volume, with an eye to the slips, a light in which I certainly did not intend my second examination of it.

622. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, March 4, 1759.

I know you are *ministerial* enough or *patriot* enough (two words that it is as much the fashion to couple now as it was formerly to part them) to rejoice over the least bit of a conquest, and therefore I hurry to send you a morsel of Martinico[1], which you may lay under your head, and dream of having taken the whole island. As dreams often go by contraries, you must not be surprised if you wake and find we have been beaten back; but at this present moment we are all dreaming of victory. A frigate[2] has been taken going to France with an account that our troops landed on the island on the 16th of January, without opposition. A seventy-gun ship was dismissed at the same time, which

Letter 622.—[1] The force under Hopson and Moore landed at Fort Royal in Martinique on Jan. 6, 1759, but almost immediately re-embarked, owing to the difficult nature of the country.

[2] The *Bellona* of 32 guns, captured on Feb. 21 by the *Vestal*, commanded by Captain (afterwards Viscount) Hood.

is thought a symptom of their not intending to resist. It certainly is not Mr. Pitt's fault if we have not great success; and if we have, it is certainly owing to him. The French talk of invading us; I hope they will not come quite so near either to victory or defeat, as to land on our Martinico! But you are going to have a war of your own[3]. Pray send me all your Gazettes extraordinary. I wish the King of Sardinia's[4] heroism may not be grown a little rusty. Time was when he was the only King in Europe that had fought in his waistcoat; but now the King of Prussia has almost made it part of their coronation oath. Apropos, pray remember that the Emperor's pavil*ion* is not the Emperor's *pavillon*; though you are so far in the right, that he may have a pavilion, but I don't conceive how he comes by a *pavillon*. What Tuscan colours has he, unless a streamer upon the belfry at Leghorn? You was so deep in politics when you wrote your last letter, that it was almost in cipher, and as I don't happen to have a key to bad writing, I could not read a word that interests my vanity extremely—I unravelled enough to learn that a new governor[5] of Milan is a great admirer of me, but I could not guess at one syllable of his name, and it is very uncomfortable in a dialogue between one's pride and oneself, to be forced to talk of Governor What-d'ye-call-em, who has so good a taste. I think you never can have a more important occasion for dispatching a courier than to tell me Governor ——'s name. In the meantime, don't give him any more Strawberry editions; of some I print very few, they are all begged

[3] 'Our advices from Italy give the strongest reason to expect that hostilities will be begun by his Sardinian Majesty, the moment he hears of the King of Spain's death, who is wholly given over by his physicians. The Sardinian forces are said to amount to 50,000 men, a number more than sufficient to give employment to France and Austria under their present circumstances.' (*Gent. Mag.* 1759, p. 90.)

[4] Charles Emmanuel I, d. 1773.

[5] Count Firmian, who understood English, and was fond of English authors. Sir Horace Mann had given him the *Royal and Noble Authors*. *Walpole.*

immediately, and then you will not have a complete set, as I wish you to have, notwithstanding all my partiality for the governor of Milan. Perhaps, upon the peace I may send him a set richly bound! I am a little more serious in what I am going to say; you will oblige me if at your leisure you will pick up for me all or any little historical tracts that relate to the house of Medici. I have some distant thoughts of writing their history, and at the peace may probably execute what you know I have long retained in my wish, another journey to Florence. Stosch, I think, had great collections relating to them; would they sell a separate part of his library? Could I get at any state letters and papers there? Do think of this; I assure you I do. Thank you for the trouble you have taken about the Neapolitan books, and for the medals that are coming.

Colonel Campbell and the Duchess of Hamilton are married. My sister[6], who was at the Opera last Tuesday, and went from thence to a great ball at the Duke of Bridgewater's, where she stayed till three in the morning, was brought to bed in less than four hours afterwards of a fifth boy: she has had two girls too, and I believe left it entirely to this child to choose what it would be. Adieu! my dear Sir.

623. To John Chute.

Arlington Street, March 13, 1759.

I am puzzled to know how to deal with you: I hate to be officious, it has a horrid look; and to let you alone till you die at the Vine of mildew goes against my conscience. Don't it go against yours to keep all your family there till they are mouldy? Instead of sending you a physician, I will send you a dozen brasiers; I am persuaded that you

[6] Lady Mary Churchill, only daughter of Sir R. Walpole by his second wife. *Walpole.*

want to be dried and aired more than physicked. For God's sake don't stay there any longer :—

Mater Cyrene, mater quae gurgitis hujus
Ima tenes—

send him away !—Nymphs and Jew doctors ! I don't know what I shall pray to next against your obstinacy.

No more news yet from Guadaloupe[1] ! A persecution seems to be raising against General Hobson—I don't wonder ! Wherever Commodore Moore[2] is, one may expect treachery and blood. Good night !

624. To the Rev. Henry Zouch.

Sir, Arlington Street, March 15, 1759.

You judge very rightly, Sir, that I do not intend to meddle with accounts of *religious* houses ; I should not think of them at all, unless I could learn the names of any of the architects, not of the founders. It is the history of our architecture that I should search after, especially the beautiful Gothic. I have by no means digested the plan of my intended work. The materials I have ready in great quantities in Vertue's MSS. ; but he has collected little with regard to our architects, except Inigo Jones. As our painters have been very indifferent, I must, to make the work interesting, make it historical ; I would mix it with anecdotes of patrons of the arts, and with dresses and customs from old pictures, something in the manner of Montfaucon's Antiquities of France. I think it capable of being made a very amusing work, but I don't know whether I shall

Letter 623.—[1] Basse Terre, the capital of Guadaloupe, was attacked by the English on Jan. 23, 1759, and taken on the following day. General Hopson died on Feb. 27. The reduction of the rest of the island was carried out under General Barrington, and was finally effected in May.

[2] Afterwards Admiral Sir John Moore, first Baronet (1718–1778).

ever bestow the necessary time on it. At present, even my press is at a stop; my printer, who was a foolish Irishman, and who took himself for a genius, and who grew angry when I thought him extremely the former, and not the least of the latter, has left me, and I have not yet fixed upon another.

In what edition, Sir, of Beaumont and Fletcher, is the copy of verses you mention, signed 'Grandison'[1]? They are not in mine. In my *Catalogue* I mention the *Countess of Montgomery's*[2] *Eusebia*; I shall be glad to know what her *Urania*[3] is. I fear you will find little satisfaction in a library of *noble works*. I have got several, some duplicates, that shall be at your service if you continue your collection; but in general they are mere curiosities.

Mr. Hume has published his *History of the House of Tudor*. I have not advanced far in it, but it appears an inaccurate and careless, as it certainly has been a very hasty performance. Adieu! Sir.

625. To Sir David Dalrymple.

Strawberry Hill, March 25, 1759.

I should not trouble you, Sir, so soon again with a letter, but some questions and some passages in yours seem to make it necessary. I know nothing of the *Life of Gustavus*[1], nor heard of it, before it was advertised. Mr. Harte was a favoured disciple of Mr. Pope, whose obscurity he imitated

Letter 624.—[1] Cunningham states that these verses are printed in the edition of 1647.

[2] Lady Susan de Vere (d. 1629), youngest daughter of eighth Earl of Oxford; m. (1604) Philip Herbert, fourth Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery.

[3] According to Lysons (*Environs of London*, ed. 1811, vol. iii. p. 207) the *Countess of Montgomery's Urania* was written by Lady Mary Wroth, daughter of Robert Sidney, Earl of Leicester, and niece of Sir Philip Sidney. Lysons conjectures that it was so called out of compliment to the Countess of Montgomery, who was Lady Mary's neighbour at Enfield. Nothing seems to be known of the *Eusebia*.

Letter 625.—[1] *Life of Gustavus Adolphus*, by Rev. Walter Harte (1709–1774).

more than his lustre. Of the History of the Revival of Learning I have not heard a word. Mr. Gray a few years ago began a poem on that subject; but dropped it, thinking it would cross too much upon some parts of the *Dunciad*. It would make a signal part of a History of Learning which I lately proposed to Mr. Robertson. Since I wrote to him, another subject has started to me, which would make as agreeable a work, both to the writer and to the reader, as any I could think of; and would be a very tractable one, because capable of being extended or contracted, as the author should please. It is the History of the House of Medici. There is an almost unknown republic, factions, banishment, murders, commerce, conquests, heroes, cardinals, all of a new stamp, and very different from what appear in any other country. There is a scene of little polite Italian courts, where gallantry and literature were uncommonly blended, particularly in that of Urbino, which without any violence might make an episode. The Popes on the greater plan enter of course. What a morsel Leo the Tenth! the revival of letters! the torrent of Greeks that imported them! Extend still farther, there are Catherine and Mary, Queens of France. In short, I know nothing one could wish in a subject that would not fall into this—and then it is a complete subject, the family is extinct: even the state is so, as a separate dominion.

I could not help smiling, Sir, at being taxed with insincerity for my encomiums on Scotland. They were given in a manner a little too serious to admit of irony, and (as partialities cannot be supposed entirely ceased) with too much risk of disapprobation in this part of the world, not to flow from my heart. My friends have long known my opinion on this point, and it is too much formed on fact for me to retract it, if I were so disposed. With regard to the magazines and reviews, I can say with equal and great

truth, that I have been much more hurt at a gross defence of me than by all that railing.

Mallet still defers his Life of the Duke of Marlborough [2]; I don't know why: sometimes he says he will stay till the peace; sometimes that he is translating it, or having it translated, into French, that he may not lose that advantage.

626. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, April 11, 1759.

I HAVE waited and waited, in hopes of sending you the rest of Martinico or Guadaloupe; nothing else, as you guessed, has happened, or I should have told you. But at present I can stay no longer, for I, who am a little more expeditious than a squadron, have made a great conquest myself, and in less than a month since the first thought started. I hurry to tell you, lest you should go and consult the map of Middlesex, to see whether I have any dispute about boundaries with the neighbouring Prince of Isleworth, or am likely to have fitted out a secret expedition upon Hounslow Heath—in short, I have married, that is, am marrying, my niece Maria [1], my brother's second daughter, to Lord Waldegrave [2]. What say you? A month ago I was told he liked her—does he? I jumbled them together, and he has already proposed. For character and credit, he is the first match in England—for beauty, I think she is. She has not a fault in her face and person, and the detail is charming. A warm complexion tending to brown, fine eyes, brown hair, fine teeth, and infinite wit and vivacity. Two things are odd in

[2] Not a word of the Life was ever written.

LETTER 626. — [1] Maria, second daughter of Sir Edward Walpole, afterwards married to William Henry, Duke of Gloucester, brother of King George III. *Walpole.*

[2] James, second Earl of Waldegrave, Knight of the Garter, and Governor of George, Prince of Wales, afterwards George III. *Walpole.*

Maria, Countess Waldegrave

from a painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.

this match; he seems to have been doomed to a Maria Walpole—if his father had lived, he had married my sister; and this is the second of my brother's daughters that has married into the house of Stuart. Mr. Keppel[3] comes from Charles,—Lord Waldegrave from James II[4]. My brother has luckily been tractable and left the whole management to me. My family don't lose any rank or advantage, when they let me dispose of them—a Knight of the Garter for my niece; 150,000*l.* for my Lord Orford if he would have taken her[5]; these are not trifling establishments.

It were piddling after this to tell you that Prince Ferdinand has cut to pieces two or three squadrons of Austrians. I frame to myself that if I was a commander-in-chief, I should on a sudden appear in the middle of Vienna, and oblige the Empress to give an Archduchess with half a dozen provinces to some infant prince or other, and make a peace before the bread waggons were come up. Difficulties are nothing; all depends on the sphere in which one is placed.

You must excuse my altitudes; I feel myself very impertinent just now, but as I know it, I trust I shall not be more so than is becoming.

The Dutch cloud is a little dispersed; the Privy Council have squeezed out some rays of sunshine by restoring one of their ships, and by adjudging that we captors should prove the affirmative of contraband goods, instead of the goods proving themselves so: just as if one was ordered to believe that if a blackamoor is christened Thomas, he is a white. These distinctions are not quite adapted to the meridian of a flippant English privateer's comprehension: however, the

[3] Frederick Keppel, fourth son of William Anne, Earl of Albemarle, by Lady Anne Lenox, daughter of the first Duke of Richmond. *Walpole.*

[4] Lord Waldegrave's grandfather married the natural daughter of James II by Arabella Churchill.

[5] Miss Nichols, afterwards Marchioness of Carnarvon. *Walpole.*

murmur is not great yet. I don't know what may betide if the *minister* should order the mob to be angry with the *ministry*, nor whether Mr. Pitt or the mob will speak first. He is laid up with the gout, and it is as much as the rest of the administration can do to prevent his flying out. I am sorry, after you have been laying in such bales of Grotius and Puffendorf, that you must be forced to correct the text by a Dutch comment. You shall have the pamphlets you desire, and Lord Mansfield's famous answer[6] to the Prussian manifesto (I don't know whether it is in French), but you must now read *Hardwickius in usum Batavorum*[7].

We think we have lost Fort St. David[8], but have some scanty hopes of a victorious codicil, as our fleet there seems to have had the superiority. The King of Spain is certainly not dead, and the Italian war in appearance is blown over. This summer, I think, must finish all war, for who will have men, who will have money to furnish another campaign? Adieu!

P.S. Mr. Conway has got the first regiment of dragoons on Hawley's[9] death.

627. To George Montagu.

Don't read this letter even to your parson.

Arlington Street, April 26, 1759.

Your brother, your Wetenhalls, and the ancient Baron and Baroness Dacre of the South, are to dine with me at Strawberry Hill next Sunday. Divers have been the negotiations about it: your sister, you know, is often impeded by a purge or a prayer; and I, on the other hand, who

[6] Written in 1753.

[7] Philip Yorke, Earl of Hardwicke. *Walpole.*

[8] Taken by the French under Lally on June 2, 1758.

[9] General Hawley died on March 24, 1759.

never rise in a morning, have two balls on my hands this week to keep me in bed the next day till dinner-time.—Well! it is charming to be so young! the follies of the town are so much more agreeable than the wisdom of my brethren the authors, that I think for the future I shall never write beyond a card, nor print beyond Mrs. Clive's benefit tickets.

Our great match approaches: I dine at Lord Waldegrave's presently, and suppose I shall then hear the day. I have quite reconciled my Lady Townshend to the match (saving her abusing us all), by desiring her to choose my wedding clothes,—but I am to pay the additional price of being ridiculous, to which I submit: she has chosen me a white ground with purple and green flowers. I represented that, however young my spirits may be, my bloom is rather past; but the moment I declared against juvenile colours, I found it was determined I should have nothing else—so be it! I have not tried the same methods of reconciling the Bedfords to the match: as they counterfeit deeper civility, I shall not come off with them by letting them dress me up like Garrick or a shepherd. T'other night I had an uncomfortable situation with the Duchess: we had played late at loo at Lady Jane Scot's; I came downstairs with their two Graces of Bedford and Grafton[1]: there was no chair for me; I said I would walk till I met one. 'Oh!' said the Duchess of Grafton, 'the Duchess of Bedford will set you down:' there were we charmingly awkward and complimenting; however, she was forced to press it, and I to accept it—in a minute she spied an hackney-chair—'Oh! there is a chair,—but I beg your pardon, it looks as if I wanted to get rid of you, but indeed I don't—only I'm afraid the Duke will want his supper.'—You may imagine how much I was afraid of making him wait. The ball at Bedford House, on

Letter 627.—[1] Anne Liddell, Duchess of Grafton.

Monday, was very numerous and magnificent. The two Princes[2] were there, deep hazard, and the Dutch deputies, who are a proverb for their dullness: they have brought with them a young Dutchman who is the richest man of Amsterdam.—I am amazed Mr. Yorke has not married him! —But the delightful part of the night was the appearance of the Duke of Newcastle, who is veering round again, as it is time to betray Mr. Pitt. The Duchess was at the very upper end of the gallery, and though some of the Pelham court were there too, yet they showed so little cordiality to this revival of connection, that Newcastle had nobody to attend to him but Sir Edward Montagu[3], who kept pushing him all up the gallery. From thence he went into the hazard-room, and wriggled, and shuffled, and lisped, and winked, and spied, till he got behind the Duke of Cumberland, the Duke of Bedford, and Rigby; the first of whom did not deign to notice him—but he must come to it. You would have died to see Newcastle's pitiful and distressed figure—nobody went near him, he tried to flatter people, that were too busy to mind him—in short, he was quite disconcerted—his treachery used to be so sheathed in folly, that he was never out of countenance—but it is plain he grows old. To finish his confusion and anxiety, George Selwyn, Brand, and I, went and stood near him, and in half-whispers, that he might hear, said, 'Lord, how he is broke! how old he looks!' then I said, 'This room feels very cold; I believe there never is any fire in it.' Presently afterwards I said, 'Well, I'll not stay here; this room has been washed to-day.' In short, I believe we made him take a double dose of Gascoign's powder when he went home. Next night, Brand and I communicated this interview to Lord Temple, who was in agonies, and yesterday his chariot

[2] Princes Edward and William Henry.

[3] Sir Edward Hussey Montagu, afterwards Earl Beaulieu.

was seen in forty different parts of the town. I take for granted that Fox will not resist these overtures—and then we shall see the Paymastership, the Secretaryship of Ireland, and all Calcraft's[4] regiments once more afloat.

May 1st.

I did not finish this letter last week, for the picture could not set out till next Thursday. Your kin brought Lord Mandeville[5] with them to Strawberry; he was very civil and good-humoured, and I trust I was so too. My nuptialities dined there yesterday. The wedding is fixed for the 15th. The town, who saw Maria set out in the Earl's coach, concluded it was yesterday. He notified his marriage to the monarch last Saturday, and it was received civilly.

Mrs. Thornhill is dead, and I am impatient to hear the fate of Miss Mildmay. The Princes Ferdinand and Henry have been skirmishing, have been beaten, and have beat, but with no decision.

The ball at Mr. Conolly's[6] was by no means delightful—the house is small, it was hot, and was composed of young Irish. I was retiring when they went to supper, but was fetched back to sup with Prince Edward and the Duchess of Richmond, who is his present passion. He had chattered as much love to her as would serve ten balls. The conversation turned on the *Guardian*[7]—most unfortunately the Prince asked her if she should like Mr. Clackit—'No,

[4] John Calcraft (1726–1772), son of a country solicitor. His rise in life was due to Henry Fox, to whom he was said to be related, and by whom he was made agent to several regiments, and Deputy Commissary-General of Musters. He accumulated an immense fortune.

[5] George Montagu (1737–1788), Viscount Mandeville; eldest son of second Duke of Manchester, whom he succeeded in 1762; Lord of the Bedchamber, 1762–70; Lord Chamberlain, 1782–83; Ambassador to Paris, 1783.

[6] Thomas Conolly (1738–1803). He had recently married a sister of the Duke of Richmond.

[7] A comedy by Garrick, recently produced. Young Clackit is one of the characters in it.

indeed, Sir,' said the Duchess. Lord Tavistock burst into a loud laugh, and I am afraid none of the company quite kept their countenance.—Adieu! This letter is gossiping enough for any Mr. Clackit, but I know you love these details.

Yours ever,

H. W.

628. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, May 10, 1759.

The laurels we began to plant in Guadaloupe do not thrive—we have taken half the island, and despair of the other half which we are gone to take. General Hobson is dead, and many of our men—it seems all climates are not equally good for conquest—Alexander and Cæsar would have looked wretchedly after a yellow fever! A hero that would have leaped a rampart would perhaps have shuddered at the thought of being scalped. Glory will be taken in its own way, and cannot reconcile itself to the untoward barbarism of America. In short, if we don't renounce expeditions, our history will be a journal of miscarriages. What luck must a general have that escapes a flux, or being shot abroad—or at home! How fatal a war has this been! From Pondicherry to Canada, from Russia to Senegal, the world has been a great bill of mortality! The King of Prussia does not appear to have tapped his campaign yet—he was slow last year; it is well if he concludes this as thunderingly as he did the last.

Our winter-politics are drawn to the dregs. The King is gone to Kensington, and the Parliament is going out of town. The ministers who don't agree will, I believe, let the war decide their squabbles too. Mr. Pitt will take Canada and the cabinet council together, or miscarry in both. There are Dutch deputies here, who are likely to be here some time: their negotiations are not of an epigram-

matic nature, and we are in no hurry to decide on points which we cannot well give up, nor maintain without inconvenience. But it is idle to describe what describes itself by not being concluded.

I have received yours of the 7th of last month, and fear you are quite in the right about a history of the house of Medici—yet it is pity it should not be written[1]! You don't, I know, want any spur to incite you to remember me and any commission with which I trouble you; and therefore you must not take it in that light, but as the consequence of my having just seen the Neapolitan book of Herculaneum, that I mention it to you again. Though it is far from being finely engraved, yet there are bits in it that make me wish much to have it, and if you could procure it for me, I own I should be pleased. Adieu! my dear Sir.

629. To Grosvenor Bedford.

Dear Sir, Strawberry Hill, Wednesday, 9th.

I must desire you will speak to Mr. Tonson to send me another parcel of paper for my printing, but I wish he would order it to be carefully examined, because in the last parcel there were several thin sheets interspersed. As I shall be in town the end of this week, I shall be glad if he would have the bills made up of the expenses of the press, &c., that I may pay them.

I shall be much obliged too if you will call as soon as you can at M'Ardell's[1] in Henrietta Street, and take my picture from him. I am extremely angry, for I heard he

Letter 628.—[1] It was afterwards written in five volumes in quarto, from authentic documents furnished by the Great Duke himself, and was published in 1782. *Walpole.*

Letter 629.—[1] James MacArdell (d. 1765), mezzotint engraver. In 1757 he engraved Reynolds' portrait of Horace Walpole. The print bears the inscription ordered by Walpole, and is dated 1757.

has told people of the print. If the plate is finished, be so good as to take it away, and all the impressions he has taken off, for I will not let him keep one. If it is not finished, I shall be most unwilling to leave the print with him. If he pretends he stays for the inscription, I will have nothing but these words, *Horace Walpole, youngest son of Sir Robert Walpole, Earl of Orford.* I must beg you will not leave it with him an hour, unless he locks it up, and denies to everybody there is any such thing. I am extremely provoked at him, and very sorry to give you so much trouble.

630. To the Rev. Henry Zouch.

Sir, Strawberry Hill, May 14, 1759.

You accuse me with so much delicacy and with so much seeming justice, that I must tell you the truth, cost me what it will. It is in fact, I own, that I have been silent, not knowing what to say to you, or how not to say something about your desire that I would attend the affair of the navigation of Calder in Parliament. In truth, I scarce ever do attend private business on solicitation. If I attend, I cannot help forming an opinion, and when formed I do not care *not* to be guided by it, and at the same time it is very unpleasant to vote against a person whom one went to serve. I knew nothing of the merits of the navigation in question, and it would have given me great pain to have opposed, as it might have happened, a side espoused by one for whom I had conceived such an esteem as I have for you, Sir. I did not tell you my scruples, because you might have thought them affected, and because, to say the truth, I choose to disguise them. I have seen too much of the parade of conscience to expect that an ostentation of it in me should be treated with uncommon lenity. I cannot help having scruples; I can help displaying them; and

now, Sir, that I have made you my confessor, I trust you will keep my secret for my sake, and give me absolution for what I have committed against you.

I certainly do propose to digest the materials that Vertue had collected relating to English artists; but doubting of the merit of the subject, as you do, Sir, and not proposing to give myself much trouble about it, I think, at present, that I shall still call the work *his*. However, at your leisure, I shall be much obliged to you for any hints. For *nobler* or any other game, I don't think of it; I am sick of the character of author; I am sick of the consequences of it; I am weary of seeing my name in the newspapers; I am tired with reading foolish criticisms on me, and as foolish defences of me; and I trust my friends will be so good as to let the last abuse of me pass unanswered. It is called *Remarks* on my *Catalogue*, asperses the Revolution more than it does my book, and, in one word, is written by a nonjuring preacher, who was a dog-doctor[1]. Of me he knows so little, that he thinks to punish me by abusing King William! Had that Prince been an author, perhaps I might have been a little ungentle to him too. I am not dupe enough to think that anybody wins a crown for the sake of the people. Indeed, I am Whig enough to be glad to be abused; that is, that anybody may write what they please; and though the Jacobites are the only men who abuse outrageously that liberty of the press which all their labours tend to demolish, I would not have the nation lose such a blessing for *their* impertinences. That their spirit and project revive is certain. All the histories of England, Hume's, as you observe, and Smollett's more avowedly, are calculated to whiten the house of Stuart.

LETTER 630.—[1] 'One Carter, who had been bred a surgeon, and who had married the daughter of Deacon of Manchester, who was hanged in the last Rebellion.' See *Short Notes of My Life* (vol. i. pp. xliii–iv).

All the magazines are erected to depress writers of the other side, and as it has been learnt within these few days, France is preparing an army of commentators [2] to illustrate the works of those professors. But to come to what ought to be a particular part of this letter. I am very sensible, Sir, to the confidence you place in me, and shall assuredly do nothing to forfeit it; at the same time, I must take the liberty you allow me, of making some objections to your plan. As your friend, I must object to the subject. It is heroic to sacrifice one's own interest to do good, but I would be sure of doing some before I offered myself up. You will make enemies; are you sure you shall make proselytes? I am ready to believe you have no ambition now—but may you not have hereafter? Are bishops corrigible or placable? Few men are capable of forgiving being told of their faults in private; who can bear being told of them publicly?—Then you propose to write in Latin: that is, you propose to be read by those only whom you intend to censure, and whose interest it will be to find faults in your work. If I proposed to attack the clergy, I would at least call in the laity to hear my arguments, and I fear the laity do not much listen to Latin. In short, Sir, I wish much to see something of your writing, and consequently I wish to see it in a shape in which it would give me most pleasure.

You will say, that your concealing your name is an answer to all I have said. A bad author may be concealed, but then what good does he do? I am persuaded you would write well—ask your heart, Sir, if you then would like to conceal yourself. Forgive my frankness; I am not old, but I have lived long enough to be sure that I give you good advice.

There is lately published a voluminous *History of Gustavus Adolphus*, sadly written, yet very amusing, from the matter.

[2] Alluding to the projected French invasion of the British Isles.

631 To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, May 16, 1759.

I packed up a long letter to you in the case with the Earl of Manchester, which I suppose did not arrive at Greatworth before you left it. Don't send for it, for there are private histories in it, that should not travel post, and which will be full as new to you a month hence.

Well! Maria was married yesterday. Don't we manage well? the original day was not once put off; lawyers and milliners were all ready canonically. It was as sensible a wedding as ever was. There was neither form nor indecency, both which generally meet on such occasions. They were married at my brother's in Pall Mall, just before dinner, by Mr. Keppel; the company, my brother, his son, Mrs. Keppel, and Charlotte[1], Lady Elizabeth Keppel, Lady Betty Waldegrave, and I. We dined there; the Earl and new Countess got into their post-chaise at eight o'clock, and went to Navestock[2] alone, where they stay till Saturday night: on Sunday she is to be presented --and to make my Lady Coventry distracted; who, t'other day, told Lady Anne Conolly how she dreaded Lady Louisa's[3] arrival—'but,' said she, 'now I have seen her, I am easy.'

Maria was in a white and silver nightgown, with a hat very much pulled over her face; what one could see of it was handsomer than ever; a cold maiden blush gave her the sweetest delicacy in the world. I had like to have demolished the solemnity of the ceremony by laughing—

Letter 631.—[1] Youngest daughter of Sir Edward Walpole, afterwards Countess of Dysart.

[2] Lord Waldegrave's seat, near Brentwood, in Essex.

[3] Lady Louisa Augusta Lennox (d. 1821), sixth daughter of second Duke of Richmond; m. (1758) Thomas Conolly, of Castletown, Ireland.

when Mr. Keppel read the words, *Bless thy servant and thy handmaid*, it struck me how ridiculous it would have been, had Miss Drax been the *handmaid*, as she was once to have been. Did I ever tell you what happened at my Lord Hertford's wedding? You remember that my father's style was not purity itself. As the bride was so young and so exceedingly bashful, and as my Lord Hertford is a little of the prude himself, great means were used to keep Sir Robert within bounds. He yawned, and behaved decently. When the dessert was removed, the Bishop, who married them, said, 'Sir Robert, what health shall we drink?'—It was just after Vernon's conquest of Porto Bello.—'I don't know,' replied my father;—'why, drink the admiral in the straits of Bocca Cieca!'

We have had a sort of debate in the House of Commons on the bill for fixing the augmentation of the salaries of the judges: Charles Townshend says, the book of *Judges* was saved by the book of *Numbers*.

Lord Weymouth[4] is to be married on Tuesday, or, as he said himself, to be *turned off*. George Selwyn told him he wondered that he had not been *turned off* before, for he still sits up drinking all night and gaming.

Well! are you ready to be invaded? for it seems invasions *from* France are coming into fashion again. A descent on Ireland at least is expected. There has been a great quarrel between Mr. Pitt and Lord Anson, on the negligence of the latter—I suppose they will be reconciled by agreeing to hang some admiral, who will come too late to save Ireland, after it is impossible to save it.

[4] Thomas Thynne (1734–1796), third Viscount Weymouth; cr. Marquis of Bath, 1789; Viceroy of Ireland, May 29–Aug. 1, 1765; Secretary of State for the Northern Province, 1768, 1779; Secretary of State for the Southern Province, 1768–70; Groom of the Stole, 1782. He married Lady Elizabeth Cavendish-Bentinck, daughter of second Duke of Portland.

Dr. Young has published a new book[5], on purpose, he says himself, to have an opportunity of telling a story that he has known these forty years—Mr. Addison sent for the young Lord Warwick[6], as he was dying, to show him in what peace a Christian could die—unluckily he died of brandy—nothing makes a Christian die in peace like being maudlin! but don't say this in Gath, where you are! Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. W.

P.S. I forgot and must tell you two good stories of the little Prince Frederick[7]. He was describing to Lady Charlotte Edwin[8] the eunuchs of the Opera, but not easily finding proper words, he said, 'I can't tell you, but I will show you how they make them,' and began to unbutton. T'other day as he was with the Prince of Wales, Kitty Fisher[9] passed by, and the child named her—the Prince, to try him, asked who that was?—'Why, a Miss.'—'A Miss,' said the P. of W., 'why, are not all girls Misses?'—'Oh! but a particular sort of Miss—a Miss that sells oranges.'—'Is there any harm in selling oranges?'—'Oh! but they are not such oranges as you buy—I believe they are a sort that my brother Edward buys.'—Apropos to this latter sort, I am going to dine at my Lord Hertford's with Lord Bute.

[5] *Conjectures on Original Composition; in a Letter to the author of Sir Charles Grandison.*

[6] Edward Henry Rich (1698–1721), seventh Earl of Warwick, Addison's stepson.

[7] Frederick William (1750–1765), fifth son of Frederick, Prince of Wales.

[8] Lady Charlotte Hamilton (d. 1776), eldest surviving daughter of fourth Duke of Hamilton; m. Charles Edwin. She was Lady of the Bedchamber to the Princess Dowager of Wales.

[9] Catherine Maria, known as Kitty, Fisher (d. 1767), a woman of the town. She became the second wife of John Norris, of Hempsted Manor, Benenden, Kent. She was several times painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

632. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, June 1, 1759.

I have not announced to you in form the invasion from France, of which all our newspapers have been so full, nor do I tell you every time the clock strikes. An invasion frightens one but once. I am grown to fear no invasions but those we make. Yet I believe there are people really afraid of this—I mean the new militia, who have received orders to march. The war in general seems very languishing: Prince Henry of Prussia is the only one who keeps it up with any spirit. The Parliament goes into the country to-morrow.

One of your last friends, Lord Northampton[1], is going to marry Lady Anne Somerset, the Duke of Beaufort's[2] sister. She is rather handsome. He seems to have too much of the coldness and dignity of the Comptons.

Have you had the comet[3] in Italy? It has made more noise here than it deserved, because Sir Isaac Newton foretold it, and it was very near disappointing him. Indeed, I have a notion that it is not the right, but a little one that they put up as they were hunting for the true—in short, I suppose, like pine-apples and gold pheasants, comets will grow so common as to be sold at Covent Garden market.

I am glad you approve the marriage of my charming niece—she is now Lady Waldegrave in all the forms.

I envy you who can make out whole letters to me—I find it grow every day more difficult; we are so far and have been so long removed from little events in common that

Letter 632.—[1] Charles Compton (1737–1763), seventh Earl of Northampton; Ambassador to Venice, 1762–63; m. (Sept. 13, 1759) Lady Anne Somerset, eldest daughter of fourth Duke of Beaufort.

[2] Henry Somerset (1744–1803), fifth Duke of Beaufort; Master of the Horse to Queen Charlotte, 1768–70.

[3] This appears to be the comet known as Halley's, which did appear in 1759.

serve to fill up a correspondence, that though my heart is willing, my hand is slow. Europe is a dull magnificent subject to one who cares little and thinks still less about Europe. Even the King of Prussia, except on post-days, don't occupy a quarter of an inch in my memory. He must kill a hundred thousand men once a fortnight to put me in mind of him. Heroes that do so much in a book, and seem so active to posterity, lie fallow a vast while to their cotemporaries—and how it would humble a vast Prince who expects to occupy the whole attention of an age, to hear an idle man in his easy-chair cry, 'Well! why don't the King of Prussia do something?' If one means to make a lasting bustle, one should contrive to be the hero of a village; I have known a country rake talked of for a riot, whole years after the battle of Blenheim has grown obsolete. Fame, like an essence, the farther it is diffused, the sooner it vanishes. The million in London devour an event and demand another to-morrow. Three or four families in a hamlet twist and turn it, examine, discuss, mistake, repeat their mistake, remember their mistake, and teach it to their children. Adieu!

633. To George Montagu.

June 2, 1759.

Strawberry Hill is grown a perfect Paphos, it is the land of beauties. On Wednesday the Duchesses of Hamilton and Richmond and Lady Ailesbury dined there; the two latter stayed all night. There never was so pretty a sight as to see them all three sitting in the shell[1]; a thousand years hence, when I begin to grow old, if that can ever be, I shall talk of that event, and tell young people how much hand-

Letter 633.—[1] 'A large seat in the form of a shell, carved in oak, from a design by Mr. Bentley.' See *Description of Strawberry Hill*, where it is engraved.

somer the women of my time were than they will be then: I shall say, 'Women alter now; I remember Lady Ailesbury looking handsomer than her daughter, the pretty Duchess of Richmond, as they were sitting in the shell on my terrace with the Duchess of Hamilton, one of the famous Gunnings.'—Yesterday the t'other, more famous, Gunning dined there.—She has made a friendship with my charming niece, to disguise her jealousy of the new Countess's beauty —there were they two, their lords, Lord Buckingham, and Charlotte.—You will think that I did not choose men for my parties so well as women.—I don't include Lord Waldegrave in this bad election.

Loo is mounted to its zenith; the parties last till one and two in the morning. We played at Lady Hertford's last week, the last night of her lying-in, till deep into Sunday morning, after she and her lord were retired. It is now adjourned to Mrs. Fitzroy's[2], whose child the town calls *Pam*-ela. I proposed, that instead of receiving cards for assemblies, one should send in a morning to Dr. Hunter's[3], the man-midwife, to know where there is loo that evening.

I find poor Charles Montagu is dead[4]—is it true, as the papers say, that his son comes into Parliament?

The invasion is not half so much in fashion as loo; and the King demanding the assistance of the militia does not add much dignity to it. The great Pam of Parliament, who made the motion, entered into a wonderful definition of the several sorts of fear; from *fear that comes from pusillanimity*, up to *fear from magnanimity*. It put me in mind of that wise Pythian, my Lady Londonderry[5], who, when her sister,

[2] Anne (d. 1807), third daughter and co-heir of Admiral Sir Peter Warren; m. (1758) Charles Fitzroy, third son of Lord Augustus Fitzroy and grandson of second Duke of Grafton. Her husband was created Baron Southampton in 1780.

[3] William Hunter (1718–1783).

[4] Charles Montagu, of Papplewick, Nottinghamshire. He was succeeded as member for Northampton by his son, Frederick Montagu.

[5] Frances Ridgeway (d. 1772), Countess of Londonderry. Her sister, Lucy, Countess of Donegal, died in 1732.

Lady Donnegal, was dying, pronounced, that if it was a *fever from a fever*, she would live; but if it was a *fever from death*, she would die.

Mr. Mason has published another drama, called *Caractacus*; there are some incantations poetical enough, and odes so Greek as to have very little meaning. But the whole is laboured, uninteresting, and no more resembling the manners of Britons than of Japanese. It is introduced by a piping elegy; for Mason, in imitation of Gray, *will cry and roar all night* without the least provocation.

Adieu! I shall be glad to hear that your Strawberry tide is fixed.

Yours ever,
H. W.

634. To George Augustus Selwyn.

Dear Sir, Strawberry Hill, June 5, 1759.

I chose to write a word to you rather than speak to you, especially in my own house, because of all things in the world, I would not lay you under any difficulty. If what I am going to propose to you should be in the least disagreeable to you, another short line in answer will save both you and me any awkwardness of civilities or apologies: one certainly ought not to ask a favour without facilitating all means of refusal to the person of whom one begs it. You mentioned the approaching death of your deputy, and your being totally unengaged and unprovided with a successor. You know Mr. Bentley's merit, his situation, and my friendship for him; I should be happy if he would suit you. I shall be content if he would not. He will find what security you require; and if he is not to know what would place him in ease, he shall not know what

Letter 634. — Not in C.; now printed from original in possession of Mrs. Alfred Morrison.

might even make it for a moment unpleasant to you to meet him at my house, as I hope in either case you often will. Adieu! Yours, &c.,

H. Walpole.

635. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, June 8, 1759.

This is merely a letter about your commission, and I hope it will get to you with wondrous haste. I have not lost a minute in trying to execute what you desire, but it is impossible to perform all that is required. A watch, perfect by Ellicot[1] or Gray, with all the accompaniments, cannot possibly be had for near seventy-five pounds. Though the directions do not expressly limit me to seventy-five, yet I know Italians enough to be sure that when they name seventy-five, they would not bear a codicil of fifty-five more. Ellicot (and Gray is rather dearer) would have for watch and chain a hundred and thirty-four guineas; the seals will cost sixteen more. Two hundred and sixty-eight sequins are more than I dare lay out. But I will tell you what I have done: Deard[2], one of the first jewellers and toymen here, has undertaken to make a watch and chain, enamelled according to a pattern I have chosen of the newest kind, for a hundred guineas, with two seals for sixteen more; and he has engaged that, if this is not approved, he will keep it himself; but to this I must have an immediate answer. He will put his own name to it, as a warrant to the goodness of the work; and then, except the name of Ellicot or Gray, your friend will have as good a watch as he can desire. I take for granted, at farthest, that I can have an answer by the 15th of July; and then there will be time, I trust, to

Letter 635.—[1] John Ellicott (d. 1776), a celebrated clockmaker. [2] Deard's shop was in Pall Mall. He died in 1761.

convey it to you; I suppose by sea, for unless a fortunate messenger should be going *à point nommé*, you may imagine that a traveller would not arrive there in any time. My dear Sir, you know how happy I am to do anything you desire; and I shall pique myself on your credit in this, but your friend has expected what, altogether, it is almost impossible to perform—what can be done, shall be.

There is not a syllable of news—if there was, I should not confine myself solely to the commission. Some of our captains in the East Indies have behaved very ill[3]; if there is an invasion, which I don't believe there will, I am glad they were not here. Adieu!

636. To the Earl of Strafford.

My dear Lord, Strawberry Hill, June 12, 1759.

After so kind a note as you left for me at your going out of town, you cannot wonder that I was determined to thank you the moment I knew you settled in Yorkshire. At least I am not ungrateful, if I deserve your goodness by no other title. I was willing to stay till I could amuse you, but I have not a battle big enough even to send in a letter. A war that reaches from Muscovy to Alsace, and from Madras to California, don't produce an article half so long as Mr. Johnson's riding three horses at once. The King of Prussia's campaign is still in its *papillotes*; Prince Ferdinand is laid up like the rest of the pensioners on Ireland; Guadaloupe has taken a sleeping-draught, and our heroes in America

[3] In the indecisive action off Fort St. David on April 29, 1758, between the English and French fleets under Pocock and D'Aché. Three of the English captains were afterwards tried by court-martial, 'found guilty of not using all possible means to bring their ships into action,' and dismissed from the service. 'The court failed to recognize that the manœuvre required from them was practically impossible.' (See *D. N. B.* Vol. xlvi. p. 2.)

seem to be planting suckers of laurels that will not make any figure these three years. All the war that is in fashion lies between those two ridiculous things, an invasion and the militia. Prince Edward is going to sea, to inquire after the invasion from France; and all the old pot-bellied country colonels are preparing to march and make it drunk when it comes. I don't know, as it is an event in Mr. Pitt's administration, whether the Jacobite corporations, who are converted by his eloquence which they never heard, do not propose to bestow their freedom on the first corps of French that shall land.

Adieu, my Lord and my Lady! I hope you are all beauty and verdure. We are drowned with obtaining ours.

Yours most faithfully,

Hor. Walpole.

637. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, June 22, 1759.

Well! they tell us in good earnest that we are to be invaded; Mr. Pitt is as positive of it as of his own invasions. As the French affect an air of grandeur in all they do, 'Mr. Pitt sent ten thousands, but they send fifty thousands.' You will be inquisitive after our force—I can't tell you the particulars; I am only in town for to-day, but I hear of mighty preparations. Of one thing I am sure; they missed the moment when eight thousand men might have carried off England and set it down in the gardens of Versailles. In the last war, when we could not rake together four thousand men, and were all divided, not a flat-bottomed boat lifted up its leg against us! There is a great spirit in motion; my Lord Orford is gone with his Norfolk militia to Portsmouth: everybody is raising regiments or them-

selves—my Lord Shaftesbury[1], one of the new colonels of militia, is to be a brigadier-general. I shall not march my Twickenham militia for some private reasons; my farmer has got an ague, my printer is run away, my footboy is always drunk, and my gardener is a Scotchman, and I believe would give intelligence to the enemy. France has notified to the Dutch that she intends to *surprise us*; and this makes us still more angry. In the meantime, we have got Guadaloupe to play with. I did not send you any particulars, for this time the *Gazette* piqued itself upon telling its own story from beginning to end; I never knew it so full of chat. It is very comfortable, that if we lose our own island, we shall at least have all America to settle in. Quebec is to be conquered by the 15th of July, and two more expeditions, I don't know whither, are to be crowned with all imaginable success, I don't know when; so you see our affairs, upon the whole, are in a very prosperous train. Your friend, Colonel Clavering[2], is the real hero of Guadaloupe; he is come home, covered with more laurels than a boar's head: indeed he has done exceedingly well. A much older friend of yours is just dead, my Lady Murray[3]; she caught her death by too strict attendance on her sister, Lady Binning[4], who has been ill. They were a family of love, and break their hearts for her. She had a thousand good qualities; but no mortal was ever so surprised as I when I was first told that she was the nymph Arthur Gray would have ravished. She had taken care to guard against any more such danger by more wrinkles than

Letter 637. — [1] Antony Ashley Cooper (1711–1771), fourth Earl of Shaftesbury.

[2] Colonel John Clavering (1722–1777), afterwards K.B., and Commander-in-Chief in Bengal, where he violently opposed the measures of Warren Hastings.

[3] Daughter of George Bailie, Esq. See an Epistle from Arthur Gray, her footman, to her in the poems of Lady Mary Wortley-Montague. *Walpole.*

[4] Rachel (d. 1773), daughter of George Baillie, of Jerviswood; m. (1720) Charles Hamilton, Lord Binning, eldest son of sixth Earl of Haddington, whom he predeceased.

ever twisted round a human face. Adieu! If you have a mind to be fashionable, you must raise a regiment of Florentine militia.

638. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, June 23, 1759.

As you bid me fix a day about six weeks from the date of your last, it will suit me extremely to see you here the first of August. I don't mean to treat you with a rowing for a badge[1], but it will fall in very commodely between my parties.

You tell me nothing of the old house you was to see near Blenheim; I have some suspicion that Greatworth is coming into play again. I made your speeches to Mr. Chute, and to Mr. Müntz, and to myself; your snuff-box is bespoke, your pictures not done, the print of Lady Waldegrave not begun.

News there are none, unless you have a mind for a panic about the invasion. I was in town yesterday, and saw a thousand people from Kensington, with faces as loyally long as if it was the last accession of this family that they were ever to see. The French are coming with fifty thousand men, and we shall meet them with fifty addresses. Pray, if you know how, frighten your neighbours, and give them courage at the same time.

My Lady Coventry and my niece Waldegrave have been mobbed in the Park.—I am sorry the people of England take all their liberty out in insulting pretty women!

You will be diverted with what happened to Mr. Meynell[2] lately. He was engaged to dine at a formal old lady's, but

Letter 638.—[1] The annual race for Doggett's coat and badge on Aug. 1, instituted in 1716.

[2] Hugo Meynell (1727–1808), of Quorndon Hall, first Master of the Quorn Hunt. He was Master from 1753 until a few years before his death. He was acquainted with Johnson, who quoted Meynell's remark that 'the chief advantage of London is that a man is always so near his burrow.'

stayed so late hunting that he had not time to dress, but went as he was, though with forty apologies. The matron, very affected, and meaning to say something very civil, cried, 'Oh! Sir, I assure you I can see the gentleman through a pair of buckskin breeches as well as if he was in silk or satin.'

I am sure I can't tell you anything better, so good night!

Yours ever,

H. W.

P.S. I hope you have as gorgeous weather as we have—it is even hot enough for Mr. Bentley. I live upon the water.

639. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, July 8, 1759.

This will be the most indecisive of all letters: I don't write to tell you that the French are *not* landed at Deal, as was believed yesterday. An officer arrived post in the middle of the night, who saw them disembark. The King was called up; my Lord Ligonier buckled on his armour. Nothing else was talked of in the streets; yet there was no panic. Before noon, it was known that the invasion was a few Dutch hoys. The day before, it was triumph. Rodney was known to be before Havre de Grace; with two bomb-ketches he set the town on fire in different places, and had brought up four more to act, notwithstanding a very smart fire from the forts, which, however, will probably force him to retire without burning the flat-bottomed boats, which are believed out of his reach. The express came from him on Wednesday morning. This is Sunday noon, and I don't know that farther intelligence is arrived[1]. I am sorry for

Letter 639.—[1] Rodney bombarded Havre on July 4, 5, and 6, and succeeded in destroying the stores and flat-bottomed boats intended for the invasion of England.

this sort of war, not only for the sufferers, but I don't like the precedent, in case the French should land. I think they will scarce venture; for besides the force on land, we have a mighty chain of fleet and frigates along the coast. There is great animosity to them, and few can expect to return.

Our part of the war in Germany seems at an end: Prince Ferdinand is retiring, and has all the advantage of that part of great generalship, a retreat. From America we expect the greatest things; our force there by land and sea is vast. I hope we shall not be to buy England back by restoring the *North* Indies! I will gladly give them all the hundred thousand acres that may fall to my share on the Ohio for my twenty acres here. Truly I don't like having them endangered for the limits of Virginia!

I wait impatiently for your last orders for the watch; if the worst comes to the worst, I can convey it to you by some French officer.

The weather is sultry; this country never looked prettier. I hope our enemies will not have the heart to spoil it! It would be much disappointment to me, who am going to make great additions to my castle; a gallery, a round tower, and a cabinet, that is to have all the air of a Catholic chapel —bar consecration. Adieu! I will tell you more soon, or I hope no more.

640. To Sir David Dalrymple.

Strawberry Hill, July 11, 1759.

You will repent, Sir, I fear, having drawn such a correspondent upon yourself. An author flattered and encouraged is not easily shaken off again; but if the interests of my book did not engage me to trouble you, while you are so good as to write me the most entertaining letters in the

world, it is very natural for me to lay snares to inveigle more of them. However, Sir, excuse me this once, and I will be more modest for the future in trespassing on your kindness. Yet, before I break out on my new wants, it will be but decent, Sir, to answer some particulars of your letter.

I have lately read Mr. Goodall's book[1]. There is certainly ingenuity in parts of his defence; but I believe one seldom thinks a defence *ingenious* without meaning that it is unsatisfactory. His work left me fully convinced of what he endeavoured to disprove; and showed me, that the piece you mention is not the only one that he has written against moderation.

I have lately got Lord Cromerty's *Vindication* of the legitimacy of King Robert, and his *Synopsis Apocalyptica*, and thank you much, Sir, for the notice of any of his pieces. But if you expect that his works should lessen my esteem for the writers of Scotland, you will please to recollect, that the letter which paints Lord Cromerty's pieces in so ridiculous a light, is more than a counterbalance in favour of the writers of your country; and of all men living, Sir, you are the last who will destroy my partiality for Scotland.

There is another point, Sir, on which, with all your address, you will persuade me as little. Can I think that we want writers of history while Mr. Hume and Mr. Robertson are living? It is a truth, and not a compliment, that I never heard objections made to Mr. Hume's *History* without endeavouring to convince the persons who found fault with it, of its great merit and beauty; and for what I saw of Mr. Robertson's work, it is one of the purest styles, and of the greatest impartiality, that I ever read. It is impossible for me to recommend a subject to him; because

LETTER 640.—[1] *Examination of the Letters said to be written by Mary, Queen of Scots, to James, Earl of Bothwell*, by Walter Goodall (d. 1766).

I cannot judge of what materials he can obtain. His present performance will undoubtedly make him so well known and esteemed, that he will have credit to obtain many new lights for a future history; but surely those relating to his own country will always lie most open to him. This is much my way of thinking with regard to myself. Though the Life of Christina[2] is a pleasing and a most uncommon subject, yet, totally unacquainted as I am with Sweden and its language, how could I flatter myself with saying anything new of her? And when original letters and authentic papers shall hereafter appear, may not they contradict half one should relate on the authority of what is already published? for though memoirs *written* nearest to the time are likely to be the truest, those *published* nearest to it are generally the falsest.

But, indeed, Sir, I am now making you only civil excuses; the real one is, I have no kind of intention of continuing to write. I could not expect to succeed again with so much luck,—indeed, I think it so,—as I have done; it would mortify me more now, after a little success, to be despised, than it would have done before; and if I could please as much as I should wish to do, I think one should dread being a voluminous author. My own idleness, too, bids me desist. If I continued, I should certainly take more pains than I did in my *Catalogue*; the trouble would not only be more than I care to encounter, but would probably destroy what I believe the only merit of my last work, the ease. If I could incite you to tread in steps which I perceive you don't condemn, and for which it is evident you are so well qualified, from your knowledge, the grace, facility, and humour of your expression and manner, I shall have done a real service, where I expected at best to amuse.

[2] Christina, Queen of Sweden (1633–1654).

641. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, July 17, 1759.

Well, I begin to expect you; you must not forget the first of August. If we do but look as well as we do at present, you will own Strawberry is still in its bloom. With English verdure, we have had an Italian summer, and

> Whatever sweets Sabæan springs disclose,
> Our Indian jasmine, and the Persian rose.

I am forced to talk of Strawberry, lest I should weary you with what everybody wearies me, the French and the militia. They—I mean the latter only, not the former—passed just by us yesterday, and though it was my own *clan*, I had not the curiosity to go and see them. The crowds in Hyde Park, when the King reviewed them, were inimaginable. My Lord Orford, their colonel, I hear, looked gloriously martial and genteel, and I believe it; his person and air have a noble wildness in them; the regimentals, too, are very becoming, scarlet faced with black, buff waistcoats, and gold buttons. How knights of shires, who have never shot anything but woodcocks, like this warfare, I don't know; but the towns through which they pass adore them: everywhere they are treated and regaled. The Prince of Wales followed them to Kingston, and gave fifty guineas amongst the private men.

I expect some anecdotes from you of the coronation[1] at Oxford; I hear my Lord Westmoreland's own retinue was all be-James'd with true-blue ribands; and that because Sir William Calvert[2], who was a fellow of a college, and

Letter 641.—[1] The installation of the Earl of Westmorland as Chancellor of that University.

[2] Sir William Calvert, Kt. (d. 1767), Lord Mayor in 1748.

happened to be Lord Mayor, attended the Duke of Newcastle at his enthronization, they dragged down the present Lord Mayor [3] to Oxford, who is only a dry-salter.

I have your Butler's posthumous works [4]; the poetry is most uncouth and incorrect, but with infinite wit—especially one thing on plagiaries is equal to anything in *Hudibras*. Have you read my Lord Clarendon [5]? I am enchanted with it; 'tis very incorrect, but I think more entertaining than his *History*. It makes me quite out of humour with *other memoirs* [6]. Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. W.

642. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, July 26, 1759.

I am dying in a hot street, with my eyes full of dust, and my table full of letters to be answered—yet I must write you a line. I am sorry your first of Augustness is disordered; I'll tell you why. I go to Ragley on the twelfth. There is to be a great party at loo for the Duchess of Grafton, and thence they adjourn to the Warwick races. I have been engaged so long to this, that I cannot put it off, and besides, I am under appointments at George Selwyn's, &c., afterwards. If you cannot come before all this to let me have enough of your company, I should wish you to postpone it to the first of September, when I shall be at leisure for ten or twelve days, and could go with you from Strawberry to the Vine; but I could like to know certainly, for as I never make any of my visits while Strawberry is in bloom, I am a little crowded with them at the end of the season.

[3] Sir Richard Glyn, first Baronet (d. 1772).

[4] *The Genuine Remains in Verse and Prose of Mr. Samuel Butler*, edited by R. Thyer.

[5] *The Life of Clarendon*, written by himself.

[6] Walpole's own.

Walker & Cockerell Ph. S.

James, 2nd Earl Waldegrave
from painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.

I came this morning in all this torrent of heat from Lord Waldegrave's at Navestock. It is a dull place, though it does not want prospect backwards. The garden is small, consisting of two French *allées* of old limes, that are comfortable, two groves that are not so, and a green canal; there is besides a paddock. The house was built by his father, and ill finished, but an *air seigneurial* in the furniture: French glasses in quantities, handsome commodes, tables, screens, &c., goodish pictures in rich frames, and a deal of noblesse *à la St. Germain.* James II, Charles II, the D. of Berwick [1], her Grace of Buckingham, the Queen Dowager [2] in the dress she visited Madame Maintenon, her daughter the Princess Louisa [3], a Lady Gerard that died at Joppa returning from a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and above all *la Godfrey* [4], and not at all ugly, though she does not show her thighs. All this is a little leavened with the late King, the present King, and Queen Caroline—and I shall take care to sprinkle a little *unholy* water from our *well.*

I am very sorry you have been so ill: take care of yourself, there are wicked sore-throats in vogue; poor Lady Essex and Mrs. Charles Yorke [5] died of them in an instant.

Do let me have a line, and do fix a day, for instead of keeping me at home one by fixing it, you will keep me there five or six by not fixing it. Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. W.

LETTER 642.—[1] James Fitzjames (1660–1734), Duke of Berwick, natural son of James II by Arabella Churchill.

[2] Mary of Modena, second wife of James II, whom she survived seventeen years.

[3] Princess Louisa Maria Theresa (d. 1712), the only daughter of James II by his second marriage who survived infancy.

[4] Mrs. Godfrey, *née* Arabella Churchill, mother, by James II, of Lord Waldegrave's grandmother.

[5] Catherine, daughter of Rev. Dr. Freeman, of Hammels in Hertfordshire, and first wife of Hon. Charles Yorke, second son of first Earl of Hardwicke.

643. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 1, 1759.

I HAVE received your two letters about the watch, the first came with surprising celerity. I wish, when the watch is finished, I may be able to convey it to you with equal expedition.

Nothing is talked of here, as you may imagine, but the invasion—yet I don't grow more credulous. Their ridiculous lists of fifty thousand men don't contribute to frighten me—nay, though they specify the numbers of apothecaries and chaplains that are to attend. Fifty thousand men cannot easily steal a march over the sea. Sir Edward Hawke will take care of them till winter, and by that time we shall have a great force at land. The very militia is considerable: the spirit, or at least the fashion of it, catches every day. We are growing such ancient Britons, that I don't know whether I must not mount some pop-guns upon the battlements of my castle, lest I should not be thought hero enough in these West-Saxon times. Lord Pulteney has done handsomely, and what is more surprising, so has his father. The former has offered to raise a regiment, and to be only lieutenant-colonel, provided the command is given to a Colonel Crawford [1], an old soldier, long postponed—Lord Bath is at the expense, which will be five thousand pounds. All the country squires are in regimentals—a pedestal is making for little Lord Mountford, that he may be placed at the head of the Cambridgeshire militia. In short, we have two sorts of armies, and I hope neither will be necessary—what the consequences of this

Letter 643.—[1] Probably Lieutenant-Colonel John Walkinshaw Craufurd (d. 1793), of Craufurdland. He was an intimate friend of the Earl of Kilmarnock, whom he attended to the scaffold in 1746. In consequence of this act his name was placed at the bottom of the army-list.

militia may be hereafter, I don't know. Indifferent I think it cannot be. A great force upon an old plan, exploded since modern improvements, must make some confusion. If they do not become ridiculous, which the real officers are disposed to make them, the crown or the disaffected will draw considerable consequences, I think, from an establishment popular by being constitutional, and of great weight from the property it will contain.

If the French pursue their vivacity in Germany, they will send us more defenders; our eight thousand men there seem of very little use. Both sides seem in all parts weary of the war; at least are grown so cautious, that a battle will be as great a curiosity in a campaign as in the midst of peace. For the Russians, they quite make one smile; they hover every summer over the north of Germany, get cut to pieces by September, disappear, have a general disgraced, and in winter out comes a memorial of the Czarina's steadiness to her engagements, and of the mighty things she will do in spring. The Swedes follow them like Sancho Panza, and are rejoiced at not being bound by the laws of chivalry to be thrashed too.

We have an evil that threatens us more nearly than the French. The heat of the weather has produced a contagious sore-throat in London. Mr. Yorke, the Solicitor-General, has lost his wife, his daughter, and a servant. The young Lady Essex [2] died of it in two days. Two servants are dead in Newcastle House, and the Duke has left it; anybody else would be pitied, but his terrors are sure of being a joke. My niece, Lady Waldegrave, has done her part for repairing this calamity, and is breeding.

Your Lord Northampton has not acted a much more gallant part by his new mistress than by his fair one at Florence. When it was all agreed, he refused to marry

[2] Frances, eldest daughter of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams. *Walpole.*

unless she had eighteen thousand pounds. Eight were wanting. It looked as if he were more attached to his old flame than to his new one; but her uncle, Norborne Berkeley [3], has nobly made up the deficiency.

I told Mr. Fox of the wine that is coming, and he told me what I had totally forgot, that he has left off Florence, and chooses to have no more. He will take this parcel, but you need not trouble yourself again. Adieu! my dear Sir, don't let Marshal Botta terrify you: when the French dare not stir out of any port they have, it will be extraordinary if they venture to come into the heart of us.

644. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Aug. 8, 1759.

If anybody admires expedition, they should address themselves to you and me, who order watches, negotiate about them by couriers, and have them finished, with as little trouble as if we had nothing to do, but, like the men of business in the Arabian Tales, rub a dark lantern, a genie appears, one bespeaks a bauble worth two or three Indies, and finds it upon one's table the next morning at breakfast. The watch was actually finished, and delivered to your brother yesterday. I trust to our good luck for finding quick conveyance. I did send to the White Horse Cellar here in Piccadilly, whence all the stage-coaches set out, but there was never a genie booted and spurred, and going to Florence on a sunbeam. If you are not charmed with the watch, never deal with us devils any more. If anything a quarter so pretty was found in Herculaneum, one should admire Roman enamellers more than their Scipios and Cæsars. The device of the second seal I stole; it is

[3] Brother of the Duchess of Beaufort, mother of Lady Anne Somerset, whom Lord Northampton did marry. *Walpole.*

old, but uncommon; a cupid standing on two joined hands over the sea; *Si la foy manque, l'amour perira*—I hope for the honour of the device, it will arrive before half the honeymoon is over!—But, alack! I forget the material point; Mr. Deard, who has forty times more virtue than if he had been taken from the plough to be colonel of the militia, instead of one hundred and sixteen *pounds* to which I pinned him down, to avoid *guineas*, will positively take but one hundred and ten pounds. I did all I could to corrupt him with six more, but he is immaculate—and when our posterity is abominably bad, as all posterity always is till it grows one's ancestors, I hope Mr. Deard's integrity will be quoted to them as an instance of the virtues that adorned the simple and barbarous age of George the Second. Oh! I can tell you the age of George the Second is likely to be celebrated for more primitivity than the disinterestedness of Mr. Deard—here is such a victory[1] come over that—it can't get over. Mr. Yorke[2] has sent word that a Captain Ligonier[3] is coming from Prince Ferdinand to tell us that his Serene Highness has beaten Monsieur Contades to such a degree, that every house in London is illuminated, every street has two bonfires, every bonfire has two hundred squibs, and the poor charming moon yonder, that never looked so well in her life, is not at all minded, but seems only staring out of a garret window at the frantic doings all over the town. We don't know a single particular, but we conclude that Prince Ferdinand received all his directions from my Lord Granby, who is the mob's hero. We are a little afraid,

LETTER 644.—[1] The battle of Minden, where, on August 1, 1759, the French under Contades and Broglie were defeated by the English and Hanoverians under Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick.

[2] Hon. Joseph Yorke, Minister at the Hague.

[3] Captain Edward Ligonier (1740–1782), nephew of the Commander-in-Chief, whom he succeeded as Viscount Ligonier, 1770; cr. Earl Ligonier, 1776.

if we could fear anything to-night, that the defeat[4] of the Russians by General Weidel was a mistake for this victory of Prince Ferdinand. Pray Heaven! neither of these glories be turned sour, by staying so long at sea! You said in your last, what slaughter must be committed by the end of August! Alas! my dear Sir, so there is by the beginning of it; and we, wretched creatures, are forced to be glad of it, because the greatest part falls on our enemies.

Fifteen hundred men have stolen from Dunkirk, and are said to be sailed northward—some think to Embden—too poor a pittance surely where they thought themselves so superior, unless they meant to hinder our receiving our own troops from thence—as paltry, too, if this is their invasion—but if to Scotland, not quite a joke. However, Prince Ferdinand seems to have found employment for the rest of their troops, and Monsieur de Botta will not talk to you in quite so high a style.

D'Aubreu, the pert Spanish minister, said the other day at court to poor Alt, the Hessian, 'Monsieur, je vous félicite; Munster[5] est pris.' Mr. Pitt, who overheard this cruel apostrophe, called out, 'Et moi, Monsieur Alt, je vous félicite; les Russes sont battus.'

I am here in town almost every day; Mrs. Leneve, who has so long lived with my father, and with me, is at the point of death; she is seventy-three, and has passed twenty-four of them in continual ill health; so I can but wish her released. Her long friendship with our family makes this attention a duty; otherwise I should certainly not be in town this most gorgeous of all summers! I should like to know in how many letters this wonderful summer has been talked of.

[4] The battle of Züllichau on July 23, 1759, where, however, General Wedell was repulsed by the Russians with heavy loss.

[5] Taken by the French on July 25, 1759.

It is above two years, I think, since you sent home any of my letters—will you by any convenient opportunity?

Adieu! There is great impatience, as you may believe, to learn the welfare of our young lords and heroes—there are the Duke of Richmond, Lord Granby, Lord George Sackville, Lord Downe, Fitzroy, General Waldegrave, and others of rank.

645. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 9, 1759.

Unless your Colonel Johnson[1] is a man of no note, he is safe and well, for we have not lost one officer of any note—now will you conclude that we are beaten, and will be crying and roaring all night for Hanover! Lord! where do you live? If you had any ears, as I have none left with the noise, you would have heard the racket that was made from morning till night yesterday on the news of the total victory gained by Prince Ferdinand over the French. He has not left so many alive as there are at any periwig-maker's in London. This is all we know; the particulars are to come at their leisure, and with all the gravity due to their importance. If the King's heart were not *entirely English*[2], I believe he would be complimented with the title of Germanicus from the name of the country where this great event happened; for we don't at all know the precise spot, nor has the battle yet been christened—all that is certain is, that the poor Duke is neither father nor godfather.

I was sent for to town yesterday, as Mrs. Leneve was at the point of death, but she has had a surprising change, and may linger on still. I found the town distracted, and

Letter 645.—[1] Probably Colonel (afterwards General) James Johnston, husband of a sister of Montagu's cousin, the Earl of Halifax.

[2] Queen Anne, in her first speech in Parliament, declared her heart to be 'entirely English.' These words were engraved upon her coronation medal. Swift introduced them into his poem *On the Union*:—

'The Queen has lately lost a part
Of her *entirely English* heart.'

at night it was beautiful beyond description. As the weather was so hot, every window was open, and all the rails illuminated; every street had one or two bonfires, the moon was in all its glory, the very middle of the streets crowded with officers and people of fashion talking of the news. Every squib in town got drunk, and rioted about the streets till morning. Two of our regiments are said to have suffered much, of which Napier's most. Adieu! If you should be over-English with this, there is a party of fifteen hundred men stolen out of Dunkirk, that some weeks hence may bring you to your senses again, provided they are properly planted and watered in Scotland.

Yours ever,

H. W.

646. To the Earl of Strafford.

Strawberry Hill, Thursday, 3 o'clock, Aug. 9, 1759.

My dear Lord,

Lord Granby has entirely defeated the French[1]!—The foreign gazettes, I suppose, will give this victory to Prince Ferdinand; but the mob of London, whom I have this minute left, and who must know best, assure me that it is all their own Marquis's doing. Mr. Yorke[2] was the first to send this news, 'to be laid with himself and all humility at his Majesty's feet[3],' about eleven o'clock yesterday morning. At five this morning came Captain Ligonier, who was dispatched in such a hurry that he had not time to pack up any particulars in his portmanteau: those we are expecting with our own army, who we conclude are now at Paris, and will lie to-morrow night at Amiens. All we know is, that not one Englishman is killed, nor one Frenchman left

Letter 646.—[1] At Minden. *Walpole.*

[2] The late Lord Dover, the minister at the Hague. *Walpole.*

[3] The words of his dispatch. *Walpole.*

alive. If you should chance to meet a bloody waggon-load of heads, you will be sure that it is the part of the spoils that came to Downe's share, and going to be hung up in the great hall at Cowick [4].

We have a vast deal of other good news; but as not one word of it is true, I thought you would be content with this victory. His Majesty is *in high spirits*, and is to make a triumphal entry into Hanover on Tuesday fortnight. I envy you the illuminations and rejoicings that will be made at Worksop on this occasion.

Four days ago we had a great victory over the Russians; but in the hurry of this triumph it has somehow or other been mislaid, and nobody can tell where to find it:—however, it is not given over for lost.

Adieu, my dear Lord! As I have been so circumstantial in the account of this battle, I will not tire you with anything else. My compliments to the lady of the menagerie. I see your new offices [5] rise every day in a very respectable manner. Yours most faithfully,

Hor. Walpole.

646*. To George Augustus Selwyn.

Thursday night, 10 o'clock.

I wrote Mr. Williams a very ignorant letter this evening; I just hurry a few lines to you, very little more informed, but to prepare you for some very bad Prussian news. The day before yesterday Mr. Yorke had sent a victory over the Russians, the second time such a victory has been a defeat!

Yesterday, at past three, Lord Holderness received a mysterious letter; I don't know from whence; not a word of

[4] Lord Downe's seat in Yorkshire. *Walpole.*

[5] At Lord Strafford's house at Twickenham. *Walpole.*

Letter 646*. — Not in C.; reprinted from Jesse's *Memoirs of the Life and Reign of George III*, vol. i. pp. 598-9.

it was told; upon which the stocks took it into their head that the King of Prussia was killed, and in their panic tumbled down a hundred pair of stairs. Betty says all the Germans are in tears; my Lady Townshend has been with Hawkins to know if it is possible for the King of Prussia to live after his head is shot off. But here is a little comfort. General Ellison tells me that my Lord Anson, half an hour ago, received a letter from a very sensible man—*his Lordship* says—at Ostend, which says the action was very bloody, but not decisive, except that it appeared by the consequences that the Russians had the advantage, and that this account is rather a French one.

Where the goodness or sense of this account lies, General Ellison does not tell me—I suppose my Lord did not tell him. Adieu!

P.S. The D. of D.[1] carried a letter from his son to the King yesterday. *Townshend's Advertiser.*

647. To George Augustus Selwyn.

Dear Sir, Arlington Street, Aug. 14, 1759.

As my journey to Hagley is put off, I shall not have the pleasure of waiting on you at Matson, as I flattered myself. The whole party has disappointed the races; and for my own part, I am here in daily expectation of seeing the conclusion of Mrs. Leneve's sufferings. Her struggles are wonderful, but as a thrush has appeared, I should think to-night or to-morrow must end it. Pray make my compliments to Lord and Lady Coventry, and my excuses for not waiting on them.

Yours ever,

H. Walpole.

[1] The Duke of Dorset. The 'son' in question was Lord George Sackville. See letter 648.

Letter 647.—Not in C.; now first printed from copy of original in possession of Mr. Charles Roberts, of Philadelphia, U.S.A.

648. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Arlington Street, Aug. 14, 1759.

I am here in the most unpleasant way in the world, attending poor Mrs. Leneve's death-bed, a spectator of all the horrors of tedious suffering and clear sense, and with no one soul to speak to—but I will not tire you with a description of what has quite worn me out.

Probably by this time you have seen the Duke of Richmond or Fitzroy[1]—but lest you should not, I will tell you all I can learn—and a wonderful history it is. Admiral Byng was not more unpopular than Lord George Sackville. I should scruple repeating his story, if Betty and the waiters at Arthur's did not talk of it publicly, and thrust *Prince Ferdinand's orders* into one's hand.

You have heard, I suppose, of the violent animosities that have reigned for the whole campaign between him and Lord Granby—in which some other warm persons have been very warm too. In the heat of the battle, the Prince, finding thirty-six squadrons of French coming down upon our army, sent Legonier to order our thirty-two squadrons under Lord George to advance. During that transaction, the French appeared to waver; and Prince Ferdinand, willing, as it is supposed, to give the honour to the British horse of terminating the day, sent Fitzroy to bid Lord George bring up only the British cavalry. Legonier had but just delivered his message, when Fitzroy came with

Letter 648.—Collated with original in possession of Earl Waldegrave.

[1] Colonel Charles Fitzroy (1737–1797), son of Lord Augustus Fitzroy, second surviving son of second Duke of Grafton; cr. (Oct. 17, 1780) Baron Southampton, of the county of Southampton. He entered the army in 1756, and became a General in 1793. At the battle of Minden he acted as Aide-de-Camp to Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, and carried to Lord George Sackville the order for the advance of the cavalry, which was disregarded by Lord George — a neglect which proved the ruin of the latter's military career.

his.—Lord George said, 'This can't be so—would he have me break the line? here is some mistake.' Fitzroy replied, he had not argued upon the orders, but those were the orders. 'Well!' said Lord George, 'but I want a guide.' Fitzroy said he would be his guide. Lord George, 'Where is the Prince?' Fitzroy, 'I left him at the head of the left wing, I don't know where he is now.' Lord George said he would go seek him, and have this explained. Smith then asked Fitzroy to repeat the orders to him; which being done, Smith went and whispered Lord George, who says he then bid Smith carry up the cavalry.—Smith is come, and says he is ready to answer anybody any question.—Lord George says Prince Ferdinand's behaviour to him has been most infamous, has asked leave to resign his command, and to come over, which is granted. Prince Ferdinand's behaviour is summed up in the enclosed extraordinary paper: which you will doubt as I did, but which is certainly genuine—I doubted, because, in the military, I thought direct disobedience of orders was punished with an immediate arrest, and because the last paragraph seemed to me very foolish. The going out of the way to compliment Lord Granby[2] with what he would have done, seems to take off a little from the compliments paid to those that have done something; but, in short, Prince Ferdinand or Lord George, one of them, is most outrageously in the wrong, and the latter has much the least chance of being thought in the right.

The particulars I tell you, I collected from the most *accurate* authorities. I make no comments on Lord George, it would look like a little dirty court to you; and the best

[2] 'His Serene Highness further orders it to be declared to Lieutenant-General the Marquis of Granby, that he is persuaded, that if he had had the good fortune to have had him at the head of the cavalry of the right wing, his presence would have greatly contributed to make the decision of that day more complete and more brilliant.' (Orders of Prince Ferdinand, *Gent. Mag.* 1759, p. 388.)

compliment I can make you, is to think, as I do, that you will be the last man to enjoy this revenge.

The Hereditary Prince has demolished another body of 6,000, and has taken Contades's baggage and his *segretaria* with all his papers[3]. The French are posting to the Rhine, and seem quite ruined in those parts.

The *defeated* Russians certainly thrashed the Prussians severely: the King has joined Wedel, and has taken an advanced post.

You will be sorry for poor McKinsey and Lady Betty, who have lost their only child at Turin! Adieu!

Yours ever,

H. W.

649. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 29, 1759.

Truly I don't know whether one is to be rejoicing or lamenting! Every good heart is a bonfire for Prince Ferdinand's success, and a funeral pile for the King of Prussia's defeat[1]. Mr. Yorke, who every week 'lays himself most humbly at the King's feet' with some false piece of news, has almost ruined us in illuminations for defeated victories—we were singing 'Te Deums' for the King of Prussia, when he was actually reduced to be King of Cüstrin, for he has not only lost his neighbour's capital[2], but his own too[3]. Mr. Bentley has long said, that we should see him at Somerset House[4] next winter; and really I begin to be afraid that he will not live to write the history of the war himself—I shall be content, if he is forced to do it even by

[3] The Prince defeated Contades' rear-guard at Gohfeld, near Minden, on the same day as the battle of Minden.

Letter 649.—[1] At Kunersdorf in Brandenburg, where, on August 12, 1759, the King of Prussia was defeated by the Russians under Soltykoff.

[2] Dresden, of which the Austrians had taken possession.

[3] The Russians did not advance upon Berlin.

[4] An uninhabited royal residence.

subscription. Oh, *that* Daun! how he sits silent on his drum, and shoves the King a little and a little farther out of the world! The most provoking part of all is (for I am mighty soon comforted when a hero tumbles from the top of Fame's steeple and breaks his neck), that that tawdry toad, Brühl[5], will make a triumphant entry into the ruins of Dresden, and rebuild all his palaces with what little money remains in the country!

The mob, to comfort themselves under these mishaps, and for the disappointment of a complete victory, that might have been *more completer*, are now grinding their teeth and nails, to tear Lord George[6] to pieces the instant he lands. If he finds more powerful friends than poor Admiral Byng, assure yourself he has ten thousand times the number of *personal* enemies; I was going to say *real*, but Mr. Byng's were real enough, with no reason to be personal. I don't talk of the event itself, for I suppose all Europe knows just as much as we know here. I suspend my opinion till Lord George speaks himself—but I pity his father, who has been so unhappy in his sons, who loved this so much, and who had such fair prospects for him. Lord George's fall is prodigious; nobody stood higher, nobody has more ambition or more sense.

You, I suppose, are taking leave of your new King of Spain[7]—what a bloody war is saved by this death, by its happening in the midst of one that cannot be more bloody! I detest a correspondence now; it lives like a vampire upon dead bodies! Adieu! I long to have nothing to write about.

[5] Count Brühl, favourite and Prime Minister of Augustus III, King of Poland and Elector of Saxony. *Walpole.*

[6] Lord George Sackville, disgraced at the battle of Minden. *Walpole.*

[7] Charles, King of Naples, who had succeeded to the throne of Spain on the death of his brother, Ferdinand VI. Charles III of Spain died in 1788.

P.S. I forgot to ask you if you are not shocked with Bellisle's letter[8] to Contades? The French ought to behave with more spirit than they do, before they give out such sanguinary orders—and if they did, I should think they would not give such orders. And did not you laugh at the enormous folly of Bellisle's conclusion! It is so foolish, that I think he might fairly disavow it. It puts me in mind of a ridiculous passage in Racine's *Bajazet*,

> *. . . et s'il faut que je meure,*
> *Mourons, moi, cher Osmin, comme un Visir; et toi*
> *Comme le favori d'un homme tel que moi.*

649*. To George Augustus Selwyn.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 29, 1759.

All I know you shall know, though I dare to say, not a jot more than you know already. Just as the battle turned, Prince Ferdinand sent Mr. Legonier to order Lord George to bring up all the cavalry. That message was scarce delivered, before Fitzroy came to order only the British cavalry. Lord George said there must be a mistake, and that he would go and ask Prince Ferdinand what he really would have. The Horse were not carried up; Lord George was coldly received after the battle, Lord Granby warmly; they all dined together, and next day came out the famous order of thanks. Lord George was enraged, sent over for leave to resign and to return, has leave: has written an

[8] This letter (found with other papers at Detmold) recommended Contades to supply his necessities from the surrounding country, and to destroy everything not required for his own use. The conclusion mentioned by Walpole is as follows: '. . . that you may have the satisfaction to show your enemies, and all Europe, that the French know how to act, and carry on war, in all seasons, when they have such a general as you are, and a minister of the department of war, that can foresee, and concert matters with the general.' (*Ann. Reg.* 1759, p. 235.)

Letter 649*.—Not in C.; reprinted from Jesse's *Memoirs of the Life and Reign of George III*, vol. i. p. 598.

explanatory letter to the Duke of Richmond which I have not seen, and is not come that I know. He is as much abused as ever poor Admiral Byng was, and by nobody so much as by my Lord Tyrawley. The Duchess imputes it all to malice, the Duke sinks under it. I seriously don't know a word more, nor have been in town, except a very few hours, since Mrs. Leneve's death.

The great King is reduced to be King of Cüstrin; the King of Spain is dead; regiments of light horse swarm as the invasion disappears. This is all the *Gazette* knows, till General Yorke mistakes some other defeat for a victory. Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. W.

650. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Sept. 13, 1759.

With your unathletic constitution I think you will have a greater weight of glory to represent than you can bear. You will be as *épuisé* as Princess Craon with all the triumphs over Niagara[1], Ticonderoga[2], Crown Point, and such a parcel of long names. You will ruin yourself in French horns, to exceed those of Marshal Botta, who has certainly found out a pleasant way of announcing victories. Besides *all* the West Indies[3], which we have taken by a panic, there is Admiral Boscawen has demolished the Toulon squadron[4], and has made *you* Viceroy of the Mediterranean. I really believe the French will come hither

Letter 650.—[1] Fort Niagara was taken on July 25, 1759, by a mixed force of regulars, provincials, and Indians, under Sir William Johnson.

[2] Ticonderoga and Crown Point were abandoned to the English under Amherst on July 7 and August 14, 1759.

[3] Guadaloupe surrendered to the English on May 1, and Desirade, Île des Saintes, Petite Terre, and Marie Galante (small islands near it) shortly afterwards.

[4] On Aug. 18, 1759, Admiral Boscawen totally defeated De la Clue's squadron in Lagos Bay.

now, for they can be safe nowhere else. If the King of Prussia should be totally undone in Germany, we can afford to give him an appanage, as a younger son of England, of some hundred thousand miles on the Ohio. Sure universal monarchy was never so put to shame as that of France! What a figure do they make! They seem to have no ministers, no generals, no soldiers! If anything could be more ridiculous than their behaviour in the field, it would be in the cabinet! Their invasion appears not to have been designed against us, but against their own people, who, they fear, will mutiny, and to quiet whom they disperse expresses, with accounts of the progress of their arms in England. They actually have established posts, to whom people are directed to send their letters for their friends *in England.* If, therefore, you hear that the French have established themselves at Exeter or Norwich, don't be alarmed, nor undeceive the poor women who are writing to their husbands for English baubles.

We have lost another Princess, Lady Elizabeth[5]. She died of an inflammation in her bowels in two days. Her figure was so very unfortunate, that it would have been difficult for her to be happy, but her parts and application were extraordinary. I saw her act in *Cato* at eight years old (when she could not stand alone, but was forced to lean against the side-scene), better than any of her brothers and sisters. She had been so unhealthy, that at that age she had not been taught to read, but had learned the part of Lucia by hearing the others study their parts. She went to her father and mother, and begged she might act. They put her off as gently as they could—she desired leave to repeat her part, and when she did, it was with so much sense, that there was no denying her.

I receive yours of August 25. To all your alarms for

[5] Second daughter of Frederick, Prince of Wales. *Walpole.*

the King of Prussia I subscribe. With little Brandenburgh he could not exhaust all the forces of Bohemia, Hungary, Austria, Muscovy, Siberia, Tartary, Sweden, &c., &c., &c.—but not to politicize too much, I believe the world will come to be fought for somewhere between the north of Germany and the back of Canada, between Count Daun and Sir William Johnson[6].

You guessed right about the King of Spain; he is dead, and the Queen Dowager[7] may once more have an opportunity of embroiling the little of Europe that remains unembroiled.

Thank you, my dear Sir, for the Herculaneum and Caserta that you are sending me. I wish the watch may arrive safe, to show you that I am not insensible to all your attentions for me, but endeavour, at a great distance, to imitate you in the execution of commissions.

I would keep this letter back for a post, that I might have but one trouble of sending you Quebec too; but when one has taken so many places, it is not worth while to wait for one more.

Lord George Sackville, the hero of all conversation, if one can be so for not being a hero, is arrived. He immediately applied for a court-martial, but was told it was impossible now, as the officers necessary are in Germany. This was in writing from Lord Holdernesse—but Lord Ligonier in words was more squab—'If he wanted a court-martial, he might go seek it in Germany.' All that could be taken from him is, his regiment, above two thousand pounds a year: commander in Germany at ten pounds a day, between three and four thousand pounds: lieutenant-general of the ordnance, one thousand five hundred pounds: a fort, three hundred pounds. He remains with a patent place in Ireland of one thousand

[6] The American General. *Walpole.*

[7] Elizabeth Farnese, widow of Philip V of Spain.

two hundred pounds, and about two thousand pounds a year of his own and wife's[8]. With his parts and ambition it cannot end here; he calls himself ruined, but when the Parliament meets, he will probably attempt some sort of revenge.

They attribute, I don't know with what grounds, a sensible kind of plan to the French; that De la Clue was to have pushed for Ireland, Thurot[9] for Scotland, and the Brest fleet for England—but before they lay such great plans, they should take care of proper persons to execute them.

I cannot help smiling at the great objects of our letters. We never converse on a less topic than a kingdom. We are a kind of citizens of the world, and battles and revolutions are the common incidents of our neighbourhood. But that is and must be the case of distant correspondences: Kings and Empresses that we never saw, are the only persons we can be acquainted with in common. We can have no more familiarity than the *Daily Advertiser* would have if it wrote to the Florentine Gazette. Adieu! My compliments to any monarch that lives within five hundred miles of you.

651. To the Earl of Strafford.

My dear Lord, Arlington Street, Sept. 13, 1759.

You are very good to say you would accept of my letters, though I should have no particular news to tell you; but at present, it would be treating heroes and conquerors with great superciliousness, if I made use of your indulgence and said nothing of them. We have taken more places and ships in a week than would have set up such pedant nations

[8] Diana (d. 1778), second daughter and co-heir of John Sambrooke.

[9] François Thurot, killed in action with the English in February, 1760.

as Greece and Rome to all futurity. If we did but call Sir William Johnson 'Gulielmus Johnsonus Niagaricus,' and Amherst[1] 'Galfridus Amhersta Ticonderogicus,' we should be quoted a thousand years hence as the patterns of valour, virtue, and disinterestedness; for posterity always ascribes all manner of modesty and self-denial to those that take the most pains to perpetuate their own glory. Then Admiral Boscawen has, in a very Roman style, made free with the coast of Portugal, and used it to make a bonfire of the French fleet. When Mr. Pitt was told of this infraction of a neutral territory, he replied, 'It is very true, but they are burned.'—In short, we want but a little more insolence and a worse cause to make us a very classic nation.

My Lady Townshend, who has not learning enough to copy a Spartan mother, has lost her youngest son[2]. I saw her this morning—her affectation is on t'other side; she affects grief—but not so much for the son she has lost, as for t'other that she may lose[3].

Lord George[4] is come, has asked for a court-martial, was put off, and is turned out of everything. Waldegrave has his regiment, for what he did; and Lord Granby the ordnance—for what he would have done.

Lord Northampton is to be married[5] to-night in full *Comptonhood*. I am indeed happy that Mr. Campbell[6] is a general; but how will his father like being the *Dowager-General* Campbell?

You are very kind, my Lord (but that is not new), in

LETTER 651. — [1] Major-General Jeffrey Amherst (1717–1797), K.B., 1761; knighted, 1763; cr. (May 20, 1776) Baron Amherst of Holmesdale; Governor of Virginia, 1759–68; Governor of Guernsey, 1770; Lieutenant-General of the Ordnance, 1772–82; General, 1778; Commander-in-Chief, 1772–82, 1793–95; Field-Marshal, 1796. He was at this time Commander-in-Chief in America, and had taken Ticonderoga on July 7, 1759.

[2] Hon. Roger Townshend, killed at Ticonderoga on July 7, 1759.

[3] Hon. George Townshend, commanding under Wolfe at Quebec.

[4] Lord George Sackville. *Walpole.*

[5] To Lady Anne Somerset. *Walpole.*

[6] The present Duke of Argyll. *Walpole.*

interesting yourself about Strawberry Hill. I have just finished a Holbein chamber, that I flatter myself you will not dislike; and I have begun to build a new printing-house, that the old one may make room for the gallery and round tower. This noble summer is not yet over with us—it seems to have cut a colt's *week*. I never write without talking of it, and should be glad to know in how many letters *this summer* has been mentioned.

I have lately been at Wilton[7], and was astonished at the heaps of rubbish. The house is grand, and the place glorious; but I should shovel three parts of the marbles and pictures into the river. Adieu, my Lord and Lady!

Your faithful servant,

Hor. Walpole.

652. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Arlington Street, Sept. 13, 1759.

I intended to send you the brief chronicle of Lord G. S., but your brother says he has writ to you this morning. If you want to know minute particulars, which neither he nor I should care to detail in a letter, I will tell you them if you will call for a minute at Strawberry on Sunday or Monday, as you go to your camp. I ask this boldly, though I have not been with you; but it was impossible; George Montagu and his brother returned to Strawberry with me from the Vine, and I am expecting Mr. Churchill and Lady Mary, who sent me word they would come to me as soon as I came back, and I think you will find them with me.

Lady Mary Coke is stripping off all the plumes that she

[7] Lord Pembroke's seat near Salisbury.

Letter 652.—Collated with original in possession of Earl Waldegrave.

has been wearing for Niagara, &c., and is composing herself into religious melancholy against to-morrow night, when she goes to Princess Elizabeth's burial. I passed this whole morning most deliciously at my Lady T.'s. Poor Roger, for whom she is not concerned, has given her a hint that her hero George may be mortal too; she scarce spoke, unless to improve on some bitter thing that Charles said, who was admirable. He made me all the speeches that Mr. Pitt will certainly make next winter, in every one of which Charles says (and I believe) he will talk of *this great campaign*, 'memorable to all posterity, with all its imperfections—a campaign which, though obstructed, cramped, maimed—but I will say no more——'

The campaign in Ireland, I hear, will be very warm; the Primate is again to be the object; Ponsonby[1], commander against him. Lord George's situation will not help the Primate's. Adieu! Yours ever,

H. W.

653. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, Saturday, Oct. 11, 1759.

I don't desire any such conviction of your being ill as seeing you ill, nor can you wonder that I wish to persuade myself that what I should be very sorry for, never happens. Poor Fred. Montagu's gout seems more serious: I am concerned that he has so much of a judge in him already.

You are very good in thinking of me about the sofa; but you know the Holbein chamber is complete, and old matters are not flung away upon you yourself. Had not you rather have your sofa than Lord Northampton's running footman? Two hundred years hence one might be amused with reading of so fantastic a dress, but they are horrid in one's own time.

[1] Hon. John Ponsonby, Speaker of the Irish House of Commons.

Mr. Bentley and I go to-morrow to Chaffont[1] for two or three days. Mr. Chute is at the Vine alone, but, I believe, will be in town this week.

I don't know whether it proceeds from the menaced invasion or the last comet, but we are all dying of heat. Everybody has put out their fires, and, if it lasts, I suppose will next week make summer clothes. The mornings are too hot for walking: last night I heard of strawberries. I impute it to the hot weather that my head has been turned enough to contend with the bards of the newspapers. You have seen the French epigram[2] on Madame Pompadour, and fifty vile translations of it—here is mine:—

O yes! here are flat-bottom boats to be sold,
And soldiers to let—rather hungry than bold:
Here are ministers richly deserving to swing,
And commanders whose recompense should be a string.
O France, still your fate you may lay at ——'s door;
You was saved by a Maid, are undone by a Whore.

People again believe the invasion—and I don't wonder, considering how great a militia we have, with such boys as you mention. I own, before I begin to be afraid, I have a little curiosity to see the militia tried—I think one shall at least laugh before one cries.

Adieu! what time have you fixed for looking southwards?

Yours ever,
H. W.

P.S. Your pictures you may have when you please; I think you had better stay and take them with you, than

LETTER 653.—[1] Chalfont, where Lady Mary Churchill lived.

[2] *Bateaux plats à vendre,*
Soldats à louer,
Ministre à pendre,
Généraux à rouer.

O France! le sexe femelle
Fit toujours ton destin,
Ton bonheur vint d'une pucelle,
Ton malheur vient d'une catin.
(*Gent. Mag.* 1759, p. 496.)

risk the rubbing them by the waggon. Mr. Müntz has not been lately in town, that is, Hannah has drawn no bill on him lately, so he knows nothing of your snuff-box. This it is to trust to my vivacity, when it is past its bloom—Lord! I am a mere antiquarian, a mere painstaking mortal. Mr. Bentley says, that if all antiquarians were like me, there would be no such thing as an antiquarian, for I set down everything for posterity so circumstantially that I leave them nothing to find out.

654. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 14, 1759.

If Strawberry Hill was not as barren of events as Chatham, I would have writ to you again; nay, if it did not produce the very same events. Your own Light Horse are here, and commit the only vivacities of the place—two or three of them are in the cage every day for some mischief or other. Indeed, they seem to have been taken from school too soon, and, as Rigby said of some others of these new troops, the moment their exercise is over, they all go a bird's-nesting. If the French load their flat-bottomed boats with rods instead of muskets, I fear all our young heroes will run away. The invasion seems again come into fashion: I wish it would come, that one might hear no more of it—nay, I wish it for two or three reasons. If they don't come, we shall still be fatigued with the militia, who will never go to plough again till they see an enemy: if there is a peace before the militia runs away, one shall be robbed every day by a constitutional force. I want the French, too, to have come, that you may be released; but that will not be soon enough for me, who am going to Park Place. I came from Chaffont to-day, and I cannot let

Letter 654.—Collated with original in possession of Earl Waldegrave.

the winter appear without making my Lady Ailesbury a visit. Hitherto my impediments may have looked like excuses, though they were nothing less. Lady Lyttelton goes on Wednesday: I propose to follow her on Monday; but I won't announce myself, that I may not be disappointed, and be a little more welcome by the surprise; though I should be very ungrateful, if I affected to think I wanted that.

Your epigrammest epigram is good; I am sorry to say the longer one is not equal to the subject. I can send you one, but it is only a translation; however, it will appear tolerable, by so many bad ones that have preceded it in the newspapers—you saw the original, did not you? *Bateaux plats à vendre*, &c.

O yes! here are flat-bottomed boats to be sold,
And soldiers to let—rather hungry than bold:
Here are ministers richly deserving to swing,
And commanders whose recompense should be a string.
O France, still your fate you may lay at ——'s door;
You was saved by a Maid, are undone by a Whore.

I cannot say I have read the second letter on Lord George; but I have done what will satisfy the booksellers more; I have bought nine or ten pamphlets: my library shall be *au fait* about him, but I have an aversion to paper wars, and I must be a little more interested than I am about him, before I can attend to them: my head is to be filled with more sacred trash.

The Speaker was here t'other day, and told me of the intimacy between his son[1] and you and the militia. He says the lawyers are examining whether Lord George can be tried or not.

[1] George Onslow (1731–1814), only son of Arthur Onslow, Speaker of the House of Commons; cr. (May 20, 1776) Baron Cranley of Imbercourt, Surrey; succeeded his cousin as fourth Baron Onslow, 1776; cr. Earl of Onslow, 1801; Lord of the Treasury, 1767–77; Comptroller of the Household, 1777–79; Lord of the Bedchamber, 1780.

I am sorry Lord Stormont is marriediski[2]; he will pass his life under the north pole, and whip over to Scotland by way of Greenland without coming to London.

I dined t'other day at Sion with the Holdernesses; Lady Mary Coke was there, and in this great dearth of candidates she permits Haslang[3] to die for her. They were talking in the bow-window, when a sudden alarm being given that dinner was on table, he expressed great joy and appetite. You can't imagine how she was offended. . . .[4] Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. W.

P.S. Before next winter is over I think you will have occasion to display Campbell colours. That clan and the Townshends will not fight under the same standard—don't mention this—but I have seen a woman come out of a weather-glass, who portends very foul weather.

655. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Oct. 16, 1759.

I LOVE to prepare your countenance for every event that may happen, for an ambassador, who is nothing but an actor, should be that greatest of actors, a philosopher; and with the leave of wise men (that is, hypocrites), philosophy I hold to be little more than presence of mind: now undoubtedly preparation is a prodigious help to presence of mind. In short, you must not be surprised that we have failed at Quebec[1], as we certainly shall. You may say, if you please, in the style of modern politics, that your court

[2] Lord Stormont, who was Envoy to Warsaw, had married Henrietta Frederica (d. 1766), daughter of Count Bünau of Saxony.

[3] The Bavarian minister.

[4] Passage omitted.

LETTER 655.—[1] Quebec was already in the hands of the English; on Sept. 13 Wolfe won the battle of the Plains of Abraham, and fell mortally wounded when leading the charge against the enemy; on Sept. 18 the town surrendered.

never supposed it could be taken; the attempt was only made to draw off the Russians from the King of Prussia, and leave him at liberty to attack Daun. Two days ago came letters from Wolfe, despairing, as much as heroes can despair[2]. The town is well victualled, Amherst is not arrived, and fifteen thousand men encamped defend it. We have lost many men by the enemy, and some by our friends —that is, we now call our nine thousand only seven thousand. How this little army will get away from a much larger, and in this season in that country, I don't guess—yes, I do.

You may be making up a little philosophy too against the invasion, which is again come into fashion, and with a few trifling incidents in its favour, such as our fleet[3] dispersed and driven from their coasts by a great storm. Before that, they were actually embarking, but with so ill a grace that an entire regiment mutinied, and they say is broke. We now expect them in Ireland, unless this dispersion of our fleet tempts them hither. If they do not come in a day or two, I shall give them over.

You will see in our gazettes that we make a great figure in the East Indies. In short, Mr. Pitt and this little island appear of some consequence even in the map of the world. He is a new sort of Fabius,

Qui verbis restituit rem.

[2] Wolfe wrote on Sept. 2: 'In this situation, there is such a choice of difficulties, that I own myself at a loss how to determine. The affairs of Great Britain, I know, require the most vigorous measures; but then the courage of a handful of brave men should be exerted only, where there is some hope of a favourable event. However, you may be assured, Sir, that the small part of the campaign which remains, shall be employed (as far as I am able) for the honour of his majesty, and the interest of the nation, in which I am sure of being well seconded by the admiral and by the generals. Happy if our efforts here can contribute to the success of his majesty's arms in any other parts of America. I have the honour to be with the greatest respect, Sir, your most obedient and humble servant, J. Wolfe.' (*Ann. Reg.* 1759, p. 246.)

[3] The fleet under Hawke had been before Brest since the previous May.

Have you yet received the watch? I see your poor Neapolitan Prince[4] is at last set aside—I should honour Dr. Serrao's[5] integrity, if I did not think it was more humane to subscribe to the poor boy's folly, than hazard his being poisoned by making it doubtful.

My charming niece is breeding—you see I did not make my Lord Waldegrave an useless present. Adieu! my dear Sir.

656. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 18, 1759.

I intended my visit to Park Place to show my Lady Ailesbury that when I come thither it is not solely on your account, and yet I will not quarrel with my journey thither if I should find you there; but seriously I cannot help begging you to think whether you will go thither or not, just now. My first thought about you has ever been what was proper for you to do; and though you are the man in the world that think of that the most yourself, yet you know I have twenty scruples, which even you sometimes laugh at. I will tell them to you, and then you will judge, as you can best. Sir Edward Hawke and his fleet is dispersed, at least driven back to Plymouth: the French, if one may believe that they have broken a regiment for mutinying against embarking, were actually embarked at that instant. The most sensible people I know always thought they would postpone their invasion, if ever they intended it, till our great ships could not keep the sea, or were eaten up by the scurvy. Their ports are now free; their situation is desperate: the new account of our taking

[4] The King's eldest son, set aside for being an idiot. *Walpole.*

[5] He at first refused to subscribe to the Prince's incapacity, but afterwards did so.

Quebec leaves them in the most deplorable condition; they will be less able than ever to raise money, we have got ours for next year; and this event would facilitate it, if we had not: they must try for a peace, they have nothing to go to market with but Minorca. In short, if they cannot strike some desperate blow in this island or Ireland, they are undone: the loss of twenty thousand men to do us some mischief would be cheap. I should even think Madame Pompadour in danger of being torn to pieces, if they did not make some attempt. Madame Maintenon, not half so unpopular, mentions in one of her letters her unwillingness to trust her niece Mademoiselle Aumale on the road, for fear of some such accident. You will smile perhaps at all this reasoning and pedantry; but it tends to this—if desperation should send the French somewhere, and the wind should force them to your coast, which I do not suppose their object, and you should be out of the way, you know what your enemies would say; and, strange as it is, even you have been proved to have enemies. My dear Sir, think of this! Wolfe, as I am convinced, has fallen a sacrifice to his rash blame of you. If I understand anything in the world, his letter that came on Sunday said this: 'Quebec is impregnable; it is flinging away the lives of brave men to attempt it. I am in the situation of Conway at Rochefort; but having blamed him, I must do what I now see he was in the right to see was wrong, and yet what he would have done; and as I am commander, which he was not, I have the melancholy power of doing what he was prevented doing.' Poor man! his life has paid the price of his injustice; and as his death has purchased such benefit to his country, I lament him, as I am sure you, who have twenty times more courage and good-nature than I have, do too. In short, I, who never did anything right or prudent myself (not, I am afraid, for want of knowing

what was so), am content with *your* being perfect, and with suggesting anything to you that may tend to keeping you so:—and (what is not much to the present purpose) if such a pen as mine can effect it, the world hereafter shall know that you was so. In short, I have pulled down my Lord Falkland, and I desire you will take care that I may speak truth when I erect you in his place; for remember, I love truth even better than I love you. I always confess my own faults, and I will not palliate yours.—But, laughing apart, if you think there is no weight in what I say, I shall gladly meet you at Park Place, whither I shall go on Monday, and stay as long as I can, unless I hear from you to the contrary. If you should think I have hinted anything to you of consequence, would not it be handsome, if, after receiving leave, you should write to my Lord Ligonier, that though you had been at home but one week in the whole summer, yet as there might be occasion for your presence in the camp[1], you should decline the permission he had given you?—See what it is to have a wise relation, who preaches a thousand fine things to you which he would be the last man in the world to practise himself. Adieu!

Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

657. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 19, 1759.

I had no occasion to be in such a hurry to prepare your ambassadorial countenance; if I had stayed but one day more, I might have left its muscles to behave as they pleased. The notification of a probable disappointment at Quebec came only to heighten the pleasure of the conquest.

Letter 656.—[1] Mr. Conway was encamped in Kent, near Canterbury. *Walpole.*

You may now give yourself what airs you please, you are master of East and West Indies. An ambassador is the only man in the world whom bullying becomes: I beg your pardon, but you are spies, if you are not braggadocios. All precedents are on your side: Persians, Greeks, Romans, always insulted their neighbours when they conquered Quebec. Think how pert the French would have been on such an occasion, and remember that they are Austrians to whom you are to be saucy. You see, I write as if my name was Belleisle and yours Contades.

It was a very singular affair, the generals[1] on both sides slain, and on both sides the second in command[2] wounded; in short, very near what battles should be, in which only the principals ought to suffer. If their army has not ammunition and spirit enough to fall again upon ours before Amherst comes up, all North America is ours.

Poetic justice could not have been executed with more rigour than it has been on the perjury, treachery, and usurpations of the French. I hope Mr. Pitt will not leave them at the next treaty an opportunity of committing so many national crimes again. How they or we can make a peace, I don't see; can we give all back, or they give all up? No, they must come hither; they have nothing left for it but to conquer us.

Don't think it is from forgetting to tell you particulars, that I tell you none; I am here, and don't know one but what you will see in the *Gazette*, and by which it appears that the victory was owing to the impracticability, as the French thought, and to desperate resolution on our side. What a scene! an army in the night dragging itself up

LETTER 657.—[1] The French commander, the Marquis de Montcalm, was shot while rallying his men. He died on the following day.

[2] The second in command were General Monckton, who was disabled early in the action, and the Brigadier de Senezergues, who was mortally wounded.

a precipice by stumps of trees to assault a town and attack an army strongly entrenched and double in numbers!

Adieu! I think I shall not write to you again this twelvemonth; for, like Alexander, we have no more worlds left to conquer.

P.S. Monsieur Thurot is said to be sailed with his tiny squadron—but can the lords of America be afraid of half a dozen canoes? Mr. Chute is sitting by me, and says, nobody is more obliged to Mr. Pitt than you are: he has raised you from a very uncomfortable situation to hold your head above the Capitol.

658. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 21, 1759.

Your pictures shall be sent as soon as any of us go to London, but I think that will not be till the Parliament meets. Can one easily leave the remains of such a year as this? It is still all gold. I have not dined or gone to bed by a fire till the day before yesterday. Instead of the glorious and ever-memorable year 1759, as the newspapers call it, I call it this ever-warm and victorious year. We have not had more conquest than fine weather: one would think we had plundered East and West Indies of sunshine. Our bells are worn threadbare with ringing for victories. I believe it will require ten votes of the House of Commons before people will believe that it is the Duke of Newcastle that has done this, and not Mr. Pitt. One thing is very fatiguing; all the world is made knights or generals. Adieu! I don't know a word of news less than the conquest of America.

Yours ever,
H. W.

P.S. You shall hear from me again if we take Mexico or China before Christmas.

2d P.S. I had sealed my letter, but break it open again, having forgot to tell you that Mr. Cowslade has the pictures of Lord and Lady Cutts, and is willing to sell them.

659. To the Earl of Strafford.

My dear Lord, Strawberry Hill, Oct. 30, 1759.

It would be very extraordinary indeed if I was not glad to see one whose friendship does me so much honour as your Lordship's, and who always expresses so much kindness to me. I have an additional reason for thanking you now, when you are erecting a building after the design of the Strawberry committee. It will look, I fear, very selfish if I pay it a visit next year; and yet it answers so many selfish purposes that I certainly shall.

My ignorance of all the circumstances relating to Quebec is prodigious; I have contented myself with the rays of glory that reached hither, without going to London to bask in them. I have not even seen the conqueror's mother[1], though I hear she has covered herself with more laurel leaves than were heaped on the children in the wood. Seriously it is very great; and as I am too inconsiderable to envy Mr. Pitt, I give him all the honour he deserves.

I passed all the last week at Park Place, where one of the bravest men in the world, who is not permitted to contribute to our conquests, was indulged in being the happiest by being with one of the most deserving women—for Campbell goodness no more wears out than Campbell beauty—all their

Letter 659.—[1] Lady Townshend; owing to the death of Wolfe, and the disablement of Monckton, her son, General Townshend, received the surrender of Quebec.

good qualities are *huckaback*[2]. You see the Duchess[3] has imbibed so much of their durableness, that she is good-humoured enough to dine at a tavern at seventy-six.

Sir William Stanhope wrote to Mrs. Ellis[4], that he had pleased himself, having seen much of Mr. Nugent and Lady Berkeley this summer, and having been so charmed with the felicity of their *ménage*, that he could not resist marrying again. His daughter replied, that it had always been her opinion that people should please themselves, and that she was glad he had; but as to taking the precedent of my Lady Berkeley, she hoped it would answer in nothing but in my Lady Stanhope[5] having three children the first year. You see, my lord, Mrs. Ellis has bottled up her words[6], till they sparkle at last!

I long to have your approbation of my Holbein chamber; it has a comely sobriety that I think answers very well to the tone it should have. My new printing-house is finished, in order to pull down the old one, and lay the foundations next summer of my round tower. Then follows the gallery and chapel-cabinet. I hear your Lordship has tapped your magnificent front too. Well, when all your magnificences and my *minimificences* are finished, then, we—won't sit down and drink, as Pyrrhus said,—no, I trust we shall never conclude our plans so filthily; then—I fear we shall begin others. Indeed, I don't know what the Countess may do: if she imitates her mother, she will go to a tavern at fourscore, and then she and Pyrrhus may take a bottle

[2] Lady Ailesbury and Lady Strafford, both Campbells, preserved their beauty so long, that Mr. Walpole called them *huckaback beauties*, that never wear out. *Walpole.*

[3] The Duchess of Argyll, widow of John Campbell, Duke of Argyll, and mother to Lady Strafford. *Walpole.*

[4] His daughter. *Walpole.*—Wife of Welbore Ellis, afterwards Lord Mendip; she died in 1761.

[5] Anne, daughter of Francis Blake Delaval; m. (1) Sir William Stanhope; (2) Captain Morris, the song writer.

[6] She was very silent. *Walpole.*

together—I hope she will live to try at least whether she likes it. Adieu, both!

Yours most faithfully,
HOR. WALPOLE.

660. To LADY HERVEY.

POOR ROBIN'S ALMANACK.

Saturday, Nov. 3, 1759.

Thick fogs, and some wet.

Go not out of town. Gouts and rheumatisms are abroad. Warm clothes, good fires, and a room full of pictures, glasses, and scarlet damask, are the best physic.

In short, for fear your Ladyship should think of Strawberry on Saturday, I can't help telling you that I am to breakfast at Petersham that day with Mr. Fox and Lady Caroline, Lord and Lady Waldegrave. How did you like the farce[1]? George Selwyn says he wants to see *High Life below Stairs*, as he is weary of low life above stairs.

661. To GEORGE MONTAGU.

Arlington Street, Nov. 8, 1759.

YOUR pictures will set out on Saturday; I give you notice, that you may inquire for them.

I did not intend to be here these three days, but my Lord Bath taking the trouble to send a man and horse to ask me to dinner yesterday, I did not know how to refuse; and besides, as Mr. Bentley said to me, 'you know he was an old friend of your father.'

The town is empty, but is coming to dress itself for Saturday. My Lady Coventry showed George Selwyn her clothes; they are blue, with spots of silver, of the size of

LETTER 660.—[1] *High Life below Stairs*, first acted at Drury Lane in 1759.

a shilling, and a silver trimming, and cost my Lord will know what.—She asked George how he liked them—he replied, 'Why, you will be change for a guinea.'

I find nothing talked of but the French bankruptcy[1]—Sir Robert Brown, I hear, and am glad to hear, will be a great sufferer. They put gravely into the article of bankrupts in the newspaper, 'Lewis le Petit, of the city of Paris, peace-breaker, dealer, and chapman'—it would have been still better if they had said, 'Lewis Bourbon, of petty France.'

We don't know what is become of their Monsieur Thurot, of whom we had still a little mind to be afraid. I should think he would do like Sir Thomas Hanmer, make a faint effort, beg pardon of the Scotch for their disappointment, and retire. Here are some pretty verses just arrived:

Pourquoi le bâton[2] *à Soubise,*
Puisque Chevert est le vainqueur?
C'est de la cour une méprise,
Ou bien le but de la faveur.
Je ne vois rien là qui m'étonne,
Répond aussitôt un railleur;
C'est à l'aveugle qu'on le donne,
Et non pas au conducteur.

Lady Meadows[3] has left nine thousand pound in reversion after her husband to Lord Sandwich's daughter[4]. Apropos to my Lady Meadows's maiden name, a name I believe you have sometimes heard, I was diverted t'other day with

Letter 661.—[1] 'Three arrêts were published by the court of France in October, suspending for a year the payment of the orders upon the general receipts of the finances, and allowing five per cent. on the respective sums as an indemnification. The second, of the same tenour with respect to the bills of the general farms; and the third suspending the reimbursement of capitals, as well in regard to the treasury as to the redemption.' (*Memoirs of George II*, ed. 1822, vol. ii. p. 388.)

[2] Soubise had recently become a Maréchal de France.

[3] Jemima, sister of Edward Montagu, of Sandleford, in Berkshire; m. Sir Sidney Meadows, Knight Marshal. She died Oct. 30, 1759.

[4] Lady Mary Montagu; d. unmarried 1761.

a story of a lady of that name[5], and a lord[6], whose initial is no farther from hers than he himself is sometimes supposed to be. Her postilion, a lad of sixteen, said, 'I am not such a child but I can guess something: whenever my Lord —— comes to my lady, she orders the porter to let in nobody else, and then they call for a pen and ink, and say they are going to write history.' Is not this *finesse* so like him? Do you know that I am persuaded, now he is parted, that he will forget he is married, and propose himself in form to some women or other.

When do you come? if it is not soon, you will find a new town. I stared to-day at Piccadilly like a country squire; there are twenty new stone houses: at first I concluded that all the grooms that used to live there had got estates and built palaces. One young gentleman, who was getting an estate, but was so indiscreet as to step out of his way to rob a comrade, is convicted, and to be transported—in short, one of the waiters at Arthur's—George Selwyn says, 'What a horrid idea he will give of us to the people in Newgate!'

I was still more surprised t'other day, than at seeing Piccadilly, by receiving a letter from the north of Ireland from a clergyman, with violent encomiums on my *Catalogue of Noble Authors*—and this when I thought it quite forgot. It put me in mind of the Queen[7] that *sunk* at Charing Cross and rose at Queenhithe.

[5] Mrs. Montagu, the authoress.—Elizabeth (1720–1800), daughter of Matthew Robinson, of West Layton, Yorkshire; m. (1742) Edward Montagu, grandson of first Earl of Sandwich. Her assemblies were a feature of the society of her day, and were frequented by her most gifted contemporaries of both sexes. She wrote an *Essay on the Writings and Genius of Shakespeare*, and contributed three dialogues to Lord Lyttelton's *Dialogues of the Dead*.

[6] Lord Lyttelton.

[7] Eleanor of Provence, mother of Edward I.—'When accused by King Edward of her crimes, she replies in the words of the old ballad:—

If that upon so vile a thing,
Her heart did ever think,
She wished the ground might open wide,
And therein she might sink!

Mr. Chute has got his commission to inquire about your Cutts's, but he thinks the lady is not your grandmother. You are very ungenerous to hoard tales from me of your ancestry: what relation have I spared? If your grandfathers were knaves, will your bottling up their bad blood mend it? Do you only take a cup of it now and then by yourself, and then come down to your parson, and boast of it, as if it was pure old metheglin? I sat last night with the Mater Gracchorum—oh! 'tis a Mater Jagorum—if her descendants taste any of her black blood [8], they surely will make as wry faces at it as the servant in Don John does, when the ghost decants a corpse. Good night, I am just returning to Strawberry, to husband my two last days and to avoid all the pomp of the Birthday — Oh! I had forgot, there is a Miss Wynne coming forth, that is to be handsomer than my Lady Coventry—but I have known one threatened with such every summer for these seven years, and they are always addled by winter!

Yours ever,

H. W.

662. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Nov. 16, 1759.

Now the Parliament is met, you will expect some new news; you will be disappointed: no battles are fought in Parliament now—the House of Commons is a mere war office, and only sits for the dispatch of military business. As I am one of the few men in England who am neither

With that at Charing Cross she sunk
Into the ground alive;
And after rose with life again,
In London at Queenhithe.'

(Wheatley's *London Past and Present*, vol. iii. p. 143.)

[8] Probably an allusion to Lady Townshend, who was well known for her bitter speeches (see p. 304). The expression 'Mater Jagorum' most likely conceals a reference (under the name of Iago) to Lady Townshend's eldest son George, who had made himself conspicuous by his jealousy of Wolfe, both before and after the latter's death. Walpole may well also have intended a reference to the younger Townshend, Charles, who was a restless political intriguer.

in the army nor militia, I never go thither. By the King's speech, and Mr. Pitt's *t'other* speech, it looks as if we intended to finish the conquest of the world next campaign. The King did not go to the House; his last eye is so bad that he could scarce read his answer to the Address, though the letters were as long and as black as Ned Finch[1]. He complains that everybody's face seems to have a crape over it. A person much more expected and much more missed, was not at the House neither; Lord George Sackville. He came to town the night before the opening, but did not appear—it looks as if he gave everything up. Did you hear that M. de Contades saluted Prince Ferdinand on his installation[2] with twenty-one cannons? The French could distinguish the outside of the ceremony, and the Prince sent word to the Marshal, that if he observed any bustle that day, he must not expect to be attacked—it would only be a chapter of the Garter.

A very extraordinary event happened the day after the meeting: Lord Temple resigned the Privy Seal. The account he gives himself is, that he continued to be so ill-used by the King, that it was notorious to all the world: that in hopes of taking off that reproach, he had asked for the Garter. Being refused, he had determined to resign, at the same time beseeching Mr. Pitt not to resent anything for him, and insisting with his two brothers that they should keep their places, and act as warmly as ever with the administration. That in an audience of twenty-five minutes he hoped he had removed his Majesty's prejudices, and should now go out of town, as well satisfied as any man in England. The town says, that it was concerted that he should not quit till Mr. Pitt made his speech on the first

LETTER 662. — [1] Brother of the Earl of Winchilsea. They were a very swarthy family. Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, in one of his odes, called them 'The black funereal Finches.' *Walpole.*

[2] As Knight of the Garter.

day, declaring that nothing should make him break union with the rest of the ministers, no, not for the nearest friend he had. All this is mighty fine; but the affair is, nevertheless, very impertinent. If Lord Temple hoped to involve Mr. Pitt in his quarrel, it was very wicked at such a crisis as this—and if he could, I am apt to believe he would—if he could not, it was very silly. To the Garter nobody can have slenderer pretensions; his family is scarce older than his earldom, which is of the youngest. His person is ridiculously awkward; and if chivalry were in vogue, he has given proofs of having no passion for tilt and tournament. Here ends the history of King George the Second and Earl Temple the First.

We are still advised to believe in the invasion, though it seems as slow in coming as the millennium. M. Thurot and his pigmy navy have scrambled to Gothenburg, where it is thought they will freight themselves with half a dozen pounds of Swedes. We continue to *militiate*, and to raise light troops, and when we have armed every apprentice in England, I suppose we shall translate our fears to Germany. In the meantime the King is overwhelmed with addresses on our victories; he will have enough to paper his palace. He told the City of London, that all was owing to *unanimity*, but I think he should have said, to *unmanimity*, for it were shameful to ascribe our brilliancy to anything but Mr. Pitt.

The new King of Spain seems to think that our fleet is the best judge of the incapacity of his eldest son, and of the fitness of his disposition of Naples, for he has expressed the highest confidence of Wall [3], and the strongest assurances of neutrality. I am a little sorry that Richcourt is not in Florence; it would be pleasant to dress yourself up in mural crowns and American plumes in his face. Adieu!

[3] General Wall, an Irish Catholic, who had been Ambassador from Spain to England. *Walpole.*

663. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Nov. 17, 1759.

I rejoice over your brother's honours[1], though I certainly had no hand in them. He probably received his staff from the Board of Trade[2]. If any part of the consequences could be placed to *partiality* for me, it would be the prevention of *your* coming to town, which I wished.

My Lady Cutts is indubitably your own venereal grandmother: the Trevors would once have had it, but by some misunderstanding the old Cowslade refused it. Mr. Chute has twenty more corroborating circumstances, but this one is sufficient.

Fred Montagu told me of the pedigree. I shall take care of all your commissions. Felicitate yourself on having got from me the two landscapes; that source is stopped. Not that Mr. Müntz is eloped to finish the conquest of America, nor promoted by Mr. Secretary's zeal for my friends, nor because the ghost of Mrs. Leneve has appeared to me, and ordered me to drive Hannah and Ishmael into the wilderness[3]—a cause much more familiar to *me* has separated us—nothing but a tolerable quantity of ingratitude on his side, both to me and Mr. Bentley. The story is rather too long for a letter: the substance was most extreme impertinence to me, concluded by an abusive letter against Mr. Bentley, who sent him from starving on seven pictures for a guinea to 100*l.* a year, my house, table, and utmost countenance. In short, I turned his head, and was forced to turn him out of doors. You shall see the *documents*, as it is the fashion to call proof papers. ——[4], I suppose, will naturally think me

Letter 663.—[1] Charles Montagu had been made a Major-General on the Irish establishment.

[2] Montagu's cousin, Lord Halifax, was President of the Board of Trade.

[3] Mrs. Leneve had probably expressed her disapproval of an intrigue of Müntz with a servant of Horace Walpole's.

[4] Name cut out.

to blame. Poets and painters imagine *they* confer the honour when they are protected—and they set down impertinence to the article of their own virtue, when you dare to begin to think that an ode or a picture is not a patent for all manner of insolence.

My Lord Temple, as vain as if he was descended from the stroller Pindar, or had made up card-matches at the siege of Genoa[5], has resigned the Privy Seal, because he has not the Garter. You cannot imagine what an absolute prince I feel myself with knowing that nobody can force me to give the Garter to Müntz.

My Lady Carlisle is going to marry a Sir Wm. Musgrave[6], who is but three-and-twenty: but, in consideration of the match, and of her having years to spare, she has made him a present of ten, and calls him three-and-thirty. I have seen the new Lady Stanhope—I assure you her face will introduce no plebeian charms into the faces of the Stanhopes. Adieu! Yours ever,

H. W.

664. To William Pitt.

Sir, Arlington Street, Nov. 19, 1759.

On coming to town, I did myself the honour of waiting on you and Lady Hester Pitt; and though I think myself extremely distinguished by your obliging note, I should be sorry for having given you the trouble of writing it, if it did not lend me a very pardonable opportunity of saying what I much wished to express, but thought myself too private a person, and of too little consequence, to take the liberty to say. In short, Sir, I was eager to congratulate you on

[5] This is apparently a contemptuous reference to Müntz. Müntz served in the French army till the peace of 1748. It may be gathered that he was present when the French raised the siege of Genoa in 1747, and that he was occupied in some military employment on a par with the making of card-matches. These latter were strips of card dipped in sulphur.

[6] Sir William Musgrave, Baronet of Hayton Castle, Cumberland.

the lustre you have thrown on this country; I wished to thank you for the security you have fixed to me of enjoying the happiness I do enjoy. You have placed England in a situation in which it never saw itself—a task the more difficult, as you had not to improve, but recover.

In a trifling book written two or three years ago, I said (speaking of the name in the world the most venerable to me), 'sixteen unfortunate and inglorious years since his removal have already written his eulogium[1].' It is but justice to you, Sir, to add, that that period ended when your administration began.

Sir, do not take this for flattery: there is nothing in your power to give that I would accept; nay, there is nothing I could envy, but what I believe you would scarce offer me —your glory. This may seem very vain and insolent; but consider, Sir, what a monarch is a man who wants nothing! consider how he looks down on one who is only the most illustrious man in England! But, Sir, freedoms apart, insignificant as I am, probably it must be some satisfaction to a great mind like yours to receive incense, when you are sure there is no flattery blended with it; and what must any Englishman be that could give you a moment's satisfaction and would hesitate?

Adieu! Sir. I am unambitious, I am uninterested, but I am vain. You have, by your notice, uncanvassed, unexpected, and at a period when you certainly could have the least temptation to stoop down to me, flattered me in the most agreeable manner. If there could arrive the moment when you could be nobody and I anybody, you cannot imagine how grateful I would be. In the meantime, permit me to be, as I have been ever since I had the honour of knowing you, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER 664.—[1] *Royal and Noble Authors*, account of Sir Robert Walpole. *Walpole.*

665. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Nov. 30 of the Great Year.

Here is a victory more than I promised you! For these thirteen days we have been in the utmost impatience for news. The Brest fleet had got out; Duff[1], with three ships, was in the utmost danger—Ireland ached—Sir Edward Hawke had notice[2] in ten hours, and sailed after Conflans[3] —Saunders arrived the next moment from Quebec, heard it, and sailed after Hawke without landing his glory. No express arrived, storms blew; we knew not what to think. This morning at four we heard that, on the 20th, Sir Edward Hawke came in sight of the French, who were pursuing Duff. The fight began at half an hour past two—that is, the French began to fly, making a running fight. Conflans tried to save himself behind the rocks of Belleisle, but was forced to burn his ship[4] of eighty guns and twelve hundred men. The *Formidable* of eighty, and one thousand men, is taken; we burned the *Hero* of seventy-four, eight hundred and fifteen. The *Thésée* and *Superbe* of seventy-four and seventy, and of eight hundred and fifteen and eight hundred men, were sunk in the action, and the crews lost. Eight of their ships are driven up the Vilaine, after having thrown

Letter 665.—[1] Captain (afterwards Vice-Admiral) Robert Duff (d. 1787). 'He was lying at anchor in Quiberon Bay, his squadron consisting of four 50-gun ships and four frigates, when, on the morning of Nov. 20, his outlook gave him intelligence of the French fleet to the southward of Belleisle. He hastily put to sea and stood to the southward, chased by the French. Suddenly the English ships tacked to the eastward, their men manning the rigging, cheering and throwing their hats into the sea. They had just made out the English fleet in hot pursuit of the French, which, partly owing to its turning aside to chase Duff's squadron, was overtaken before it could get into a safe anchorage.' (*D. N. B.*)

[2] He had notice on Nov. 17 when off Ushant, and came up with the French on Nov. 20 to the southward of Belleisle.

[3] Hubert de Brienne (d. 1777), Comte de Conflans, Vice-Admiral and Maréchal de France.

[4] The *Soleil Royal*.

over their guns; they have moored two frigates to defend the entrance, but Hawke hopes to destroy them. Our loss is a scratch—one lieutenant and thirty-nine men killed, and two hundred and two wounded. The *Resolution* of seventy-four guns, and the *Essex* of sixty-four, are lost, but the crews saved; they, it is supposed, perished by the tempest, which raged all the time, for

We rode in the whirlwind and directed the storm.

Sir Edward heard guns of distress in the night, but could not tell whether of friend or foe, nor could assist them.

Thus we wind up this wonderful year! Who that died three years ago and could revive, would believe it! Think, that from Petersburgh to the Cape of Good Hope, from China to California,

De Paris à Pérou,

there are not five thousand Frenchmen in the world that have behaved well! Monsieur Thurot is piddling somewhere on the coast of Scotland, but I think our sixteen years of fears of invasion are over—after sixteen victories. If we take Paris, I don't design to go thither before spring. My Lord Kinnoul is going to Lisbon to ask pardon for Boscawen's beating De la Clue in their *House*; it will be a proud supplication, with another victory in bank. Adieu! I would not profane this letter with a word of anything else for the world.

666. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Dec. 13, 1759.

That ever you should pitch upon me for a mechanic or geometric commission! How my own ignorance has laughed at me since I read your letter! I say, *your* letter, for as to Dr. Perelli's, I know no more of a Latin term in

mathematics than Mrs. Goldsworthy[1] had an idea of verbs. I will tell you an early anecdote in my own life, and you shall judge. When I first went to Cambridge, I was to learn mathematics of the famous blind professor Sanderson[2]. I had not frequented him a fortnight, before he said to me, 'Young man, it is cheating you to take your money: believe me, you never can learn these things; you have no capacity for them.' I can smile now, but I cried then with mortification. The next step, in order to comfort myself, was not to believe him: I could not conceive that I had not talents for anything in the world. I took, at my own expense, a private instructor[3], who came to me once a day for a year. Nay, I took infinite pains, but had so little capacity, and so little attention (as I have always had to anything that did not immediately strike my inclinations), that after mastering any proposition, when the man came the next day, it was as new to me as if I had never heard of it; in short, even to common figures, I am the dullest dunce alive. I have often said it of myself, and it is true, that nothing that has not a proper name of a man or a woman to it, affixes any idea upon my mind. I could remember who was King Ethelbald's great-aunt, and not be sure whether she lived in the year 500 or 1500. I don't know whether I ever told you, that when you sent me the seven gallons of drams, and they were carried to Mr. Fox by mistake for Florence wine, I pressed him to keep as much as he liked; for, said I, I have seen the bill of lading, and there is a vast quantity. He asked how much? I answered seventy gallons; so little idea I have of quantity. I will tell you one more story of

Letter 666.—[1] Wife of the English Consul at Leghorn, where, when she was learning Italian by grammar, she said, 'Oh! give me a language in which there are no verbs!' concluding, as she had not learnt her own language by grammar, that there were no verbs in English. *Walpole.*

[2] Nicholas Saunderson or Sanderson (1682–1739), Lucasian professor of mathematics.

[3] Dr. Trevigar. *Walpole.*

myself, and you will comprehend what sort of a head I have! Mrs. Leneve[4] said to me one day, 'There is a vast waste of coals in your house; you should make the servants take off the fires at night.' I recollected this as I was going to bed, and, out of *economy*, put my fire out with a bottle of Bristol water! However, as I certainly will neglect nothing to oblige you, I went to Sisson, and gave him the letter. He has undertaken both the engine and the drawing, and has promised the utmost care in both. The latter, he says, must be very large, and that it will take some time to have it performed very accurately. He has promised me both in six or seven weeks. But another time, don't imagine, because I can bespeak an enamelled bauble, that I am fit to be entrusted with the direction of the machine at Marli. It is not to save myself trouble, for I think nothing so for you, but I would have you have credit, and I should be afraid of dishonouring you.

There! there is the King of Prussia has turned all our war and peace topsy-turvy! If Mr. Pitt will conquer Germany too, he must go and do it himself. Fourteen thousand soldiers and nine generals taken, as it were, in a partridge-net[5]! and, what is worse, I have not heard yet that the monarch owns his rashness. As often as he does, indeed, he is apt to repair it. You know I have always dreaded Daun—one cannot make a blunder but he profits of it—and this just at the moment that we heard of nothing but new bankruptcy in France. I want to know what a kingdom is to do when it is forced to run away?

[4] Mrs. Isabella Leneve, a gentlewoman of a very ancient family in Norfolk, who had been brought up by Lady Anne Walpole, aunt of Sir Robert Walpole, with his sister, Lady Townshend, and afterwards had the care of Sir Robert's daughter, Lady Maria, after whose marriage with Mr. Churchill she lived with Mr. Walpole to her death. She had an excellent understanding, and a great deal of wit. *Walpole.*

[5] At Maxen in Saxony, where, on Nov. 26, General Finck, with between fifteen and twenty thousand men, was forced to surrender to the Austrians under Daun.

14th—Oh! I interrupt my reflections—here is another bit of a victory! Prince Henry, who has already succeeded to his brother's crown, as king of the fashion, has beaten a parcel of Wirtemberghers, and taken four battalions[6]. Daun is gone into Bohemia, and Dresden is still to be ours. The French are gone into winter quarters—thank God! What weather is here to be lying on the ground! Men should be statues, or will be so, if they go through it. Hawke is enjoying himself in Quiberon Bay, but I believe has done no more execution. Dr. Hay says it will soon be as shameful to beat a Frenchman as to beat a woman. Indeed, one is forced to ask every morning what victory there is, for fear of missing one. We talk of a congress at Breda, and some think Lord Temple will go thither: if *he* does, I shall really believe it will be peace; and a good one, as it will then be of Mr. Pitt's making.

I was much pleased that the watch succeeded so triumphantly, and *beat the French* watches, though they were two to one. For the *Fugitive Pieces*: the Inscription for the Column[7] was written when I was with you at Florence, though I don't wonder that you have forgotten it after so many years. I would not have it talked of, for I find some grave personages are offended with the liberties I have taken with so imperial a head[8]. What could provoke them to give a column Christian burial? Adieu!

667. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, Dec. 23, 1759.

How do you do? are you thawed again? how have you borne the country in this bitter weather? I have not been

[6] This advantage was gained by the Hereditary Prince of Brunswick, not by Prince Henry of Prussia, at Fulda, on Nov. 30, 1759.

[7] Inscription on a neglected column at Florence. *Walpole.*

[8] Francis, Emperor of Austria, husband of Maria Theresa. The poem contains a contemptuous reference to him as a 'Lorrainer.'

here these three weeks till to-day, and was delighted to find it so pleasant, and to meet a comfortable south-east wind, the fairest of all winds, in spite of the scandal that lies on the east; though it is the west that is the parent of all ugliness. The frost was succeeded by such fogs that I could not find my way out of London.

Has your brother told you of the violences in Ireland[1]? There wanted nothing but a Massaniello to overturn the government; and luckily for the government and for Rigby, he, who was made for a Massaniello, happened to be first minister there. Tumults, and insurrections, and oppositions,

Like arts and sciences, have travelled west.

Pray make the General collect authentic accounts of those civil wars against he returns—you know where[2] they will find their place, and that you are one of the very few that will profit of them. I will grind and dispense to you all the corn you bring to my mill.

We good-humoured souls vote eight millions with as few questions as if the whole House of Commons was of the club at Arthur's; and we live upon distant news, as if London was York or Bristol. There is nothing domestic, but that Lord George Lenox, being refused Lord Ancram's consent, set out for Edingburgh with Lady Louisa Kerr, the day before yesterday; and Lord Buckingham is going to be married to our Miss Pitt[3] of Twickenham, daughter of that strange woman who had a mind to be my wife, and who sent Mr. Raftor to know why I did not marry her—I replied, 'Because I was not sure that the two husbands that she had at once were both dead.' Apropos to my

LETTER 667.—[1] The people suspected that a parliamentary union of the two countries was intended. Dangerous riots took place in Dublin, in which many prominent persons were insulted. The mob was finally dispersed by cavalry.

[2] In Walpole's *Memoirs*.

[3] This marriage did not take place.

wedding, Prince Edward asked me at the Opera t'other night, when I was to marry Lady Mary Coke; I answered, as soon as I got a regiment; which, you know, is now the fashionable way.

The kingdom of beauty is in as great disorder as the kingdom of Ireland. My Lady Pembroke looks like a ghost —poor Lady Coventry is going to be one. Molly Howe has not done pining for Sir Armitage; and the Duchess of Hamilton is so altered I did not know her. Indeed, she is big with child, and so big, that, as my Lady Northumberland says, it is plain she has a camel in her belly, and my Lord Edgecumbe says, it is as true that it did not go through the eye of a needle. That great vulgar Countess has been laid up with a hurt in her leg; Lady Rebecca Poulett[4] pushed her on the birth-night against a bench; the Duchess of Grafton asked if it was true that Lady Rebecca kicked her?—'Kicked me, Madam! when did you ever hear of a Percy that took a kick?' I can tell you another anecdote of that house, that will not divert you less: Lord March making them a visit this summer at Alnwic Castle, my Lord received him at the gate, and said, 'I believe, my Lord, this is the first time that ever a Douglas and a Percy met here in friendship'—think of this from a Smithson to a true Douglas.

I don't trouble my head about any connection; any news into the country I know is welcome, though it comes out higglepiggledy, just as it happens to be packed up. The cry in Ireland has been against Lord Hilsborough, supposing him to meditate an union of the two islands. George Selwyn, seeing him sit t'other night between my Lady Harrington and Lord Barrington, said, 'Who can say that my Lord Hilsborough is not an enemy to an union?'

I will tell you one more story, and then good night.

[4] Youngest daughter of first Earl Poulett; d. unmarried 1765.

Lord Lyttelton was at Covent Garden; Beard came on: the former said, 'How comes Beard here? what made him leave Drury Lane?' Mr. Shelley, who sat next him, replied, 'Why, don't you know he has been such a fool as to go and marry a Miss Rich?—He has married Rich's daughter[5].' My Lord coloured[6], Shelley found out what he had said, and ran away.

I forgot to tell you, that you need be in no disturbance about Müntz's pictures; they were a present I made you. Good night!

Yours ever,
H. W.

668. To the Rev. Henry Zouch.

Sir, Strawberry Hill, Dec. 23, 1759.

I own I am pleased, for your sake as well as my own, at hearing from you again. I felt sorry at thinking that you was displeased with the frankness and sincerity of my last. You have shown me that I made a wrong judgement of you, and I willingly correct it.

You are extremely obliging in giving yourself the least trouble to make collections for me. I have received so much assistance and information from you, that I am sure I cannot have a more useful friend. For the *Catalogue*, I forgot it, as in the course of things I suppose it is forgot. For the Lives of English Artists, I am going immediately to begin it, and shall then fling it into the treasury of the world, for the amusement of the world for a day, and then for the service of anybody who shall happen hereafter to peep into the dusty drawer where it shall repose.

For my Lord Clarendon's new work, of which you ask

[5] John Rich, Manager of Covent Garden Theatre.

[6] Lord Lyttelton married, as his second wife, a Miss Rich, from whom he was separated.

me, I am charmed with it. It entertains me more almost than any book I ever read. I was told there was little in it that had not already got abroad, or was not known by any other channels. If that is true, I own I am so scanty an historian as to have been ignorant of many of the facts; but sure, at least, the circumstances productive of, or concomitant on several of them, set them in very new lights. The deductions and stating of arguments are uncommonly fine. His language I find much censured—in truth, it is sometimes involved, particularly in the indistinct usage of *he* and *him*. But in my opinion his style is not so much inferior to the former *History* as it seems. But this I take to be the case; when the former part appeared, the world was not accustomed to a good style as it is now. I question if the *History of the Rebellion* had been published but this summer, whether it would be thought so fine in point of style as it has generally been reckoned. For his veracity, alas! I am sorry to say, there is more than one passage in the new work which puts one a little upon one's guard in lending him implicit credit. When he says that Charles I and his Queen were a pattern of conjugal affection, it makes one stare. Charles was so, I verily believe; but can any man in his historical senses believe, that my Lord Clarendon did not know that, though the Queen was a pattern of affection, it was by no means of the conjugal kind? Then the subterfuges my Lord Clarendon uses to avoid avowing that Charles II was a Papist, are certainly no grounds for corroborating his veracity. In short, I don't believe him when he does not speak truth; but he has spoken so much truth, that it is easy to see when he does not.

Lucan is in poor forwardness. I have been plagued with a succession of bad printers, and am not got beyond the fourth book. It will scarce appear before next winter. Adieu! Sir. I have received so much pleasure and benefit

from your correspondence, that I should be sorry to lose it. I will not deserve to lose it, but endeavour to be, as you will give me leave to be, your, &c.

669. To Lady Mary Coke.

Madam, Arlington Street, Dec. 27, 1759.

Your Ladyship will see by what follows that I am impatient to advance the term prescribed for my happiness. Intending, like a true knight, to deserve you by my valour, I am going to take a step worthy of one who pretends to the honour of your hand. Perhaps, indeed, it is not perfectly agreeable to the strict rules of chivalry to avow any reason but the true one for devoting oneself to arms: but as I cannot expect a regiment but by flattering a minister in his own way, I am forced to ascribe to the love of my country what your Ladyship knows proceeds from nothing but my passion. Mr. Pitt is so weak as to prefer the honour of England even to your charms: if by humouring *him* I can possess *them*, a little insincerity may be pardoned in a lover. You must impute to the same cause, Madam, my speaking with any disesteem of sinecures—a thing, which though I possess, I should certainly disdain, if it was not with a view to those beautiful children with which I flatter myself I shall be blessed. In short, Madam, here follows my Petition; if you approve, I will send it; if it is not worthy the cause in which it is written, be so good as to fling it into the fire, and I will think of some other way of being

Your Ladyship's
Hor. Walpole.

To Mr. Pitt.

To raise a Troop a thousand ask:
To please 'em all how hard a task!

For whether they are Whig or Tory
You've vow'd (a thing unheard in story)
To grant what 's ask'd for England's glory.
I, too, Sir, on great actions bent,
Propose to raise a regiment:
But as my honest heart, like yours,
Abhors all kinds of sinecures;
If but a Troop or Company,
In the French Service let it be;
For you, Engrosser, have no longer
Left Britons anything to conquer[1].

670. To the Countess of Ailesbury.

Arlington Street, Dec. 29, 1759.

You laughed, my Lady, at my telling Prince Edward that I should marry Lady Mary Coke as soon as I got a regiment, but the affair was more serious than you imagined. As Mr. Pitt lets everybody raise a regiment that desires it, and as there certainly is nothing left for these regiments to do, I intend to offer my services too. The clan of the Campbells to be sure will flock to my

Letter 669. — [1] The following verses in reply to Horace Walpole's 'Petition' are printed in the Introduction to the third volume of the *Letters and Journals of Lady Mary Coke*. The editor (Hon. J. A. Home) suggests that they were written by Lady Temple.

Lady M. to Mr. W.

A very pretty scheme you've hit on,
Sir, to petition Mr. Pitt on,
A Regiment in France to win me!
Each drop of Campbell blood within me
Boils at the thought of such a motion;
And then it's so profound a notion
The mighty fortune you are carving
Just then when all the world are starving.
I hate the French and all their race,
I'd tell it to the Tyrant's face:
No, if I am a soldier's spouse,
Give me your Wolfes, your Clives, your Howes,
One sturdy Briton I'll be swore
Is worth three French monsieurs and more;
But since your ardour is so great,
By mighty deeds to serve the state,
And, as you say, each way to honour
Is occupied by some Forerunner,
Since I too with as warm a zeal
Burn to promote the public weal,
What if without all this delay,
You e'en should take me while you may
And raise recruits another way?

Letter 670.—Not in C.; reprinted from *Letters and Journals of Lady Mary Coke*, vol. iii. p. ix.

standard, and being of a very huckaback[1] complexion, I shall not be often put to the expense of levy-money. I should have chosen to call it the Regiment of Loo, and so have dressed them like Pam, but Lord Pulteney has already anticipated the thought of accoutring his men like the knave of clubs; and at present I have no fixed design for any distinction; but as Colonel Hale[2] has a death's head for his pompon, I propose to take a strawberry. In the meantime I have drawn up a petition, but as I am not used to these sort of things, if Mr. Frederick[3] is with you, I should be glad if he would correct it, and stick in a few law terms, to give it more the air of a formal memorial; here it is:—

To Mr. Pitt.

To raise a Troop a thousand ask:
To please 'em all how hard a task!
For whether they are Whig or Tory
You've vow'd (a thing unheard in story)
To grant what 's ask'd for England's glory.
I, too, Sir, on great actions bent,
Propose to raise a regiment:
But as my honest heart, like yours,
Abhors all kinds of sinecures;
If but a Troop or Company,
In the French Service let it be;
For you, Engrosser, have no longer
Left Britons anything to conquer.

This I think can't fail, but if it should, you know, Madam, I have one or two places that I can resign, and the

[1] See note on letter to Lord Strafford of Oct. 30, 1759.

[2] Colonel (afterwards General) John Hale (d. 1806), son of Sir Bernard Hale, Chief Baron of the Exchequer in Ireland. He raised, at his own expense, the 17th Light Dragoons, and was appointed Colonel of that regiment in Dec. 1759. It is now known as the 17th Lancers, and retains the death's-head badge mentioned by Walpole, with the motto 'Death or Glory.'

[3] Lady Ailesbury's brother, afterwards known as Lord Frederick Campbell. He was a member of the Middle Temple.

worst that can happen is to have them again, with the Garter into the bargain. It is true, I am very lean, and a blue riband will not become me much, but when one takes it only to show one's importance one must bear it as other great and awkward personages[4] have done.

There is nothing new, for there is nobody in town. I was at Mrs. Harris's last night, and I am sure your Ladyship will agree with me in a criticism I made on the house. Mrs. Howe said it would be a very good house if the rooms did but lie together. I said I thought there was a much greater fault in it, which is that the master and mistress do lie together. I should not repeat this, but as I have a great opinion of your Ladyship's taste in architecture.

Lady Stafford and Lord Farnham[5], and their child, for she is big, were presented on Thursday; they have been married eight or nine months, and she has changed her religion[6]. It is a pity that so much secrecy should be thrown away on legalities. Adieu! Madam. This is charming weather for planting laurels for everybody but the King of Prussia[7].

I am your Ladyship's
Most obedient servant,
HOR. WALPOLE.

671. To Lady Hervey.

Jan. 12, 1760.

I AM very sorry your Ladyship could doubt a moment on the cause of my concern yesterday. I saw you much displeased at what I had said; and I felt so innocent of

[4] An allusion to Lord Temple. See letter to Mann of Nov. 16, 1759.

[5] Robert Maxwell (d. 1779), second Baron Farnham; cr. Viscount Farnham in 1760, and Earl of Farnham in 1763; m. Henrietta Cantillon, widow of third Earl of Stafford.

[6] She had been a Roman Catholic.

[7] Alluding to the defeat and capture of his army at Maxen.

the least intention of offending you, that I could not help being struck at my own ill-fortune, and with the sensation raised by finding you mix great goodness with great severity.

I am naturally very impatient under praise; I have reflected enough on myself to know I don't deserve it; and with this consciousness you ought to forgive me, Madam, if I dreaded that the person whose esteem I valued the most in the world, should think that I was fond of what I know is not my due. I meant to express this apprehension as respectfully as I could, but my words failed me—a misfortune not too common to me, who am apt to say too much, not too little! Perhaps it is that very quality which your Ladyship calls wit, and I call tinsel, for which I dread being praised. I wish to recommend myself to you by more essential merits—and if I can only make you laugh, it will be very apt to make me as much concerned as I was yesterday. For people to whose approbation I am indifferent, I don't care whether they commend or condemn me for my wit; in the former case they will not make me admire myself for it, in the latter they can't make me think but what I have thought already. But for the few whose friendship I wish, I would fain have them see, that under all the idleness of my spirits there are some very serious qualities, such as warmth, gratitude, and sincerity, which ill returns may render useless or may make me lock up in my breast, but which will remain there while I have a being.

Having drawn you this picture of myself, Madam, a subject I have to say so much upon, will not your good-nature apply it as it deserves, to what passed yesterday? Won't you believe that my concern flowed from being disappointed at having offended one whom I ought by so many ties to try to please, and whom, if I ever meant anything, I had meaned to please? I intended you should see how much I despise

wit, if I have any, and that you should know my heart was void of vanity and full of gratitude. They are very few I desire should know so much; but my passions act too promptly and too naturally, as you saw, when I am with those I really love, to be capable of any disguise. Forgive me, Madam, this tedious detail; but of all people living I cannot bear that you should have a doubt about me.

672. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Jan. 14, 1760.

How do you contrive to exist on your mountain in this rude season? Sure you must be become a snowball! As I was not in England in forty-one, I had no notion of such cold. The streets are abandoned, nothing appears in them; the Thames is almost as solid. Then think what a campaign must be in such a season! Our army was under arms for fourteen hours on the twenty-third, expecting the French; and several of the men were frozen when they should have dismounted. What milksops the Marlboroughs and Turennes, the Blakes and the Van Trumps appear now, who whipped into winter quarters and into port, the moment their noses looked blue. Sir Cloudesly Shovel said that an admiral would deserve to be broke, who kept great ships out after the end of September, and to be shot if after October.—There's Hawke in the bay weathering *this* winter, after conquering in a storm. For my part, I scarce venture to make a campaign in the Opera House, for if I once begin to freeze, I shall be frozen through in a moment. I am amazed, with such weather, such ravages, and distress, that there is anything left in Germany, but money; for thither half the treasure of Europe goes: England, France, Russia, and all the Empress can squeeze from Italy and Hungary, all is sent thither, and yet the wretched people have not sub-

sistence! A pound of bread sells at Dresden for elevenpence. We are going to send many more troops thither; and it is so much the fashion to raise regiments, that I wish there were such a neutral kind of beings in England as abbés, that one might have an excuse for not growing military mad, when one has turned the heroic corner of one's age. I am ashamed of being a young rake, when my seniors are covering their grey toupées with helmets and feathers, and accoutring their pot-bellies with cuirasses and martial masquerade habits. Yet rake I am, and abominably so, for a person that begins to wrinkle reverendly. I have sat up twice this week till between two and three with the Duchess of Grafton at loo, who, by the way, has got a Pamchild[1] this morning; and on Saturday night I supped with Prince Edward at my Lady Rochford's, and we stayed till half an hour past three. My favour with that Highness continues, or rather increases. He makes everybody make suppers for him to meet me, for I still hold out against going to court. In short, if he were twenty years older, or I could make myself twenty years younger, I might carry him to Cambden House[2], and be as impertinent as ever my Lady Churchill[3] was—but, as I dread being ridiculous, I shall give my Lord Bute no uneasiness. My Lady Maynard, who divides the favour of this tiny court with me, supped with us. Did you know she sings French ballads very prettily? Lord Rochford played on the guitar, and the Prince sung; there were my two nieces, and Lord Waldegrave, Lord Huntingdon, and Mr. Morrison the groom[4], and the evening was pleasant; but I had a much more agreeable supper last night at Mrs. Clive's, with Miss

LETTER 672.—[1] George Henry Fitzroy (1760–1844), Earl of Euston, succeeded his father as fourth Duke of Grafton, 1811.

[2] Campden House at Kensington, formerly the residence of Princess (afterwards Queen) Anne.

[3] Sarah Jennings, afterwards Duchess of Marlborough.

[4] In waiting on the Prince.

West[5], my niece Chomley, and Murphy[6], the writing actor, who is very good company, and two or three more. Mrs. Chomley is very lively; you know how entertaining the Clive is, and Miss West is an absolute original.

There is nothing new, but a very dull pamphlet, written by Lord Bath, and his chaplain Douglas, called a *Letter to Two Great Men.* It is a plan for the peace, and much adopted by the City, and much admired by all who are too humble to judge for themselves. I don't tell you of it for the thing itself, but for what Lord Bath said on it. The Dowager Pembroke asked him if he writ it. 'Writ it!' he said; 'yes—and it was all about her—don't you see,' said he, 'in every page that it mentions *you*? It talks of a good *peace* (piece), and a safe piece, and an honourable piece, and a lasting piece, as you are, for so I have known you these forty years.'

I was much diverted t'other morning with another volume on birds by Edwards[7], who has published four or five. The poor man, who is grown very old and devout, begs God to take from him the love of natural philosophy; and having observed some heterodox proceedings among bantam cocks, he proposes that all schools of girls and boys should be promiscuous, lest, if separated, they should learn wayward passions. But what struck me most were his dedications; the last was to God; this is to Lord Bute, as if he was determined to make his fortune in one world or t'other.

Pray read Fontaine's fable of the lion grown old; don't it put you in mind of anything? No! not when his shaggy majesty has borne the insults of the tiger and the horse, &c., &c., and the ass comes last, kicks out his only remaining fang, and asks for a blue bridle? Apropos, I will tell

[5] Hon. Cecilia West, daughter of seventh Baron (afterwards first Earl) Delawarr; m. (1763) Lieutenant-General James Johnston.

[6] Arthur Murphy (1727–1805).

[7] George Edwards (1694–1773), author of a *History of Birds*, and of *Gleanings from Natural History.*

you the turn Charles Townshend gave to this fable. 'My Lord Temple,' said he, 'has quite mistaken the thing; he soars too high at first: people often miscarry by not proceeding by degrees; he went and at once asked for my *Lord* Carlisle's Garter—if he would have been contented to ask first for my *Lady* Carlisle's garter, I don't doubt but he would have obtained it.' Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. W.

673. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Jan. 20, 1760.

I am come hither in the bleakest of all winters, not to air and exercise, but to look after my gold-fish and orange-trees. We import all the delights of hot countries, but as we cannot propagate their climate too, such a season as this is mighty apt to murder rarities. And it is this very winter that has been used for the invention of a campaign in Germany! where all fuel is so destroyed that they have no fire but out of the mouth of a cannon. If I were writing to an Italian as well as into Italy, one might string *concetti* for an hour, and describe how heroes are frozen on their horses till they become their own statues. But seriously, does not all this rigour of warfare throw back an air of effeminacy on the Duke of Marlborough and the brave of ancient days, who only went to fight as one goes out of town in spring, and who came back to London with the first frost? Our generals are not yet arrived, though the Duke de Broglio's last miscarriage[1] seems to determine that there shall at last be such a thing as winter quarters; but Daun and the King of Prussia are still *choosing King and Queen* in the field.

There is a horrid scene of distress in the family of

Letter 673.—[1] He had failed in an attempt to surprise Prince Ferdinand.

Cavendish; the Duke's sister, Lady Besborough[2], died this morning of the same fever and sore-throat of which she lost four children four years ago. It looks as if it was a plague fixed in the walls of their house: it broke out again among their servants, and carried off two, a year and a half after the children. About ten days ago Lord Besborough was seized with it, and escaped with difficulty; then the eldest daughter[3] had it, though slightly: my Lady, attending them, is dead of it in three days. It is the same sore-throat which carried off Mr. Pelham's two only sons, two daughters, and a daughter of the Duke of Rutland, at once. The physicians, I think, don't know what to make of it.

I am sorry you and your friend Count Lorenzi[4] are such political foes, but I am much more concerned for the return of your headaches. I don't know what to say about Ward's[5] medicine, because the cures he does in that complaint are performed by him in person. He rubs his hand with some preparation and holds it upon your forehead, from which several have found instant relief. If you please, I will consult him whether he will send you any preparation for it; but you must first send me the exact symptoms and circumstances of your disorder and constitution, for I would not for the world venture to transmit to you a blind remedy for an unexamined complaint.

You cannot figure a duller season: the weather bitter, no party, little money, half the world playing the fool in the country with the militia, others raising regiments or with their regiments; in short, the end of a war and of a reign furnish few episodes. Operas are more in their decline than ever. Adieu!

[2] Caroline, eldest daughter of William, third Duke of Devonshire, and wife of William Ponsonby, Earl of Besborough. *Walpole.*

[3] Lady Catherine Ponsonby (d. 1789), m. (1763) Hon. Aubrey Beauclerk, afterwards Lord Vere of Hanworth and Duke of St. Albans.

[4] Minister of France at Florence, though a Florentine. *Walpole.*

[5] Joshua Ward (1685–1761), a quack doctor.

674. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Jan. 28, 1760.

I shall almost frighten you from coming to London, for whether you have the constitution of a horse or a man, you will be equally in danger. All the horses in town are laid up with sore-throats and colds, and are so hoarse, you cannot hear them speak. I, with all my immortality, have been half killed; that violent bitter weather was too much for me; I have had a nervous fever these six or seven weeks every night, and have taken bark enough to have made a rind for Daphne: nay, have even stayed at home two days; but I think my eternity begins to bud again. I am quite of Dr. Garth's[1] mind, who, when anybody commended a hard frost to him, used to reply, 'Yes, Sir, 'fore Gad, very fine weather, Sir, very wholesome weather, Sir; kills trees, Sir; very good for a man, Sir.' There has been cruel havoc among the ladies; my Lady Granby is dead, and the famous Polly, Duchess of Bolton[2], and my Lady Besborough. I have no great reason to lament the last, and yet the circumstances of her death, and the horror of it to her family, make one shudder. It was the same sore-throat and fever that carried off four of their children a very few years ago. My Lord now fell ill of it, very ill, and the eldest daughter slightly. My Lady caught it, attending her husband, and concealed it as long as she could. When at last the physician insisted on her keeping her bed, she said, as she went into her room, 'Then, Lord have mercy upon me, I shall never come out of it again,' and died in three days. Lord Besborough grew outrageously impatient at not

Letter 674.—[1] Sir Samuel Garth (1661–1719), author of *The Dispensary*.

[2] Lavinia Fenton, the original 'Polly Peachem' in the *Beggar's Opera*, and widow of the third Duke of Bolton.

seeing her, and would have forced into her room, when she had been dead about four days.—They were obliged to tell him the truth—never was an answer that expressed so much horror! He said, 'And how many children have I left?'—not knowing how far this calamity might have reached. Poor Lady Coventry is near completing this black list.

You have heard, I suppose, a horrid story of another kind, of Lord Ferrers murdering his steward in the most barbarous and deliberate manner. He sent away all his servants but one, and, like that heroic murderess Queen Christina[3], carried the poor man through a gallery and several rooms, locking them after him, and then bid the man kneel down, for he was determined to kill him. The poor creature flung himself at his feet, but in vain, was shot, and lived twelve hours. Mad as this action was from the consequences, there was no frenzy in his behaviour. He got drunk, and, at intervals, talked of it coolly; but did not attempt to escape, till the colliers beset his house, and were determined to take him alive or dead. He is now in the jail at Leicester, and will soon be removed to the Tower, then to Westminster Hall, and I suppose to Tower Hill; unless, as Lord Talbot prophesied in the House of Lords, 'Not being thought mad enough to be shut up, till he had killed somebody, he will then be thought too mad to be executed.' But that madman Lord Talbot was no more honoured in his vocation, than other prophets are in their own country.

As you seem amused with my entertainments, I will tell you how I passed yesterday. A party was made to go to the Magdalen House[4]. We met at Northumberland House at five, and set out in four coaches; Prince Edward, Colonel

[3] Christina, ex-Queen of Sweden. Monaldeschi, her Master of the Horse, was stabbed to death at her instigation, and almost in her presence, in one of the galleries at Fontainebleau.

[4] Founded in 1758, in Prescot Street, Goodman's Fields.

Brudenel his groom, Lady Northumberland, Lady Mary Coke, Lady Carlisle, Miss Pelham, Lady Hertford, Lord Beauchamp[5], Lord Huntingdon, old Bowman, and I. This new convent is beyond Goodman's Fields, and I assure you, would content any Catholic alive. We were received by —oh! first, a vast mob, for princes are not so common at that end of the town as at this. Lord Hertford, at the head of the governors with their white staves, met us at the door, and led the Prince directly into the chapel, where, before the altar, was an armchair for him, with a blue damask cushion, a *prie-Dieu*, and a footstool of black cloth with gold nails. We sat on forms near him. There were Lord and Lady Dartmouth[6] in the odour of devotion, and many City ladies. The chapel is small and low, but neat, hung with Gothic paper, and tablets of benefactions. At the west end were enclosed the sisterhood, above an hundred and thirty, all in greyish brown stuffs, broad handkerchiefs, and flat straw hats, with a blue riband, pulled quite over their faces. As soon as we entered the chapel, the organ played, and the Magdalens sung a hymn in parts; you cannot imagine how well. The chapel was dressed with orange and myrtle, and there wanted nothing but a little incense, to drive away the devil—or to invite him. Prayers then began, psalms and a sermon: the latter by a young clergyman, one Dodd[7], who contributed to the Popish idea one had imbibed, by haranguing entirely in the French style, and very eloquently and touchingly. He apostrophized the lost sheep, who sobbed and cried from their souls—so did my Lady Hertford and Fanny Pelham, till I believe the

[5] Francis Seymour Conway, afterwards Ingram-Seymour (1743–1822), eldest son of first Earl (afterwards first Marquis) of Hertford, whom he succeeded in 1794.

[6] Frances Caroline, daughter and heiress of Sir Charles Gunter Nicholl, K.B.; m. (1755) William Legge, second Earl of Dartmouth; d. 1805.

[7] Rev. William Dodd (1729–1777), hanged at Tyburn for forging the name of his former pupil, the Earl of Chesterfield.

City dames took them both for Jane Shores. The confessor then turned to the audience, and addressed himself to the Royal Highness, whom he called most illustrious Prince, beseeching his protection. In short, it was a very pleasing performance, and I got *the most illustrious* to desire it might be printed. We had another hymn, and then were conducted to the *parloir*, where the governors kissed the Prince's hand, and then the lady abbess or matron brought us tea. From thence we went to the refectory, where all the nuns, without their hats, were ranged at long tables, ready for supper. A few were handsome, many who seemed to have no title to their profession, and two or three of twelve years old; but all recovered, and looking healthy. I was struck and pleased with the modesty of two of them, who swooned away with the confusion of being stared at—one of these is a niece of Sir Clement Cotterel. We were shown their work, which is making linen, and bead-work; they earn 10*l.* a week. One circumstance diverted me, but amidst all this decorum, I kept it to myself. The wands of the governors are white, but twisted at top with black and white, which put me in mind of Jacob's rods, that he placed before the cattle to make them breed. My Lord Hertford would never have forgiven me, if I had joked on this; so I kept my countenance very demurely, nor even inquired, whether among the pensioners there were any *novices* from Mrs. Naylor's.

The court-martial on Lord George Sackville is appointed: General *Onslow*[8] is to be *Speaker* of it. Adieu! till I see you; I am glad it will be so soon.

Yours ever,
H. W.

[8] Lieutenant-General Richard Onslow (d. March 17, 1760), brother of Arthur Onslow the Speaker.

675. To Sir David Dalrymple.

Strawberry Hill, Feb. 3, 1760.

I am much obliged to you, Sir, for the Irish poetry[1]: they are poetry, and resemble that of the East; that is, they contain natural images and natural sentiment elevated, before rules were invented to make poetry difficult and dull. The transitions are as sudden as those in Pindar, but not so libertine; for they start into new thoughts on the subject, without wandering from it. I like particularly the expression of calling Echo, 'Son of the Rock.' The Monody is much the best.

I cannot say I am surprised to hear that the controversy on the Queen of Scots is likely to continue. Did not somebody write a defence of Nero, and yet none of his descendants remained to *pretend* to the empire? If Dr. Robertson could have said more, I am sorry it will be forced from him. He had better have said it voluntarily. You will forgive me for thinking his subject did not demand it. Among the very few objections to his charming work, one was, that he seemed to excuse that Queen more than was allowable, from the very papers he has printed in his Appendix; and some have thought, that though he could not disculpate her, he has diverted indignation from her, by his art in raising up pity for her and resentment against her persecutress, and by much overloading the demerits of Lord Darnley. For my part, Dr. Mackenzie[2], or anybody else, may write what they please against me: I meant to speak my mind, not to write controversy—

Letter 675.—[1] An instalment of the so-called poems of Ossian, published in the following July as *Fragments of ancient poetry, collected in the Highlands and translated from the Gaelic or Erse languages.*

[2] James Mackenzie (d. 1761), a physician, and author of a *History of Health.* He is mentioned in a note on Dyer's *Fleece.*

trash seldom read but by the two opponents who write it. Yet, were I inclined to reply, like Dr. Robertson, I could say a little more. You have mentioned, Sir, Mr. Dyer's[3] *Fleece*. I own I think it a very insipid poem. His *Ruins of Rome* had great picturesque spirit, and his *Grongar Hill* was beautiful. His *Fleece* I could never get through; and from thence I suppose never heard of Dr. Mackenzie.

Your idea of a collection of ballads for the cause of liberty is very public spirited. I wish, Sir, I could say I thought it would answer your view. Liberty, like other good and bad principles, can never be taught the people but when it is taught them by faction. The mob will never sing Lillibullero but in opposition to some other mob. However, if you pursue the thought, there is an entire treasure of that kind in the library of Magdalen College, Cambridge. It was collected by Pepys[4], Secretary of the Admiralty, and dates from the battle of Agincourt. Give me leave to say, Sir, that it is very comfortable to me to find gentlemen of your virtue and parts attentive to what is so little the object of public attention now. The extinction of faction, that happiness to which we owe so much of our glory and success, may not be without some inconveniences. A free nation, perhaps, especially when arms are become so essential to our existence as a free people, may want a little opposition: as it is a check that has preserved us so long, one cannot wholly think it dangerous; and though I would not be one to tap new resistance to a government with which I have no fault to find, yet it may not be unlucky hereafter, if those who do not wish so well to it, would a little show themselves. They are not strong enough to hurt; they may be of service by keeping ministers in awe.

[3] John Dyer, d. 1758.
[4] Samuel Pepys (1633–1703), the diarist.

But all this is speculation, and flowed from the ideas excited in me by your letter, that is full of benevolence both to public and private. Adieu! Sir; believe that nobody has more esteem for you than is raised by each letter.

676. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Feb. 3, 1760.

Herculaneum is arrived; Caserta[1] is arrived: what magnificence you send me! My dear Sir, I can but thank you, and thank you—oh! yes, I can do more; greedy creature, I can put you in mind, that you must take care to send me the subsequent volumes of Herculaneum as they appear, if ever they do appear, which I suppose is doubtful now that King Carlos[2] is gone to Spain. One thing pray observe, that *I* don't *beg* these scarce books of you, as a bribe to spur me on to obtain for you your extra-extraordinaries. Mr. Chute and I admire Caserta; and he at least is no villainous judge of architecture; some of our English travellers abuse it; but there are far more striking faults; the general idea seems borrowed from Inigo Jones's Whitehall, though without the glaring uglinesses, which I believe have been lent to Inigo; those plans, I think, were supplied by Lord Burlington, Kent, and others, to very imperfect sketches of the author. Is Caserta finished and furnished? Were not the treasures of Herculaneum to be deposited there?

I am in the vein of drawing upon your benevolence, and shall proceed. Young Mr. Pitt[3], nephew of *the* Pitt, is

Letter 676.—[1] Prints of Palace of Caserta. *Walpole.*

[2] Don Carlos, King of Naples, who succeeded his half-brother Ferdinand in the crown of Spain. *Walpole.*

[3] Thomas, only son of Thomas Pitt, of Boconnock, eldest brother of the famous William Pitt. *Walpole.* —Cr. (Jan. 5, 1784) Baron Camelford of Boconnoc, Cornwall; Lord of the Admiralty, 1763. On returning from abroad he lived at Twickenham, and became intimate with Horace Walpole. This friendship cooled owing to the part taken by Pitt in connection with Conway's dismissal from the army in 1764.

setting out for Lisbon with Lord Kinnoul, and will proceed through Granada to Italy, with his friend Lord Strathmore[4]; not the son, I believe, of that poor mad Lady Strathmore[5] whom you remember at Florence. The latter is much commended; I don't know him: Mr. Pitt is not only a most ingenious young man, but a most amiable one: he has already acted in the most noble style—I don't mean that he took a quarter of Quebec, or invaded a bit of France, or has spoken in the House of Commons better than Demosthenes's nephew; but he has an odious father, and has insisted on glorious cuttings off of entails on himself, that his father's debts might be paid and his sisters provided for. My own lawyer[6], who knew nothing of my being acquainted with him, spoke to me of him in raptures —no small merit in a lawyer to comprehend virtue in cutting off an entail when it was not to cheat; but indeed this lawyer was recommended to me by your dear brother —no wonder he is honest. You will now conceive that a letter I have given Mr. Pitt is not a mere matter of form, but an earnest suit to you to know one you will like so much. I should indeed have given it him, were it only to furnish you with an opportunity of ingratiating yourself with Mr. Pitt's nephew: but I address *him* to *your* heart. Well! but I have heard of *another* honest lawyer! The famous Polly, Duchess of Bolton[7], is dead, having, after a life of merit, relapsed into her Pollyhood. Two years ago, ill at Tunbridge, she picked up an Irish surgeon.

[4] John Lyon, afterwards Bowes (1737–1776), seventh Earl of Strathmore.

[5] Lady Strathmore, rushing between her husband and a gentleman with whom he had quarrelled and was fighting, and trying to hold the former, the other stabbed her in her arms, on which she went mad, though not enough to be confined. *Walpole.*—Probably Susan Cochrane (d. 1752 or 54), wife of fourth Earl of Strathmore. Her husband died in consequence of a wound 'received in a scuffle' in 1728. She afterwards married one George Forbes.

[6] His name was Dagge. *Walpole.*

[7] Miss Fenton, the first Polly of the *Beggar's Opera.* Charles, Duke of Bolton, took her off the stage, had children by her, and afterwards married her. *Walpole.*

When she was dying, this fellow sent for a lawyer to make her will, but the man, finding who was to be her heir, instead of her children, refused to draw it. The Court of Chancery did furnish one other, not quite so scrupulous, and her three sons have but a thousand pounds apiece; the surgeon about nine thousand.

I think there is a glimmering of peace! God send the world some repose from its woes! The King of Prussia has writ to Belleisle to desire the King of France will make peace for him: no injudicious step, as the distress of France will make them glad to oblige him. We have no other news, but that Lord George Sackville has at last obtained a court-martial. I doubt much whether he will find his account in it. One thing I know I dislike—a German aide-de-camp [8] is to be an evidence! Lord George has paid the highest compliment to Mr. Conway's virtue. Being told, as an unlucky circumstance for him, that Mr. Conway was to be one of his judges (but it is not so), he replied, there was no man in England he should so soon desire of that number. And it is no mere compliment, for Lord George has excepted against another of them [9]—but he knew whatever provocation he may have given to Mr. Conway, whatever rivalship there has been between them, nothing could bias the integrity of the latter. There is going to be another court-martial on a mad Lord Charles Hay [10], who has foolishly demanded it; but it will not occupy the attention of the world like Lord George's. There will soon be another trial of another sort on another madman, an Earl Ferrers, who has murdered his steward. He was separated by Parliament from his wife, a very

[8] Captain Winzenrode, Aide-de-Camp to Prince Ferdinand.

[9] General Balfour.

[10] Lord Charles Hay, brother of the Marquis of Tweedale. *Walpole.* —Hay was placed under arrest by Lord Loudoun in consequence of his outspoken comments on Loudoun's dilatoriness in America. The case was referred to George II, but Hay died (May, 1760) before the King came to any decision.

pretty woman, whom he married with no fortune, for the most groundless barbarity, and now killed his steward for having been evidence for her ; but his story and person are too wretched and despicable to give you the detail. He will be dignified by a solemn trial in Westminster Hall.

Don't you like the impertinence of the Dutch ? They have lately had a mudquake, and giving themselves terra-firma airs, call it an earthquake ! Don't you like much more our noble national charity ? Above two thousand pounds has been raised in London alone, besides what is collected in the country, for the French prisoners, abandoned by their monarch. Must not it make the Romans blush in their Appian way, who dragged their prisoners in triumph ? What adds to this benevolence is, that we cannot contribute to the subsistence of our own prisoners in France ; they conceal where they keep them, and use them cruelly to make them enlist. We abound in great charities : the distress of war seems to heighten rather than diminish them. There is a new one, not quite so certain of its answering, erected for those wretched women, called abroad *les filles repenties.* I was there the other night, and fancied myself in a convent.

The Marquis of Rockingham and Earl Temple are to have the two vacant Garters to-morrow. Adieu !

Arlington Street, 6th.

I am this minute come to town, and find yours of Jan. 12. Pray, my dear child, don't compliment me any more upon my learning ; there is nobody so superficial. Except a little history, a little poetry, a little painting, and some divinity, I know nothing. How should I ? I, who have always lived in the big busy world ; who lie abed all the morning, calling it morning as long as you please ; who sup in company ; who have played at pharaoh half my life, and

now at loo till two or three in the morning; who have always loved pleasure; haunted auctions—in short, who don't know so much astronomy as would carry me to Knightsbridge, nor more physic than a physician, nor in short anything that is called science. If it were not that I lay up a little provision in summer, like the ant, I should be as ignorant as all the people I live with. How I have laughed, when some of the magazines have called me *the learned gentleman*! Pray don't be like the magazines.

I see by your letter that you despair of peace; I almost do: there is but a gruff sort of answer from the woman of Russia to-day in the papers; but how should there be peace? If *we* are victorious, what is the King of Prussia? Will the distress of France move the Queen of Hungary? When we do make peace, how few will it content! The war was made for America, but the peace will be made for Germany; and whatever geographers may pretend, *Crown Point* lies somewhere in Westphalia. Again adieu! I don't like your rheumatism, and much less your plague.

677. To the Rev. Henry Zouch.

Sir, Strawberry Hill, Feb. 4, 1760.

I deferred answering your last, as I was in hopes of being able to send you a sheet or two of my new work [1], but I find so many difficulties and so much darkness attending the beginning, that I can scarce say I have begun. I can only say, in general, that I do not propose to go further back than I have sure footing; that is, I shall commence with what Vertue had collected from our records, which, with regard to painting, do not date before Henry III; and then from him there is a gap to Henry VII. I shall supply that with a little chronology of intervening

Letter 677.—[1] *Anecdotes of Painting in England.*

paintings, though, hitherto, I can find none of the two first Edwards. From Henry VIII there will be a regular succession of painters, short lives of whom I am enabled by Vertue's MSS. to write, and I shall connect them historically. I by no means mean to touch on foreign artists, unless they came over hither; but they are essential, for we had scarce any others tolerable. I propose to *begin* with the anecdotes of painting only, because, in that branch, my materials are by far most considerable. If I shall be able to publish this part, perhaps it may induce persons of curiosity and knowledge to assist me in the darker parts of the story, touching our architects, statuaries, and engravers. But it is from the same kind friendship which has assisted me so liberally already, that I expect to draw most information; need I specify, Sir, that I mean yours, when the various hints in your last letter speak so plainly for me?

It is a pleasure to have anybody one esteems agree with one's own sentiments, as you do strongly with mine about Mr. Hurd[2]. It is impossible not to own that he has sense and great knowledge—but sure he is a most disagreeable writer! He loads his thoughts with so many words, and those couched in so hard a style, and so void of all veracity, that I have no patience to read him. In one point, in the *Dialogues*[3] you mention, he is perfectly ridiculous. He takes infinite pains to make the world believe, upon *his* word, that they are the genuine productions of the speakers, and yet does not give himself the least trouble to counterfeit the style of any one of them. What was so easy as to imitate Burnet? In his other work, the notes on Horace, he is still more absurd. He

[2] Richard Hurd (1720–1808), Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, 1774; Bishop of Worcester, 1781.

[3] *Moral and Political Dialogues*, published in 1759.

cries up Warburton's preposterous notes on Shakspeare, which would have died of their own folly, though Mr. Edwards[4] had not put them to death with the keenest wit in the world. But what signifies any sense, when it takes Warburton for a pattern, who, with much greater parts, has not been able to save himself from, or rather has affectedly involved himself in, numberless absurdities?—who proved Moses's legation by the sixth book of Virgil;—a miracle (Julian's earthquake), by proving it was none;—and who explained a recent poet (Pope) by metaphysical notes, ten times more obscure than the text! As if writing were come to perfection, Warburton and Hurd are going back again; and since commentators, obscurity, paradoxes, and visions have been so long exploded, aye, and pedantry too, they seem to think that they shall have merit by reviving what was happily forgotten; and yet these men have their followers, by that balance which compensates to one for what he misses from another. When an author writes clearly, he is imitated; and when obscurely, he is admired. Adieu!

678. To Lady Mary Coke.

Arlington Street, Feb. 19, 1760.

Thank you, Madam, for letting me see this letter; there is a great deal of humour in it, and it diverted me so much, that if I had asked, and had your leave, I should willingly have taken a copy of it; but, indeed, I have not. There was, I dare say, a very pretty supplement to the story, which your Ladyship did not tell me. Did not the Duke show he was pleased with the letter? Your father had

[4] Thomas Edwards (1699–1757), who attacked Warburton in the *Canons of Criticism*, published in 1747.

Letter 678.—Not in C.; reprinted from *Letters and Journals of Lady Mary Coke*, vol. iii. pp. x–xi.

too much wit not to feel for a man who had the least portion of it. It is happy to have temper enough to joke oneself out of a prison, but it is happier to be able to deliver a man who jokes there; and therefore, Madam, if you know the latter part of the story, you are a most undutiful daughter for not telling it. Don't fancy because you are silent about your own virtues that you may take the same liberty with those of other people. It is well the Duke of Argyle's reputation is established. I see it would never have been spread had it depended on his own children. He was forced to owe it to strangers. In short, Madam, I am very angry, and if I could help it, I would not be

Your most devoted
Humble servant,
Hor. Walpole.

679. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Feb. 28, 1760.

The next time you see Marshal Botta, and are to act King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, you must abate about an hundredth thousandth part of the dignity of your crown. You are no more monarch of *all* Ireland, than King O'Neil or King Macdermoch is. Louis XV is sovereign of France, Navarre, and Carrickfergus[1]. You will be mistaken if you think the peace is made, and that we cede this Hibernian town, in order to recover Minorca, or to keep Quebec and Louisbourg. To be sure, it is natural you should think so: how should so victorious and heroic a nation cease to enjoy any of its possessions, but to save Christian blood? Oh! I know you will suppose

Letter 679.—[1] Thurot took Carrickfergus on Feb. 21, 1760, but reembarked on Feb. 25, on hearing that troops were advancing against him. He was killed on Feb. 28 in a naval engagement with Captain Elliot.

there has been another insurrection, and that it is King John[2] of Bedford, and not King George of Brunswick, that has lost this town. Why, I own you are a great politician, and see things in a moment—and no wonder, considering how long you have been employed in negotiations; but for once all your sagacity is mistaken. Indeed, considering the total destruction of the maritime force of France, and that the great mechanics and mathematicians of this age have not invented a flying bridge to fling over the sea and land from the coast of France to the north of Ireland, it was not easy to conceive how the French should conquer Carrickfergus—and yet they have. But how I run on! not reflecting that by this time the old Pretender must have hobbled through Florence on his way to Ireland, to take possession of this scrap of his recovered domains; but I may as well tell you at once, for to be sure you and the loyal body of English in Tuscany will slip over all this exordium to come to the account of so extraordinary a revolution. Well, here it is. Last week Monsieur Thurot—oh! now you are *au fait*!—Monsieur Thurot, as I was saying, landed last week in the isle of Islay, the capital province belonging to a great Scotch King[3], who is so good as generally to pass the winter with his friends here in London. Monsieur Thurot had three ships, the crews of which burnt two ships belonging to King George, and a house belonging to his friend the King of Argyll—pray don't mistake; by *his friend*[4], I mean King George's, not Thurot's friend. When they had finished this campaign, they sailed to Carrickfergus, a poorish town, situated in the heart of the Protestant cantons. They immediately made a moderate demand of about twenty

[2] John, Duke of Bedford, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. *Walpole.*

[3] Archibald, Earl of Islay and Duke of Argyll. *Walpole.*

[4] The Duke of Argyll had been suspected of temporizing in the last rebellion. *Walpole.*

articles of provisions, promising to pay for them; for you know it is the way of modern invasions[5] to make them cost as much as possible to oneself, and as little to those one invades. If this was not complied with, they threatened to burn the town, and then march to Belfast, which is much richer. We were sensible of this civil proceeding, and not to be behindhand, agreed to it; but somehow or other this capitulation was broken; on which a detachment (the whole invasion consists of one thousand men) attack the place. We shut the gates, but after the battle of Quebec it is impossible that so great a people should attend to such trifles as locks and bolts, accordingly there were none—and as if there were no gates neither, the two armies fired through them—if this is a blunder, remember I am describing an *Irish* war. I forgot to give you the numbers of the Irish army. It consisted of four companies—indeed they consisted but of seventy-two men, under Lieut.-Colonel Jennings, a wonderful brave man—too brave, in short, to be very judicious. Unluckily our ammunition was soon spent, for it is not above a year that there have been any apprehensions for Ireland, and as all that part of the country are most protestantly loyal, it was not thought necessary to arm people who would fight till they die for their religion. When the artillery was silenced, the garrison thought the best way of saving the town was by flinging it at the heads of the besiegers; accordingly they poured volleys of brickbats at the French, whose commander, Monsieur Frobert, was mortally knocked down, and his troops began to give way. However, General Jennings thought it most prudent to retreat to the castle, and the French again advanced. Four or five raw recruits still bravely kept the gates, when the garrison, finding no more gunpowder in the castle than they had had in the town, and

[5] Alluding to our expensive invasions on the coast of France. *Walpole.*

not near so good a brick-kiln, sent to desire to surrender. General Thurot accordingly made them prisoners of war, and plundered the town.

END OF THE SIEGE OF CARRICKFERGUS.

You will perhaps ask what preparations have been made to recover this loss. The viceroy immediately dispatched General Fitzwilliam[6] with four regiments of foot and three of horse against the invaders, appointing to overtake them in person at Newry; but as I believe he left Bladen's *Cæsar* and Bland's *Military Discipline* behind him in England, which he used to study in the camp at Blandford[7], I fear he will not have his campaign equipage ready soon enough. My Lord Anson too has sent nine ships, though indeed he does not think they will arrive time enough. Your part, my dear Sir, will be very easy: you will only have to say that it is nothing, while it lasts; and the moment it is over, you must say it was an embarkation of ten thousand men. I will punctually let you know how to vary your dialect. Mr. Pitt is in bed very ill with the gout.

Lord George Sackville was put under arrest to-day. His trial comes on to-morrow, but I believe will be postponed, as the court-martial will consult the judges, whether a man who is not in the army may be tried as an officer. The judges will answer yes, for how can a point that is not common sense, not be common law?

Lord Ferrers is in the Tower; so you see the good-natured people of England will not want their favourite amusement, executions—not to mention, that it will be very hard if the Irish war don't furnish some little diversion.

[6] Third son of fifth Viscount Fitzwilliam (in Ireland); d. 1789.

[7] Where, in the summer of 1756, 'his Grace had been reading Bladen's *Cæsar* and Bland's *Military Discipline*, and playing at being a general, for he was always eager about what he was least fit for.' (*Memoirs of George II*, ed. 1822, vol. ii. p. 193.)

My Lord Northampton frequently asks me about you. Oh! I had forgot, there is a dreadful Mr. Dering come over, who to show that he has not been spoiled by his travels, got drunk the first day he appeared, and put me horridly out of countenance about my correspondence with you—for mercy's sake take care how you communicate my letters to such cubs. I will send you no more invasions, if you read them to bears and bear-leaders. Seriously, my dear child, I don't mean to reprove you; I know your partiality to me, and your unbounded benignity to everything English; but I sweat sometimes, when I find that I have been corresponding for two or three months with young Derings. For clerks and postmasters, I can't help it, and besides, they never tell one they have seen one's letters; but I beg you will at most tell them my news, but without my name, or my words. Adieu! If I bridle you, believe that I know that it is only your heart that runs away with you.

P.S. We have received two more chests of Florence wine: I believe you forgot that Mr. Fox desired to have no more sent.

H. W.

680. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, March 4, 1760.

Never was any romance of such short duration as Monsieur Thurot's! Instead of waiting for the viceroy's army, and staying to see whether it had any ammunition, or was only armed with brickbats *à la Carrickfergienne*, he re-embarked on the 28th, taking along with him the mayor and three others—I suppose, as proofs of his conquest. The Duke of Bedford had sent notice of the invasion to Kinsale, where lay three or four of our best frigates. They instantly sailed,

and came up with the flying invaders in the Irish Channel. You will see the short detail of the action in the *Gazette*; but, as the letter was written by Captain Elliot[1] himself, you will not see there, that he with half the number of Thurot's crew, boarded the latter's vessel. Thurot was killed, and his pigmy navy all taken and carried into the Isle of Man. It is an entertaining episode; but think what would have happened, if the whole of the plan had taken place at the destined time. The negligence of the Duke of Bedford's administration has appeared so gross, that one may believe his very kingdom would have been lost, if Conflans had not been beat. You will see by the deposition of Ensign Hall, published in all our papers, that the account of the siege of Carrickfergus, which I sent you in my last, was not half so ridiculous as the reality—because, as that deponent saith, *I was furnished with no papers but my memory.* The General Flobert, I am told, you may remember at Florence; he was then very mad, and was to have fought Mallet,—but was banished from Tuscany. Some years since he was in England; and met Mallet at Lord Chesterfield's, but without acknowledging one another. The next day Flobert asked the Earl if Mallet had mentioned him?—No—'Il a donc,' said Flobert, 'beaucoup de retenue, car sûrement ce qu'il pourroit dire de moi ne seroit pas à mon avantage'—it was pretty, and they say he is now grown an agreeable and rational man.

The judges have given their opinion that the court-martial on Lord George Sackville is legal; so I suppose it will proceed on Thursday.

I receive yours of the 16th of last month: I wish you had given me any account of your headaches that I could show to Ward. He will no more comprehend *nervous*, than

LETTER 680.—[1] Captain (afterwards Admiral) John Elliot (d. 1808), third son of Sir Gilbert Elliot, second Baronet.

the physicians do who use the word. Send me an exact description; if he can do you no good, at least it will be a satisfaction to me to have consulted him. I wish, my dear child, that what you say at the end of your letter, of appointments and honours, was not as chronical as your headaches—that is a thing you may long complain of—indeed there I can consult nobody. I have no dealings with either our state-doctors or state-quacks. I only know that the political ones are so like the medicinal ones, that after the doctors had talked nonsense for years, while we daily grew worse, the quacks ventured boldly, and have done us wonderful good. I should not dislike to have you state your case to the latter, though I cannot advise it, for the regular physicians are daintily jealous; nor could I carry it, for when they know I would take none of their medicines myself, they would not much attend to me consulting them for others, nor would it be decent, nor should I care to be seen in their shop. Adieu!

P.S. There are some big news from the East Indies. I don't know what, except that the hero Clive has taken Mazulipatam[2] and the Great Mogul's grandmother. I suppose she will be brought over and put in the Tower with the Shahgoest[3], the strange Indian beast that Mr. Pitt gave to the King this winter.

[2] Masulipatam was taken on Jan. 25, 1759, by Major Francis Forde, Clive's friend and second in command.

[3] 'A very beautiful and uncommon animal, lately arrived from the East Indies, presented by Jaffier Ally Cawn, nabob of Bengal, to General Clive, who sent it to the Right Hon. William Pitt, Esq.; and of which that gentleman had the honour to obtain his majesty's acceptance, is lodged in the Tower. It is called in the Indostan language a Shah Goest, and is even in that country esteemed an extraordinary rarity.' (*Ann. Reg.* 1759, p. 119.) It was a kind of lynx, and is depicted in *Gent. Mag.* 1761, where it is called the 'Siyah-ghush.'

681. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, March 26, 1760.

I have a good mind to have Mr. Sisson tried by a court-martial, in order to clear my own character for punctuality. It is time immemorial since he promised me the machine and the drawing in six weeks. After above half of time immemorial was elapsed, he came and begged for ten guineas. Your brother and I called one another to a council of war, and at last gave it him *nemine contradicente*. The moment your hurrying letter arrived, I issued out a warrant and took Sisson up, who, after all his promises, was guilty by his own confession, of not having begun the drawing. However, after scolding him black and blue, I have got it from him, have consigned it to your brother James, and you will receive it, I trust, along with this. I hope too time enough for the purposes it is to serve, and correct; if it is not, I shall be very sorry. You shall have the machine as soon as possible, but that must go by sea.

I shall execute your commission about Stoschino[1] much better; he need not fear my receiving him well, if he has *virtù* to sell,—I am only afraid, in that case, of receiving him too well. You know what a dupe I am when I like anything.

I shall handle your brother James as roughly as I did Sisson—six months without writing to you! Sure he must turn black in the face, if he has a drop of brotherly ink in his veins. As to your other brother[2], he is so strange a man, that is, so common a one, that I am not surprised at anything he does or does not do.

Bless your stars that you are not here, to be worn out

Letter 681.—[1] Nephew of Baron Stosch, a well-known virtuoso and antiquary, who died at Florence. *Walpole.*

[2] Edward Louisa Mann, the elder brother. *Walpole.*

with the details of Lord George's court-martial! One hears of nothing else. It has already lasted much longer than could be conceived, and now the end of it is still at a tolerable distance. The colour of it is more favourable for him than it looked at first. Prince Ferdinand's narrative has proved to set out with a heap of lies. There is an old gentleman[3] of the same family who has spared no indecency to give weight to them—but, you know, general officers are men of strict honour, and nothing can bias them. Lord Charles Hay's court-martial is dissolved, by the death of one of the members[4]—and as no German interest is concerned to ruin *him*, it probably will not be reassumed. Lord Ferrers's trial is fixed for the 16th of next month. Adieu!

P.S. Don't mention it from *me*, but if you have a mind you may make your court to my Lady Orford, by announcing the ancient barony of Clinton, which is fallen to her, by the death of the last incumbentess[5].

682. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, March 27, 1760.

I should have thought that you might have learnt by this time, that when a tradesman promises anything on Monday or Saturday or any particular day of the week, he means any Monday or any Saturday of any week, as nurses quiet children and their own consciences by the refined salvo of *to-morrow is a new day*. When Mr. Smith's Saturday and the frame do arrive, I will pay the one and send you the other.

Lord George's trial is not near being finished. By its draggling beyond the term of the old Mutiny Bill, they were

[3] George the Second. *Walpole.*

[4] General Onslow.

[5] Mrs. Fortescue, sister of Hugh, last Lord Clinton. *Walpole.*—See Table I.

forced to make out a new warrant; this lost two days, as all the depositions were forced to be read over again to, and re-sworn by, the witnesses; then there will be a contest whether Sloper[1] shall re-establish his own credit by pawning it farther. Lord Ferrers comes on the stage on the sixteenth of next month.

I breakfasted the day before yesterday at Ælia Lælia Chudleigh's. There was a concert for Prince Edward's birthday, and at three a vast cold collation, and all the town. The house is not fine, nor in good taste, but loaded with finery. Execrable varnished pictures, chests, cabinets, commodes, tables, stands, boxes, riding on one another's backs, and loaded with terreens, philigree, figures, and everything upon earth. Every favour she has bestowed is registered by a bit of Dresden china. There is a glass case full of enamels, eggs, ambers, lapislazulis, cameos, toothpick-cases, and all kinds of trinkets, things that she told me were her playthings; another cupboard full of the finest japan, and candlesticks and vases of rock crystal ready to be thrown down, in every corner. But of all curiosities, are the *conveniences* in every bedchamber: great mahogany projections, as big as her own bubbies, with the holes, with brass handles, and cocks, &c.—I could not help saying, it was the *loosest* family I ever saw! Never was such an intimate union of love and a closestool! Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. W.

683. To Sir David Dalrymple.

Sir, Strawberry Hill, April 4, 1760.

As I have very little at present to trouble you with myself, I should have deferred writing till a better opportunity, if it were not to satisfy the curiosity of a friend; a friend

Letter 682.—[1] Colonel Sloper, one of the witnesses against Lord George.

whom you, Sir, will be glad to have made curious, as you originally pointed him out as a likely person to be charmed with the old Irish poetry you sent me. It is Mr. Gray, who is an enthusiast about those poems, and begs me to put the following queries to you; which I will do in his own words, and I may say truly, *Poeta loquitur.*

'I am so charmed with the two specimens of Erse poetry, that I cannot help giving you the trouble to inquire a little farther about them, and should wish to see a few lines of the original, that I may form some slight idea of the language, the measures, and the rhythm.

'Is there anything known of the author or authors, and of what antiquity are they supposed to be?

'Is there any more to be had of equal beauty, or at all approaching to it?

'I have been often told, that the poem called *Hardy-kanute*[1] (which I always admired and still admire) was the work of somebody that lived a few years ago. This I do not at all believe, though it has evidently been retouched in places by some modern hand; but, however, I am authorized by this report to ask, whether the two poems in question are certainly antique and genuine. I make this inquiry in quality of an antiquary, and am not otherwise concerned about it; for if I were sure that any one now living in Scotland had written them, to divert himself and laugh at the credulity of the world, I would undertake a journey into the Highlands only for the pleasure of seeing him.'

You see, Sir, how easily you may make our greatest southern bard travel northward to visit a brother. The young translator has nothing to do but to own a forgery, and Mr. Gray is ready to pack up his lyre, saddle Pegasus, and set out directly. But seriously, he, Mr. Mason, my

Letter 683.—[1] It is supposed to have been written by Lady Wardlaw, *née* Halkett.

Lord Lyttelton, and one or two more, whose taste the world allows, are in love with your Erse elegies: I cannot say in general they are so much admired—but Mr. Gray alone is worth satisfying.

The *Siege of Aquileia*, of which you ask, pleased less than Mr. Home's other plays. In my own opinion, *Douglas* far exceeds both the other. Mr. Home seems to have a beautiful talent for painting genuine nature and the manners of his country. There was so little of nature in the manners of both Greeks and Romans, that I do not wonder at his success being less brilliant when he tried those subjects; and, to say the truth, one is a little weary of them. At present, nothing is talked of, nothing admired, but what I cannot help calling a very insipid and tedious performance: it is a kind of novel, called *The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy*; the great humour of which consists in the whole narration always going backwards. I can conceive a man saying that it would be droll to write a book in that manner, but have no notion of his persevering in executing it. It makes one smile two or three times at the beginning, but in recompense makes one yawn for two hours. The characters are tolerably kept up, but the humour is for ever attempted and missed. The best thing in it is a sermon, oddly coupled with a good deal of bawdy, and both the composition of a clergyman[2]. The man's head, indeed, was a little turned before, now topsy-turvy with his success and fame. Dodsley has given him six hundred and fifty pounds for the second edition and two more volumes (which I suppose will reach backwards to his great-great-grandfather); Lord Fauconberg, a donative[3] of one hundred and sixty pounds a year; and Bishop Warburton gave him a purse of gold and this compliment (which happened to be

[2] Laurence Sterne (1713–1768).
[3] The perpetual curacy of Coxwold, near York.

a contradiction), 'that it was quite an original composition, and in the true Cervantic vein': the only copy that ever was an original, except in painting, where they all pretend to be so. Warburton, however, not content with this, recommended the book to the bench of bishops, and told them Mr. Sterne, the author, was the English Rabelais. They had never heard of such a writer. Adieu!

684. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, April 19, 1760.

Well, this big week is over! Lord George's sentence, after all the communications of how terrible it was, is ended in proclaiming him unfit for the King's service — very moderate in comparison of what was intended and desired, and truly not very severe, considering what was proved. The other trial, Lord Ferrers's, lasted three days. You have seen the pomp and awfulness of such doings, so I will not describe it to you. The judge and criminal were far inferior to those you have seen. For the Lord High Steward[1], he neither had any dignity, nor affected any—nay, he held it all so cheap, that he said at his own table t'other day, 'I will not send for Garrick and learn to act a part.' At first I thought Lord Ferrers shocked—but in general he behaved rationally and coolly; though it was a strange contradiction to see a man trying by his own sense to prove himself out of his senses. It was more shocking to see his two brothers brought to prove the lunacy in their own blood, in order to save their brother's life. Both are almost as ill-looking men as the Earl; one of them is a clergyman[2], suspended by the Bishop of London for being a Methodist;

Letter 684.—[1] Lord Henley. He was created a peer in order that he might preside at this trial as Lord High Steward.
[2] Hon. Walter Shirley; d. 1786.

the other a wild vagabond, whom they call in the country, *ragged and dangerous*. After Lord Ferrers was condemned, he made an excuse for pleading madness, to which, he said, he was forced by his family. He is respited till Monday fortnight, and will then be hanged, I believe in the Tower—and to the mortification of the peerage, is to be anatomized, conformably to the late act for murder. Many peers were absent; Lord Foley and Lord Jersey attended only the first day; and Lord Huntingdon, and my nephew Orford (in compliment to his mother), as related to the prisoner, withdrew without voting. But never was a criminal more literally tried by his *peers*, for the three persons who interested themselves most in the examination were at least as mad as he; Lord Ravensworth, Lord Talbot, and Lord Fortescue—indeed, the first was almost frantic. The seats of the peeresses were not near full; and most of the beauties absent; the Duchess of Hamilton and my niece Waldegrave, you know, lie in—but, to the amazement of everybody, Lady Coventry was there, and what surprised me much more, looked as well as ever. I sat next but one to her, and should not have asked if she had been ill—yet they are positive she has few weeks to live. She and Lord Bolinbroke seemed to have very different thoughts, and were acting over all the old comedy of eyes. I sat in Lord Lincoln's gallery; *you* and *I* know the convenience of it; I thought it no great favour to ask, and he very obligingly sent me a ticket immediately, and ordered me to be placed in one of the best boxes. Lady Augusta[3] was in the same gallery; the Duke of York[4] and his young brothers were in the Prince of Wales's box, who was not there, no more than the Princess, Princess Emily, or the Duke. It was an agreeable humanity in my friend the Duke of York; he

[3] The eldest daughter of Frederick, Prince of Wales, afterwards Duchess of Brunswick.

[4] Prince Edward Augustus, so created April 1, 1760.

would not take his seat in the House before the trial, that he might not vote in it. There are so many young peers, that the show was fine even in that respect; the Duke of Richmond was the finest figure; the Duke of Marlborough, with the best countenance in the world, looked clumsy in his robes. He had new ones, having given away his father's to the *valet de chambre*. There were others not at all so indifferent about the antiquity of theirs; Lord Huntingdon's, Lord Abergavenny's, and Lord Castlehaven's[5] scarce hung on their backs; the two former, they pretend, were used at the trial of the Queen of Scots. But all these honours were a little defaced by seeing Lord Temple, as Lord Privy Seal, walk at the head of the peerage. Who, at the last trials, would have believed a prophecy, that the three first men at the next should be Henley the lawyer, Bishop Secker, and Dick Grenville?

The day before the trial, the Duke of Bolton[6] fought a duel at Marybone with Stuart[7], who lately stood for Hampshire; the latter was wounded in the arm, and the former fell down. Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. W.

685. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, April 20, 1760.

The history of Lord George Sackville, which has interested us so much and so long, is at last at an end—gently enough, considering who were his parties, and what has been proved. He is declared *unfit to serve the King in any military capacity* —but I think this is not the last we shall hear of him. Whatever were his deficiencies in the day of battle, he has

[5] James Tuchet (1723–1769), seventh Earl of Castlehaven.

[6] Charles Paulet (circ. 1718–1765), fifth Duke of Bolton.

[7] Simeon, son of Sir Simeon Stuart, second Baronet, of Hartley Mauduit, Hampshire; succeeded his father, 1761; d. circ. 1782.

at least showed no want of spirit, either in pushing on his trial or during it. His judgement in both was perhaps a little more equivocal. He had a formal message that he must abide the event whatever it should be.—He accepted that issue, and during the course of the examination, attacked judge, prosecutor, and evidence. Indeed, a man cannot be said to want spirit, who could show so much in his circumstances. I think, without much heroism, I could sooner have led up the cavalry to the charge, than have gone to Whitehall to be worried as he was; nay, I should have thought with less danger of my life. But he is a peculiar man; and I repeat it, we have not heard the last of him. You will find that by *serving the King* he understands in a very literal sense; and there is a young *gentleman*[1] who it is believed intends those words shall *not* have a more extensive one.

We have had another trial this week, still more solemn, though less interesting, and with more serious determination: I mean that of Lord Ferrers. I have formerly described this solemnity to you. The behaviour, character, and appearance of the criminal by no means corresponded to the dignity of the show. His figure is bad and villainous, his crime shocking. He would not plead guilty, and yet had nothing to plead; and at last, to humour his family, pleaded madness against his inclination: it was moving to see two of his brothers brought to depose the lunacy in their blood. After he was condemned, he excused himself for having used that plea. He is to be hanged in a fortnight, I believe, in the Tower, and his body to be delivered to the surgeons, according to the tenor of the new Act of Parliament for murder. His mother[2] was to present a petition

LETTER 685.—[1] George, Prince of Wales. *Walpole.*
[2] Anne, fourth daughter of Sir Walter Clarges, Baronet, and widow of Hon. Lawrence Shirley, tenth son of first Earl Ferrers.

for his life to the King to-day. There were near a hundred and forty peers present; my Lord Keeper[3] was Lord High Steward, but was not at all too dignified a personage to sit on such a criminal: indeed, he gave himself no trouble to figure. I will send you both trials as soon as they are published. It is astonishing with what order these shows are conducted. Neither within the Hall nor without was the least disturbance, though the one so full, and the whole way from Charing Cross to the House of Lords was lined with crowds. The foreigners were struck with the awfulness of the proceeding—it is new to their ideas, to see such deliberate justice, and such dignity of nobility, mixed with no respect for birth in the catastrophe, and still more humiliated by anatomizing the criminal.

I am glad you received safe my history of Thurot: as the accounts were authentic, they must have been useful and amusing to you. I don't expect more invasions, but I fear our correspondence will still have martial events to trade in, though there are such Christian professions going about the world. I don't believe their Pacific Majesties will waive a campaign, for which they are all prepared, and by the issue of which they will all hope to improve their terms.

You know we have got a new Duke of York[4]—and were to have had several new peers, but hitherto it has stopped at him and the Lord Keeper. Adieu!

P.S. I must not forget to recommend to you a friend of Mr. Chute, who will ere long be at Florence, in his way to Naples for his health. It is Mr. Morrice, Clerk of the Green Cloth, heir of Sir William Morrice[5], and of vast wealth. I gave a letter lately for a young gentleman whom I never

[3] Robert Henley, afterwards Lord Northington. *Walpole.*

[4] Prince Edward. *Walpole.*

[5] Sir William Morrice, third Baronet, of Werrington, Devonshire; d. 1750.

saw, and consequently not meaning to encumber you with him, I did not mention him particularly in my familiar letters.

686. To ———.

April 29, 1760.

I am obliged to you for the favour of your letter communicated to me by our friend Dr. Ducarel. It is particularly pleasing to me to receive information from a gentleman, Sir, of your knowledge and character, and if ever my *Catalogue* should want another edition, I shall be immediately proud of correcting it by the light you have bestowed on me. One article I cannot help repeating out of your letter, because I do not quite understand the drift. It is *Quere* on Lord Hervey's *Epistle* for Miss Howe[1] to Mr.

Letter 686.—Not in C.; reprinted from Messrs. Sotheby's Sale Catalogue of May 5, 1900.

[1] Sophia, daughter of General Howe, fourth brother of first Viscount Howe by Ruperta, daughter of Prince Rupert by Margaret Hughes, and Hon. Antony Lowther, son of first Viscount Lonsdale. Their story is given in the *Correspondence* of Mrs. Delany (vol. vi. p. 163), where it is quoted from the journal of Miss Mary Hamilton (afterwards Mrs. Dickinson, and a correspondent and friend of Horace Walpole):—Miss Howe 'was a woman of virtue and good principles, but unfortunately for her conceived a violent attachment to a Mr. Lowther, one of the handsomest men of the times, but a perfect Lothario; they had opportunities of being much together, and he attach'd himself to her, tho' she was a very plain young woman, but his vanity was gratified in having raised so strong a passion in her breast. She thought her love returned; the most passionate letters pass'd between them, and their pictures exchang'd, &c.; he at length grew tired of and neglected her, and openly addressed another woman. Miss Howe — (the wretched Miss Howe)—after having used every endeavour to recall his affection, became almost frantic with despair. She ran away one morning from Hampton Palace (where the Court then was—she was Maid of Honour to the Princess of Wales, afterwards Queen Caroline) and came and laid herself at the door of Mr. Lowther's house in Pall Mall, acting a thousand wild extravagancies; this of course soon attracted a crowd of spectators. A gentleman who lived at an opposite house saw this unhappy woman, and knowing who she was, he humanely went to her, and with the assistance of his servants carried her to his house; here she fell into strong convulsions, and soon appeared to have lost her reason, which now was totally gone; her friends were sent for, who took her home, and not long after she died raving mad. Notwithstanding the lady to whom Mr. Lowther paid his addresses was made acquainted with this story, she married him soon after Miss Howe's death.'

Miss Howe died in 1726. The

Lowther. If you doubt the designation of it, I can assure [you], Sir, it was so intended. I was well acquainted with my Lord Hervey, and am very intimate with several of his family, who know the fact as I have reported it.

687. To the Rev. Henry Zouch.

Strawberry Hill, May 3, 1760.

Indeed, Sir, you have been misinformed; I had not the least hand in the answer to my Lord Bath's rhapsody[1]: it is true the booksellers sold it as mine, and it was believed so till people had read it, because my name and that of Pulteney have been apt to answer one another, and because that war was dirtily revived by the latter in his libel; but the deceit soon vanished: the answer appeared to have much more knowledge of the subject than I have, and a good deal more temper than I should probably have exerted, if I had thought it worth my while to proceed to an answer; but though my Lord Bath is willing to enter lists in which he has suffered so much shame, I am by no means fond of entering them; nor was there any honour to be acquired, either from the contest or the combatant.

My history of artists proceeds very leisurely; I find the subject dry and uninteresting, and the materials scarce worth arranging: yet I think I shall execute my purpose, at least as far as relates to painters. It is a work I can scribble at any time, and on which I shall bestow little pains; things that are so soon forgotten should not take one up too much. I had consulted Mr. Lethieuillier[2], who told me he had communicated to Mr. Vertue what observations

Epistle in question was one of Lord Hervey's *Four Epistles after the Manner of Ovid*, and was entitled *Monimia to Philocles*.

Letter 687.—[1] The pamphlet entitled *A Letter to Two Great Men*, inspired, but not written, by Lord Bath.

[2] Smart Lethieuillier (1701–1760), antiquary. This name was printed in previous editions 'Lethinkai.' (See *Academy*, May 9, 1896.)

he had made. I believe they were scanty, for I find small materials relating to architects among his manuscripts. Adieu!

688. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, May 6, 1760.

The extraordinary history of Lord Ferrers is closed: he was executed yesterday. Madness, that in other countries is a disorder, is here a systematic character. It does not hinder people from forming a plan of conduct, and from even dying agreeably to it. You remember how the last Ratcliffe[1] died with the utmost propriety. So did this horrid lunatic—coolly and sensibly. His own and his wife's relations had asserted that he would tremble at last. No such thing; he shamed heroes. He bore the solemnity of a pompous and tedious procession of above two hours, from the Tower to Tyburn, with as much tranquillity as if he was only going to his own burial, not to his own execution. He even talked on indifferent subjects in the passage; and if the sheriff and the chaplains had not thought that they had parts to act, too, and had not consequently engaged him in most particular conversation, he did not seem to think it necessary to talk on the occasion. He went in his wedding-clothes, marking the only remaining impression on his mind. The ceremony he was in a hurry to have over. He was stopped at the gallows by the vast crowd, but got out of his coach as soon as he could, and was but seven minutes on the scaffold, which was hung with black, and prepared by the undertaker of his family at their expense. There was a new contrivance for sinking the stage under him, which did not play well, and he suffered a little by the delay, but was dead in four minutes. The mob was decent, and admired him, and almost pitied him—so they would

Letter 688.—[1] Hon. Charles Radcliffe, titular Earl of Derwentwater, executed in 1746.

Lord George, whose execution they are so angry at missing. I suppose every highwayman will now preserve the blue handkerchief they have about their necks when they are married, that they may die like a lord. With all the frenzy in his blood, he was not mad enough to be struck with his aunt Huntingdon's sermons.—The Methodists have nothing to brag of in his conversion, though Whitfield prayed for him and preached about him.—Even Tyburn has been above their reach. I have not heard that Lady Fanny[2] dabbled with his soul—but I believe she is prudent enough to confine her missionary zeal to subjects where the body may be her perquisite.

When am I likely to see you? The delightful rain is come; we look and smell charmingly. Adieu!

Yours ever,

H. W.

689. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, May 7, 1760.

What will your Italians say to a peer of England, an earl of one of the best families, tried for murdering his servant, with the utmost dignity and solemnity, and then hanged at the common place of execution for highwaymen, and afterwards anatomized? This must seem a little odd to them, especially as they have not lately had a Sixtus Quintus[1]. I have hitherto spoken of Lord Ferrers to you as a wild beast, a mad assassin, a low wretch, about whom I had no curiosity. If I now am going to give you a minute account of him, don't think me so far part of an English mob, as to fall in love with a criminal merely because I have had the pleasure of his execution. I certainly did not see it, nor should have been struck with mere intrepidity—I never

[2] Lady Frances Shirley.

Letter 689.—[1] Pope Sixtus V (1585–1590) was noted for the rigid impartiality of his administration of justice.

adored heroes, whether in a cart or a triumphal car—but there has been such wonderful coolness and sense in all this man's last behaviour, that it has made me quite inquisitive about him—not at all pity him. I only reflect, what I have often thought, how little connection there is between any man's sense and his sensibility—so much so, that instead of Lord Ferrers's having any ascendant over his passions, I am disposed to think that his drunkenness, which was supposed to heighten his ferocity, has rather been a lucky circumstance—what might not a creature of such capacity, and who stuck at nothing, have done, if his abilities had not been drowned in brandy? I will go back a little into his history. His misfortunes, as he called them, were dated from his marriage, though he has been guilty of horrid excesses unconnected with matrimony, and is even believed to have killed a groom who died a year after receiving a cruel beating from him. His wife, a very pretty woman, was sister of Sir William Meredith[2], had no fortune, and he says, trepanned him into marriage, having met him drunk at an assembly in the country, and kept him so till the ceremony was over. As he always kept himself so afterwards, one need not impute it to her. In every other respect, and one scarce knows how to blame her for wishing to be a countess, her behaviour was unexceptionable[3]. He had a mistress before and two or three children, and her he took again after the separation from his wife. He was fond of both, and used both ill: his wife so ill, always carrying pistols to bed, and threatening to kill her before morning, beating her, and jealous without provocation, that she got separated from him by Act of Parliament, which appointed receivers of his estate in order to secure her allowance.

[2] Third Baronet, of Henbury, Cheshire; M.P. for Wigan; d. 1790. He was Comptroller of the Household, 1774–77.

[3] She afterwards married Lord Frederick Campbell, brother of the Duke of Argyll, and was an excellent woman. *Walpole.*

This he could not bear. However, he named his steward for one, but afterwards finding out that this Johnson had paid her fifty pounds without his knowledge, and suspecting him of being in the confederacy against him, he determined, when he failed of opportunities of murdering his wife, to kill the steward, which he effected as you have heard. The shocking circumstances attending the murder, I did not tell you—indeed, while he was alive, I scarce liked to speak my opinion even to you; for though I felt nothing for him, I thought it wrong to propagate any notions that might interfere with mercy, if he could be thought deserving it—and not knowing into what hands my letter might pass before it reached yours, I chose to be silent, though nobody could conceive greater horror than I did for him at his trial. Having shot the steward at three in the afternoon, he persecuted him till one in the morning, threatening again to murder him, attempting to tear off his bandages, and terrifying him till in that misery he was glad to obtain leave to be removed to his own house; and when the Earl heard the poor creature was dead, he said he gloried in having killed him. You cannot conceive the shock this evidence gave the court—many of the lords were standing to look at him—at once they turned from him with detestation. I had heard that on the former affair in the House of Lords, he had behaved with great shrewdness—no such thing appeared at his trial. It is now pretended, that his being forced by his family against his inclination to plead madness, prevented his exerting his parts—but he has not acted in anything as if his family had influence over him—consequently his reverting to much good sense leaves the whole inexplicable. The very night he received sentence, he played at picquet with the warders and would play for money, and would have continued to play every evening, but they refused. Lord Cornwallis, governor of the Tower,

shortened his allowance of wine after his conviction, agreeably to the late strict acts on murder. This he much disliked, and at last pressed his brother the clergyman to intercede that at least he might have more porter; for, said he, what I have is not a draught. His brother represented against it, but at last consenting (and he did obtain it)—then said the Earl, 'Now is as good a time as any to take leave of you—adieu!' A minute journal of his whole behaviour has been kept, to see if there was any madness in it. Dr. Munro since the trial has made an affidavit of his lunacy. The Washingtons[4] were certainly a very frantic race, and I have no doubt of madness in him, but not of a pardonable sort. Two petitions from his mother and all his family were presented to the King, who said, as the House of Lords had unanimously found him guilty, he would not interfere. Last week my Lord Keeper very good-naturedly got out of a gouty bed to present another: the King would not hear him. 'Sir,' said the Keeper, 'I don't come to petition for mercy or respite; but that the four thousand pounds which Lord Ferrers has in India bonds, may be permitted to go according to his disposition of it to his mistress, children, and the family of the murdered man.' 'With all my heart,' said the King, 'I have no objection; but I will have no message carried to him from me.' However, this grace was notified to him and gave him great satisfaction; but unfortunately it now appears to be law, that it is forfeited to the sheriff of the county where the fact was committed; though when my Lord Hardwicke was told that he had disposed of it, he said, to be sure he may before conviction.

Dr. Pearce, Bishop of Rochester, offered his service to him: he thanked the Bishop, but said, as his own brother was a clergyman, he chose to have him. Yet he had

[4] Lord Ferrers' grandmother was a Washington.

another relation who has been much more busy about his repentance. I don't know whether you have ever heard that one of the singular characters here is a Countess of Huntingdon[5], aunt of Lord Ferrers. She is the Saint Theresa of the Methodists. Judge how violent bigotry must be in such mad blood! The Earl, by no means disposed to be a convert, let her visit him, and often sent for her, as it was more company; but he grew sick of her, and complained that she was enough to provoke anybody. She made her suffragan, Whitfield, pray for and preach about him, and that impertinent fellow told his enthusiasts in his sermon, that my Lord's heart was stone. The Earl wanted much to see his mistress: my Lord Cornwallis, as simple an old woman as my Lady Huntingdon herself, consulted her whether he should permit it. 'Oh! by no means; it would be letting him die in adultery!' In one thing she was more sensible. He resolved not to take leave of his children, four girls, but on the scaffold, and then to read to them a paper he had drawn up, very bitter on the family of Meredith, and on the House of Lords for the first transaction. This my Lady Huntingdon persuaded him to drop, and he took leave of his children the day before. He wrote two letters in the preceding week to Lord Cornwallis on some of these requests: they were cool and rational, and concluded with desiring him not to mind the absurd requests of his (Lord Ferrers's) family in his behalf. On the last morning he dressed himself in his wedding-clothes, and said he thought this, at least, as good an occasion of putting them on as that for which they were first made. He wore them to Tyburn. This marked the strong impression on his mind. His mother wrote to his wife in a weak angry style, telling her to intercede for him as her duty, and to swear to his madness. But this was not so easy: in all

[5] Lady Selina Shirley, daughter of an Earl of Ferrers. *Walpole.*

her cause before the Lords, she had persisted that he was not mad.

Sir William Meredith, and even Lady Huntingdon, had prophesied that his courage would fail him at last, and had so much foundation, that it is certain Lord Ferrers had often been beat:—but the Methodists were to get no honour by him. His courage rose where it was most likely to fail, —an unlucky circumstance to prophets, especially when they have had the prudence to have all kind of probability on their side. Even an awful procession of above two hours, with that mixture of pageantry, shame, and ignominy, nay, and of delay, could not dismount his resolution. He set out from the Tower at nine, amidst crowds, thousands. First went a string of constables; then one of the sheriffs, in his chariot and six, the horses dressed with ribbons; next Lord Ferrers, in his own landau and six, his coachman crying all the way; guards at each side; the other sheriff's chariot followed empty, with a mourning coach-and-six, a hearse, and the Horse Guards. Observe, that the empty chariot was that of the other sheriff, who was in the coach with the prisoner, and who was Vaillant, the French bookseller in the Strand. How will you decipher all these strange circumstances to Florentines? A bookseller in robes and in mourning, sitting as a magistrate by the side of the Earl; and in the evening everybody going to Vaillant's shop to hear the particulars. I wrote to him, as he serves me, for the account: but he intends to print it, and I will send it you with some other things, and the trial. Lord Ferrers at first talked on indifferent matters, and observing the prodigious confluence of people (the blind was drawn up on his side), he said, 'But they never saw a lord hanged, and perhaps will never see another.' One of the dragoons was thrown by his horse's leg entangling in the hind wheel: Lord Ferrers expressed much concern, and said, 'I hope

there will be no death to-day but mine,' and was pleased when Vaillant told him the man was not hurt. Vaillant made excuses to him on his office. 'On the contrary,' said the Earl, 'I am much obliged to you. I feared the disagreeableness of the duty might make you depute your under-sheriff. As you are so good as to execute it yourself, I am persuaded the dreadful apparatus will be conducted with more expedition.' The chaplain of the Tower, who sat backwards, then thought it his turn to speak, and began to talk on religion; but Lord Ferrers received it impatiently. However, the chaplain persevered, and said he wished to bring his Lordship to some confession or acknowledgement of contrition for a crime so repugnant to the laws of God and man, and wished him to endeavour to do whatever could be done in so short a time. The Earl replied he had done everything he proposed to do with regard to God and man; 'and as to discourses on religion, you and I, Sir,' said he to the clergyman, 'shall probably not agree on that subject. The passage is very short; you will not have time to convince me, nor I to refute you; it cannot be ended before we arrive.' The clergyman still insisted, and urged that, at least, the world would expect some satisfaction. Lord Ferrers replied, with some impatience, 'Sir, what have I to do with the world? I am going to pay a forfeit life, which my country has thought proper to take from me—what do I care now what the world thinks of me? But, Sir, since you do desire some confession, I will confess one thing to you: I do believe there is a God. As to modes of worship, we had better not talk on them. I always thought Lord Bolingbroke in the wrong to publish his notions on religion: I will not fall into the same error.' The chaplain, seeing sensibly that it was in vain to make any more attempts, contented himself with representing to him, that it would be expected from one of his calling, and

that even decency required, that some prayer should be used on the scaffold, and asked his leave, at least to repeat the Lord's Prayer there. Lord Ferrers replied, 'I always thought it a good prayer; you may use it if you please.'

While these discourses were passing, the procession was stopped by the crowd. The Earl said he was dry, and wished for some wine and water. The sheriff said he was sorry to be obliged to refuse him. By late regulations they were enjoined not to let prisoners drink from the place of imprisonment to that of execution, as great indecencies had been formerly committed by the lower species of criminals getting drunk; 'And though,' said he, 'my Lord, I might think myself excusable in overlooking this order out of regard to a person of your Lordship's rank, yet there is another reason which, I am sure, will weigh with you:—your Lordship is sensible of the greatness of the crowd: we must draw up to some tavern; the confluence would be so great, that it would delay the expedition which your Lordship seems so much to desire.' He replied he was satisfied, adding,—'Then I must be content with this,' and took some pigtail tobacco out of his pocket. As they went on, a letter was thrown into his coach; it was from his mistress, to tell him it was impossible, from the crowd, for her to get up to the spot where he had appointed her to meet and take leave of him, but that she was in a hackney-coach of such a number. He begged Vaillant to order his officers to try to get the hackney-coach up to his. 'My Lord,' said Vaillant, 'you have behaved so well hitherto, that I think it is pity to venture unmanning yourself.' He was struck, and was satisfied without seeing her. As they drew nigh, he said, 'I perceive we are almost arrived; it is time to do what little more I have to do'; and then taking out his watch, gave it to Vaillant, desiring him to accept it as a mark of his gratitude for his kind behaviour, adding,

'It is scarce worth your acceptance; but I have nothing else; it is a stop-watch, and a pretty accurate one.' He gave five guineas to the chaplain, and took out as much for the executioner. Then giving Vaillant a pocket-book, he begged him to deliver it to Mrs. Clifford his mistress, with what it contained, and with his most tender regards, saying, 'The key of it is to the watch, but I am persuaded you are too much a gentleman to open it.' He destined the remainder of the money in his purse to the same person, and with the same tender regards.

When they came to Tyburn, his coach was detained some minutes by the conflux of people; but as soon as the door was opened, he stepped out readily and mounted the scaffold: it was hung with black, by the undertaker, and at the expense of his family. Under the gallows was a new invented stage, to be struck from under him. He showed no kind of fear or discomposure, only just looking at the gallows with a slight motion of dissatisfaction. He said little, kneeled for a moment to the prayer, said, 'Lord, have mercy upon me, and forgive me my errors,' and immediately mounted the upper stage. He had come pinioned with a black sash, and was unwilling to have his hands tied, or his face covered, but was persuaded to both. When the rope was put round his neck, he turned pale, but recovered his countenance instantly, and was but seven minutes from leaving the coach, to the signal given for striking the stage. As the machine was new, they were not ready at it: his toes touched it, and he suffered a little, having had time, by their bungling, to raise his cap; but the executioner pulled it down again, and they pulled his legs, so that he was soon out of pain, and quite dead in four minutes. He desired not to be stripped and exposed, and Vaillant promised him, though his clothes must be taken off, that his shirt should not. This decency ended with

him: the sheriffs fell to eating and drinking on the scaffold, and helped up one of their friends to drink with them, as he was still hanging, which he did for above an hour, and then was conveyed back with the same pomp to Surgeons' Hall, to be dissected. The executioners fought for the rope, and the one who lost it cried. The mob tore off the black cloth as relics; but the universal crowd behaved with great decency and admiration, as they well might; for sure no exit was ever made with more sensible resolution and with less ostentation.

If I have tired you by this long narrative, you feel differently from me. The man, the manners of the country, the justice of so great and curious a nation, all to me seem striking, and must, I believe, do more so to you, who have been absent long enough to read of your own country as history.

I have run into so much paper, that I am ashamed at going on, but, having a bit left, I must say a few more words. The other prisoner[6], from whom the mob had promised themselves more entertainment, is gone into the country, having been forbid the court, with some barbarous additions[7] to the sentence, as you will see in the papers. It was notified, too, to the second court[8], who have had the prudence to countenance him no longer. The third prisoner, and second madman, Lord Charles Hay, is luckily dead, and has saved much trouble.

Have you seen the Works of the philosopher of Sans Souci[9], or rather of the man who is no philosopher, and who has more *souci* than any man now in Europe? How contemptible they are! Miserable poetry; not a new thought, nor an old one newly expressed. I say nothing

[6] Lord George Sackville.

[7] 'The King confirmed the sentence, but, dissatisfied that it had gone no farther, he could not resist the ungenerous impulse of loading it with every insult in his power. . . The court-martial's decision was directed to be given out in public orders to the army, declaring the sentence worse than death.' (*Memoirs of George II*, ed. 1822, vol. ii. p. 431.)

[8] The Prince of Wales'. *Walpole.*

[9] *Œuvres du Philosophe de Sans Souci.*

of the folly of publishing his aversion to the English, at the very time they are ruining themselves for him; nor of the greater folly of his irreligion. The epistle to Keith is puerile and shocking. He is not so sensible as Lord Ferrers, who did not think such sentiments ought to be published. His Majesty could not resist the vanity of showing how disengaged he can be even at this time.

I am going to give a letter for you to Strange[10], the engraver, who is going to visit Italy. He is a very first-rate artist, and by far our best. Pray countenance him, though you will not approve his politics[11]. I believe Albano[12] is his Loretto.

I shall finish this vast volume with a very good story, though not so authentic as my sheriff's. It is said that General Clive's father[13] has been with Mr. Pitt, to notify, that if the government will send his son four hundred thousand pounds, and a certain number of ships, the *heaven-born* general knows of a part of India, where such treasures are buried, that he will engage to send over enough to pay the National Debt. 'Oh!' said the minister, 'that is too much; fifty millions would be sufficient.' Clive insisted on the hundred millions,—Pitt, that half would do very well. 'Lord, Sir!' said the old man, 'consider, if your administration lasts, the National Debt will soon be two hundred millions.' Good night for a twelvemonth!

690. To Sir David Dalrymple.

Sir, Arlington Street, May 15, 1760.

I am extremely sensible of your obliging kindness in sending me for Mr. Gray the account of Erse poetry, even

[10] Robert Strange (1721 – 1792), knighted in 1787.

[11] Strange was a confirmed Jacobite. *Walpole.*

[12] Residence of the Pretender. *Walpole.*

[13] Richard Clive, of Styche, Shropshire.

at a time when you were so much out of order. That indisposition I hope is entirely removed, and your health perfectly re-established. Mr. Gray is very thankful for the information.

I have lately bought, intending it for Dr. Robertson, a Spanish MS. called *Annales del Emperador Carlos V, Autor Francisco Lopez de Gomara*[1]. As I am utterly ignorant of the Spanish tongue, I do not know whether there is the least merit in my purchase. It is not very long; if you will tell me how to convey it, I will send it to him.

We have nothing new but some *Dialogues of the Dead* by Lord Lyttelton. I cannot say they are very lively or striking. The best, I think, relates to your country, and is written with a very good design; an intention of removing all prejudices and disunion between the two parts of our island. I cannot tell you how the book is liked in general, for it appears but this moment.

You have seen, to be sure, the King of Prussia's Poems. If he intended to raise the glory of his military capacity by depressing his literary talents, he could not, I think, have succeeded better. One would think a man had been accustomed to nothing but the magnificence of vast armies, and to the tumult of drums and trumpets, who is incapable of seeing that God is as great in the most minute parts of creation as in the most enormous. His Majesty does not seem to admire a mite, unless it is magnified by a Brobdignag microscope! While he is struggling with the force of three empires, he fancies that it adds to his glory to be unbent enough to contend for laurels with the triflers of a French Parnassus! Adieu! Sir.

LETTER 690.—[1] Francisco Lopez de Gomara is best known as the author of a *Historia General de las Indias* published at Saragossa in 1552–3. The MS. mentioned by Horace Walpole does not seem to have been printed.

691. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, May 24, 1760.

Well! at last Sisson's machine sets out—but, my dear Sir, how you still talk of him! You seem to think him as grave and learned as a professor of Bologna—why, he is an errant, low, indigent mechanic, and however Dr. Perelli found him out, is a shuffling knave, and I fear no fitter to execute his orders than to write the letter you expect. Then there was my ignorance and your brother James's ignorance to be thrown into the account. For the drawing, Sisson says Dr. Perelli has the description of it already; however, I have insisted on his making a reference to that description in a scrawl we have with much ado extorted from him. I pray to Sir Isaac Newton that the machine may answer; it costs, the stars know what! The whole charge comes to upwards of threescore pounds! He had received twenty pounds, and yet was so necessitous, that on our hesitating, he wrote me a most impertinent letter for his money. I dreaded at first undertaking a commission for which I was so unqualified, and though I have done all I could, I fear you and your friend will be but ill-satisfied.

Along with the machine I have sent you some new books; Lord George's Trial, Lord Ferrers's, and the account of him; a fashionable thing called *Tristram Shandy*, and my Lord Lyttelton's new *Dialogues of the Dead*, or rather *Dead Dialogues*; and something less valuable still than any of these, but which I flatter myself *you* will not despise; it is my own print, done from a picture that is reckoned very like—you must allow for the difference that twenty years since you saw me have made. That wonderful creature Lord Ferrers, of whom I told you so much in my last, and with whom I am not going to plague you much more, made

one of his keepers read *Hamlet* to him the night before his death after he was in bed—paid all his bills in the morning as if leaving an inn, and half an hour before the sheriffs fetched him, corrected some verses he had written in the Tower in imitation of the Duke of Buckingham's[1] epitaph, *Dubius sed non improbus vixi.* What a Noble Author have I here to add to my *Catalogue*! For the other Noble Author, Lord Lyttelton, you will find his work paltry enough; the style, a mixture of bombast, poetry, and vulgarisms. Nothing new in the composition, except making people talk out of character is so. Then he loves changing sides so much, that he makes Lord Falkland and Hampden cross over and figure in like people in a country dance; not to mention their guardian angels, who deserve to be hanged for murder. He is as angry too at Swift, Lucian, and Rabelais, as if they had laughed at him like all men living, and he seems to wish that one would read the last's Dissertation on Hippocrates instead of his History of Pantagruel. But I blame him most, when he was satirizing too free writers, for praising the King of Prussia's poetry, to which anything of Bayle is harmless. I like best the Dialogue between the Duke of Argyll and the Earl of Angus, and the character of his own first wife under that of Penelope. I need not tell you that Pericles is Mr. Pitt.

I have had much conversation with your brother James, and intend to have more with your eldest, about your nephew. He is a sweet boy, and has all the goodness of dear Gal and dear you in his countenance. They have sent him to Cambridge under that interested hog the Bishop of Chester[2], and propose to keep him there *three* years. Their apprehension seems to be of his growing a fine gentleman.

LETTER 691. — [1] John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham and Normanby; d. 1721.

[2] Dr. Edmund Keene, brother of Sir Benjamin, and afterwards Bishop of Ely. *Walpole.*

I could not help saying, 'Why, is he not to be one?' My wish is to have him with you—what an opportunity of his learning the world and business under such a tutor and such a parent! Oh! but they think he will dress and run into diversions. I tried to convince them that of all spots upon earth dress is least necessary at Florence, and where one can least divert oneself. I am answered with the necessity of Latin and mathematics—the one soon forgot, the other never got to any purpose. I cannot bear his losing the advantage of being brought up by you, with all the advantages of such a situation, and where he may learn in perfection living languages, never attained after twenty. I am so earnest on this, for I doat on him for dear Gal's sake, that I will insist to rudeness on his remaining at Cambridge but two years; and before that time you shall write to second my motions.

The Parliament is up, and news are gone out of town; I expect none but what we receive from Germany. As to the Pretender, his life or death[3] makes no impression here. When a real king is so soon forgot, how should an imaginary one be remembered? Besides, since Jacobites have found the way to St. James's, it is grown so much the fashion to worship kings, that people don't send their adorations so far as Rome. He at Kensington is likely long to outlast his old rival. The spring is far from warm, yet he wears a silk coat and has left off fires.

Thank you for the entertaining history of the Pope[4] and the Genoese. I am flounced again into building—a round tower, gallery, cloister, and chapel, all starting up—if I am forced to run away by ruining myself, I will come to

[3] He lived until 1766.

[4] Clement XIII had sent a bishop to arrange the affairs of the church in Corsica, in spite of the representations of the Genoese, against whom the Corsicans were in open rebellion, and who considered the Pope's action as a recognition of Corsican independence.

Florence, steal your nephew, and bring him with me. Adieu!

692. To the Earl of Strafford.

My dear Lord, Strawberry Hill, June 7, 1760.

When at my time of day one can think a ball worth going to London for on purpose, you will not wonder that I am childish enough to write an account of it. I could give a better reason, your bidding me send you any news; but I scorn a good reason when I am idle enough to do anything for a bad one.

You had heard, before you left London, of Miss Chudleigh's intended loyalty on the Prince's birthday. Poor thing, I fear she has thrown away above a quarter's salary! It was magnificent and well understood—no crowd—and though a sultry night, one was not a moment incommoded. The court was illuminated on the whole summit of the wall with a battlement of lamps; smaller ones on every step, and a figure of lanterns on the outside of the house. The virgin-mistress began the ball with the Duke of York, who was dressed in a pale blue watered tabby, which, as I told him, if he danced much, would soon be *tabby all over*, like the man's advertisement[1]; but nobody did dance much. There was a new Miss Bishop from Sir Cecil's endless hoard of beauty daughters, who is still prettier than her sisters. The new Spanish embassy was there—alas! Sir Cecil Bishop has never been in Spain! Monsieur de Fuentes is a halfpenny print of my Lord Huntingdon. His wife homely, but seems good-humoured and civil. The son does not degenerate from such high-born ugliness—the daughter-in-law was sick, and they say is not ugly, and has as good a set of teeth as one can have, when one has but two and

Letter 692.—[1] A stay-maker of the time, who advertised in the newspapers making stays at such a price, '*tabby all over.*' *Berry.*

those black. They seem to have no curiosity, sit where they are placed, and ask no questions about so strange a country. Indeed, the ambassadress could see nothing; for Dodington[2] stood before her the whole time, sweating Spanish at her, of which it was evident, by her civil nods without answers, she did not understand a word. She speaks bad French, danced a bad minuet, and went away—though there was a miraculous draught of fishes for their supper, as it was a fast—but being the octave of their *Fête-Dieu*, they dared not even fast plentifully. Miss Chudleigh desired the gamblers would go up into the garrets—'Nay, they are not garrets—it is only the roof of the house hollowed for upper servants—but I have no upper servants.' Everybody ran up: there is a low gallery with bookcases, and four chambers practised under the pent of the roof, each hung with the finest Indian pictures on different colours, and with Chinese chairs of the same colours. Vases of flowers in each for nosegays, and in one retired nook a most critical couch!

The lord of the festival[3] was there, and seemed neither ashamed nor vain of the expense of his pleasures. At supper she offered him Tokay, and told him she believed he would find it good. The supper was in two rooms and very fine, and on all the sideboards, and even on the chairs, were pyramids and troughs of strawberries and cherries; you would have thought she was kept by Vertumnus. Last night my Lady Northumberland lighted up her garden for the Spaniards: I was not there, having excused myself for a headache, which I had not, but *ought* to have caught the night before. Mr. Dodington entertained these Fuentes's at Hammersmith[4]; and to the shame of our nation, while

[2] Afterwards Lord Melcombe. He had been Minister in Spain. *Walpole.*

[3] The Duke of Kingston. *Walpole.*

[4] Where he had a villa called 'La Trappe.'

they were drinking tea in the summer house, some gentlemen, aye, my Lord, gentlemen, went into the river and showed the ambassadress and her daughter more than ever they expected to see of England.

I dare say you are sorry for poor Lady Anson[5]. She was exceedingly good-humoured, and did a thousand good-natured and generous actions. I tell you nothing of the rupture of Lord Halifax's match, of which you must have heard so much; but you will like a *bon mot* upon it—they say the hundreds of Drury have got the better of the thousands of Drury[6]. The pretty Countess[7] is still alive, was thought actually dying on Tuesday night, and I think will go off very soon.

I think there will soon be a peace: my only reason is, that everybody seems so backward at making war. Adieu! my dear Lord!

I am your most affectionate servant,
Hor. Walpole.

693. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, June 20, 1760.

Who the deuce was thinking of Quebec[1]? America was like a book one has read and done with; or at least if one looked at the book, one just recollected that there was a supplement promised, to contain a chapter on Montreal, the starving and surrender of it—but here are we on a sudden reading our book backwards. An account came two

[5] She died on June 1, 1760.

[6] Lord Halifax kept an actress belonging to Drury Lane Theatre. And the marriage broken off was with a daughter of Sir Thomas Drury, an heiress. *Walpole.*

[7] Of Coventry. *Walpole.*

Letter 693.—[1] On April 28, 1760, the English, under Murray, were defeated at Sillery, near Quebec, by a French force under Lévis. The latter at once laid siege to the town, which would have been lost but for the arrival of an English squadron, upon which Lévis hastily retired on May 15.

days ago that the French, on their march to besiege Quebec, had been attacked by General Murray[2], who got into a mistake and a morass, attacked two bodies that were joined, when he hoped to come up with one of them before the junction, was enclosed, embogged, and defeated. By the list of officers killed and wounded, I believe there has been a rueful slaughter—the place, too, I suppose will be retaken. The year 1760 is not the year 1759. Added to the war we have a kind of plague too, an epidemic fever and sore-throat: Lady Anson[3] is dead of it; Lord Bute and two of his daughters were in great danger; my Lady Waldegrave[4] has had it, and I am mourning for Mrs. Thomas Walpole[5], who died of it—you may imagine I don't come much to town; I had some business here to-day, particularly with Dagge, whom I have sent for to talk about Sophia[6]; he will be here *presently*, and then I will let you know what he says.

The embassy and house of Fuentes[7] are arrived—many feasts and parties have been made for them, but they do not like those out of town, and have excused themselves rather ungraciously. They were invited to a ball last Monday at Wanstead[8], but did not go: yet I don't know where they can see such magnificence. The approach, the coaches, the crowds of spectators to see the company arrive, the grandeur of the façade and apartments, were a charming sight; but

[2] Brigadier-General (afterwards General) Hon. James Murray (d. 1794), fifth son of fourth Baron Elibank. He led the right wing at the battle of the Plains of Abraham, and was left in command of the English garrison after the capitulation of Quebec. He was Governor of Canada, 1763-66; Governor of Minorca, 1779. In 1781 that island was blockaded by the French under Crillon, and Murray was forced to capitulate in Feb. 1782. On returning to England he was tried by court-martial, on charges brought against him by Draper, the Lieutenant-Governor, but was honourably acquitted on all except two trivial points.

[3] Eldest daughter of Lord Chancellor Hardwicke. *Walpole.*

[4] Maria Walpole. *Walpole.*

[5] Daughter of Sir Gerard Vanneck. *Walpole.*

[6] Natural daughter of Mr. Whitehead, mentioned in preceding letters, by a Florentine woman. *Walpole.*

[7] The Spanish Ambassador. *Walpole.*

[8] Earl Tilney's seat in Essex.

the town is so empty that that great house appeared so too. He, you know, is all attention, generosity, and good breeding.

I must tell you a private woe that has happened to me in my neighbourhood—Sir William Stanhope[9] bought Pope's house and garden. The former was so small and bad, one could not avoid pardoning his hollowing out that fragment of the rock Parnassus into habitable chambers—but would you believe it, he has cut down the sacred groves themselves! In short, it was a little bit of ground of five acres, enclosed with three lanes, and seeing nothing. Pope had twisted and twirled, and rhymed and harmonized this, till it appeared two or three sweet little lawns opening and opening beyond one another, and the whole surrounded with thick impenetrable woods. Sir William, by advice of his son-in-law[10], Mr. Ellis, has hacked and hewed these groves, wriggled a winding gravel-walk through them with an edging of shrubs, in what they call the modern taste, and in short, has desired the three lanes to walk in again—and now is forced to shut them out again by a wall, for there was not a Muse could walk[11] there but she was spied by every country fellow that went by with a pipe in his mouth. Now I am talking of modern improvements, I have wondered, with the rage of taste which reigns, that nobody has laid a plan before the Society for the Reformation of Manners, with a proposal for altering and improving the New Jerusalem in the modern style, upon consideration that *nobody one knows* could bear to go into so old-fashioned a town. The walls should be thrown down, the river taught to serpentize, Gothic seats and Palmyrine porticoes should be erected here and there in proper points of view, and shrubberies planted of all kinds of exotics from the Chinese

[9] Brother of Lord Chesterfield. *Walpole.*

[10] Welbore Ellis, married the only daughter of Sir W. Stanhope. *Walpole.*

[11] Passage modified by Lord Dover.

hyssop to the cedar of Lebanon, and the whole expense might be borne by what the old rubies and emeralds that composed the walls and gates would sell for.

It is a little unlucky for the Pretender to be dying just as the Pope seems to design to take Corsica into his hands, and might give it to so faithful a son of the church.

I have heard nothing yet of Stosch.

Presently.

Mr. Dagge has disappointed me, and I am obliged to go out of town, but I have writ to him to press the affair, and will press it, as it is owing to his negligence. Mr. Chute, to whom I spoke, says he told Dagge he was ready to be a trustee, and pressed him to get it concluded.

694. To Sir David Dalrymple.

June 20, 1760.

I am obliged to you, Sir, for the volume of Erse poetry: all of it has merit; but I am sorry not to see in it the six descriptions of night with which you favoured me before, and which I like as much as any of the pieces. I can, however, by no means agree with the publisher, that they seem to be parts of an heroic poem; nothing to me can be more unlike. I should as soon take all the epitaphs in Westminster Abbey, and say it was an epic poem on the history of England. The greatest part are evidently elegies; and though I should not expect a bard to write by the rules of Aristotle, I would not, on the other hand, give to any work a title that must convey so different an idea to every common reader. I could wish, too, that the authenticity had been more largely stated. A man who knows Dr. Blair's[1] character will undoubtedly take his word; but the

Letter 694.—[1] Hugh Blair (1718–1800), Professor of Rhetoric in Edinburgh University. He encouraged Macpherson to print the *Fragments of Ancient Poetry*.

gross of mankind, considering how much it is the fashion to be sceptical in reading, will demand proofs, not assertions.

I am glad to find, Sir, that we agree so much on the *Dialogues of the Dead*; indeed, there are very few that differ from us. It is well for the author, that none of his critics have undertaken to ruin his book by improving it, as you have done in the lively little specimen you sent me. Dr. Brown has writ a dull dialogue, called *Pericles and Aristides*, which will have a different effect from what yours would have. One of the most objectionable passages in Lord Lyttelton's book is, in my opinion, his apologizing for the *moderate* government of Augustus. A man who had exhausted tyranny in the most lawless and unjustifiable excesses is to be excused, because, out of weariness or policy, he grows less sanguinary at last!

There is a little book coming out, that will amuse you. It is a new edition of Isaac Walton's *Complete Angler*, full of anecdotes and historic notes. It is published by Mr. Hawkins[2], a very worthy gentleman in my neighbourhood, but who, I could wish, did not think angling so very *innocent* an amusement. We cannot live without destroying animals, but shall we torture them for our sport—sport in their destruction? I met a rough officer at his house t'other day, who said he knew such a person was turning Methodist; for, in the middle of conversation, he rose, and opened the window to let out a moth. I told him I did not know that the Methodists had any principle so good, and that I, who am certainly not on the point of becoming one, always did so too. One of the bravest and best men I ever knew, Sir Charles Wager, I have often heard declare he never killed a fly willingly. It is a comfortable reflection

[2] John Hawkins (1719 – 1789), knighted in 1772; executor and biographer of Samuel Johnson, and author of a *History of Music*. He was Horace Walpole's neighbour at Twickenham.

to me, that all the victories of last year have been gained since the suppression of the Bear Garden and prize-fighting; as it is plain, and nothing else would have made it so, that our valour did not singly and solely depend upon these two Universities. Adieu!

695. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Strawberry Hill, June 21, 1760.

There is nothing in the world so tiresome as a person that always says they will come to one and never does; that is a mixture of promises and excuses; that loves one better than anybody, and yet will not stir a step to see one; that likes nothing but their own ways and own books, and that thinks the Thames is not as charming in one place as another, and that fancies Strawberry Hill is the only thing upon earth worth living for—all this *you* would say, even if I could make you peevish; but since you cannot be provoked, you see I am for you, and give myself my due. It puts me in mind of General Sutton[1], who was one day sitting by my father at his dressing. Sir Robert said to Jones, who was shaving him, 'John, you cut me'—presently afterwards, 'John, you cut me'—and again, with the same patience or *Conway-ence*, 'John, you cut me.' Sutton started up and cried, 'By God! if he can bear it, I can't; if you cut him once more, damn my blood if I don't knock you down!' My dear Harry, I will knock myself down—but I fear I shall cut you again. I wish you *sorrow* of the battle of Quebec. I thought as much of losing the duchies of Aquitaine and Normandy as Canada.

However, as my public feeling never carries me to any

Letter 695.—Collated with original in possession of Earl Waldegrave.

[1] Lieutenant-General Richard Sutton (d. 1737). He is several times mentioned as Brigadier in the *Journal to Stella*.

great lengths of reflection, I bound all my Quebecquian meditations to a little diversion on George Townshend's absurdities. The *Daily Advertiser* said yesterday, that a certain great officer who had a principal share in the reduction of Quebec had given it as his opinion, that it would hold out a tolerable siege. This great general has acquainted the public to-day in an advertisement with—what do you think?—not that he has such an opinion, for he has no opinion at all, and does not think that it can nor cannot hold out a siege,—but, in the first place, that he was *luckily* shown this paragraph, which, however, he does not like; in the next, that he is and is not that great general, and yet that there is nobody else that is; and, thirdly, lest his silence, till he can proceed in *another* manner with the printer (and indeed it is difficult to conceive what manner of *proceeding* silence is), should induce anybody to believe the said paragraph, he finds himself under a necessity of giving the public his honour, that there is no more truth in this paragraph than in some others which have tended to set the opinions of some general officers together by the ears—a thing, however inconceivable, which he has shown may be done, by the confusion he himself has made in the King's English. For his *another manner* with the printer, I am impatient to see how the charge will lie against Matthew Jenour, the publisher of the *Advertiser*, who, without having the fear of God before his eyes, has forcibly, violently, and maliciously, with an offensive weapon called a hearsay, and against the peace of our sovereign Lord the King, wickedly and traitorously assaulted the head of George Townshend, General, and accused it of having an opinion, and him, the said George Townshend, has slanderously and of malice prepense believed to be a great general; in short, to make Townshend easy, I wish, as he has no more contributed to the loss of Quebec than he did to the

conquest of it, that he was to be sent to sign this capitulation too!

There is a delightful little French book come out, called *Tant mieux pour elle*[2]. It is called Crébillon's, and I should think was so. I only borrowed it, and cannot get one; *tant pis pour vous.* By the way, I am not sure you did not mention it to me; somebody did.

Have you heard that Miss Pitt has dismissed Lord Buckingham? *Tant mieux pour lui.* She damns her eyes that she will marry some captain—*tant mieux pour elle.* I think the forlorn Earl should match Miss Ariadne Drury[3]: and by the time my Lord Halifax has had as many more children and sentiments by and for Miss Falkner[4], as he can contrive to have, probably Miss Pitt may be ready to be taken into keeping. Good night! Yours ever,

H. W.

P.S. The Prince of Wales has been in the greatest anxiety for Lord Bute; to whom he professed to Duncombe[5] and Middleton, he has the greatest obligations; and when they pronounced their patient out of danger, his R. H. gave to each of them a gold medal of himself, as a mark of his sense of their care and attention.

696. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Strawberry Hill, June 28, 1760.

The devil is in people for fidgeting about! They can neither be quiet in their own houses, nor let others be at peace in theirs! Have not they enough of one another in

[2] By the Abbé de Voisenon.

[3] Anne (d. 1769), daughter and co-heir of Sir Thomas Drury, of Overstone, Northamptonshire. She actually made the match recommended by Walpole, becoming in 1761 the first wife of the second Earl of Buckinghamshire.

[4] Mary Anne Faulkner, an actress at Drury Lane Theatre.

[5] Probably William Duncan (d. 1774), afterwards (1764) a Baronet, and Physician in Ordinary to the King.

winter, but they must cuddle in summer too? For your part, you are a very priest: the moment one repents, you are for turning it to account. I wish you was in camp—never will I pity you again. How did you complain when you was in Scotland, Ireland, Flanders, and I don't know where, that you could never enjoy Park Place. Now you have a whole summer to yourself, and you are as *junkettaceous* as my Lady Northumberland. Pray, what horse-race do you go to next? For my part, I can't afford to lead such a life: I have Conway papers to sort; I have lives of the painters to write; I have my prints to paste, my house to build, and everything in the world to tell posterity.—How am I to find time for all this? I am past forty, and may not have above as many more years to live; and here I am to go here and to go there—well, I will meet you at Chalfont on Thursday; but I positively will stay but one night. I have settled with your brother that we will be at Oxford on the 13th of July, as Lord Beauchamp is only loose from the 12th to the 20th. I will be at Park Place on the 12th, and we will go together the next day. If this is too early for you, we may put it off to the 15th: determine by Thursday, and one of us will write to Lord Hertford.

Well! Quebec is come to life again. Last night I went to see the Holdernesses—who by the way are in raptures with Park—in Sion Lane. As Cibber[1] says of the Revolution, I met the raising of the siege; that is, I met my Lady in a triumphal car, drawn by a Manks horse thirteen little fingers high, with Lady Emily[2]:—

et sibi Countess
Ne placeat, ma'amselle curru portatur eodem—

LETTER 696.—[1] See Cibber's *Apology*, ch. iii.

[2] Lady Amelia Darcy (1754–1784), only child of fourth Earl of Holdernesse, whom she succeeded as Baroness Conyers, 1778; m. 1. (1773) Francis Godolphin-Osborne, Marquis of Carmarthen, from whom she was divorced in 1779; 2. (1779) John Byron.

Mr. Milbank was walking in ovation by himself after the car; and they were going to see the bonfire at the alehouse at the corner. The whole procession returned with me; and from the Countess's dressing-room, we saw a battery fired before the house, the mob crying, 'God bless the good news!'—These are all the particulars I know of the siege: my Lord would have showed me the journal, but we amused ourselves much better in going to eat peaches from the new Dutch stoves.

The rain is come indeed, and my grass is as green as grass; but all my hay has been cut and soaking this week, and I am too much in the fashion not to have given up gardening for farming; as next I suppose we shall farming, and turn graziers and hog-drivers.

I never heard of such a Semele as my Lady Stormont brought to bed in flames. I hope Miss Bacchus Murray[3] will not carry the resemblance through, and love drinking like a Pole. My Lady Lyttelton is at Mr. Garrick's, and they were to have breakfasted here this morning; but somehow or other they have changed their mind. Good night!

Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

697. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, July 4, late, 1760.

I am this minute returned from Chaffont, where I have been these two days. Mr. Conway, Lady Ailesbury, Lady Lyttelton, and Mrs. Shirley are there; and Lady Mary is going to add to the number again. The house and grounds are still in the same dislocated condition; in short, they

[3] Elizabeth Mary Murray, only daughter of seventh Viscount Stormont by his first wife; m. (1785) George Finch-Hatton, of Eastwell, Kent.

finish nothing but children; even Mr. Bentley's Gothic stable, which I call Houynhm Castle, is not rough-cast yet.

We went to see More Park[1], but I was not much struck with it, after all the miracles I had heard that Brown had performed there. He has undulated the horizon in so many artificial mole-hills, that it is full as unnatural as if it was drawn with a rule and compasses. Nothing is done to the house; there are not even chairs in the great apartment. My Lord Anson is more slatternly than the Churchills, and does not even finish children.

I am going to write to Lord Beauchamp, that I shall be at Oxford on the 15th, where I depend upon meeting you. I design to see Blenheim, and Rousham[2] (is not that the name of Dormer's?), and Althrop, and Drayton[3], before I return—but don't be frightened, I don't propose to drag you to all or any of these, if you don't like it.

Mr. Bentley has sketched a very pretty Gothic room for Lord Holderness, and orders are gone to execute it directly in Yorkshire. The first draught was Mason's; but as he does not pretend to much skill, we were desired to correct it. I say *we*, for I chose the ornaments. Adieu!

Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

P.S. My Lady Ailesbury has been much diverted, and so will you be too: Gray is in their neighbourhood—my Lady Carlisle says *he is extremely like me in his manner.* They went a party to dine on a cold loaf, and passed the day; Lady A. protests he never opened his lips but once, and then only said, 'Yes, my Lady, I believe so[4].'

Letter 697.—[1] In Hertfordshire.

[2] Sir Clement Cottrell-Dormer's seat in Oxfordshire.

[3] Lady Betty Germain's seat, near Thrapston in Northamptonshire.

[4] Gray wrote from Cambridge on Aug. 12: 'I am come to my resting-place, and find it very necessary, after living for a month in a house with three women that laughed from

698. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, July 7, 1760.

I shall write you but a short letter myself, because I make your brother, who has this moment been here, write to-night with all the particulars relating to the machine. The ten guineas are included in the sixty; and the ship, which is not yet sailed, is insured. My dear child, don't think of making me any excuses about employing me; I owe you any trouble sure that I can possibly undertake, and do it most gladly; in this one instance I was sorry you had pitched upon me, because it was entirely out of my sphere, and I could not even judge whether I had served you well or not. I am here again waiting for Dagge, whom it is more difficult to see than a minister; he disappointed me last time, but writ to me afterwards that he would immediately settle the affair for poor Sophia.

Quebec, you know, is saved; but our German histories don't go on so well as our American. Fouquet[1] is beat, and has lost five out of twelve thousand men, after maintaining himself against thirty for seven hours—he is grievously wounded, but not prisoner. The Russians are pouring on—adieu the King of Prussia, unless Prince Ferdinand's battle, of which we have expected news for these four days, can turn the scale a little—we have settled

morning to night, and would allow nothing to the sulkiness of my disposition. Company and cards at home, parties by land and water abroad, and (what they call) *doing something*, that is, racketting about from morning to night, are occupations, I find, that wear out my spirits, especially in a situation where one might sit still, and be alone with pleasure; for the place was a hill like Clifden, opening to a very extensive and diversified landscape, with the Thames, which is navigable, running at its foot.'

Letter 698. — [1] Henri Auguste (d. 1775), Baron de la Motte Fouquet, defeated and taken prisoner on June 23. 1760, at Landshut in Silesia by Laudohn.

that he is so great a general, that you must not wonder if we expect that he should beat all the world in their turns.

There has been a woful fire at Portsmouth; they say occasioned by lightning; the shipping was saved, but vast quantities of stores are destroyed.

I shall be more easy about your nephew, since you don't adopt my idea; and yet I can't conceive with his gentle nature and your good sense but you would have sufficient authority over him. I don't know who your initials mean, Ld. F. and Sr. B. B.—it don't much signify, but consider by how many years I am removed from knowing the rising generation.

I shall some time hence trouble you for some patterns of brocadella of two or three colours: it is to furnish a round tower that I am adding, with a gallery, to my castle: the quantity I shall want will be pretty large; it is to be a bedchamber entirely hung, bed, and eight armchairs; the dimensions thirteen feet high, and twenty-two diameter. Your Bianco Capello is to be over the chimney. I shall scarce be ready to hang it these two years, because I move gently, and never begin till I have the money ready to pay, which don't come very fast, as it is always to be saved out of my income, subject, too, to twenty other whims and expenses. I only mention it now, that you may at your leisure look me out half a dozen patterns; and be so good as to let me know the prices. Stosch is not arrived yet as I have heard.

Well,—at last, Dagge is come, and tells me I may assure you positively that the money will be paid in two months from this time; he has been at Thistlethwait's[2], which is nineteen miles from town, and goes again this week to make him sign a paper, on which the parson[2] will pay the

[2] Brothers and heirs of Mr. Whithed, who had changed his name for an estate. *Walpole.*

money. I shall be happy when this is completed to your satisfaction, that is, when your goodness is rewarded by being successful; but till it is completed, with all Mr. Dagge's assurances, I shall not be easy, for those brothers are such creatures, that I shall always expect some delay or evasion, when they are to part with money. Adieu!

699. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, July 10, 1760.

I shall be very sorry if I don't see you at Oxford on Tuesday next; but what can I say if your Wetenhalls will break into my almanack, and take my very day, can I help it? I must own I shall be very glad if their coach-horse is laid up with the fashionable sore-throat and fever: can you recommend no coachman to them like Dr. Wilmot, who will dispatch it in three days? If I don't see you at Oxford, I don't think I shall at Greatworth till my return from the north, which will be about the 20th or 22nd of August. Drayton, be it known to you, is Lady Betty Germayn's, is in your own county, was the old mansion of the Mordaunts, and is crammed with whatever Sir John[1] could purloin from them and the Norfolks. Adieu!

Yours ever,

H. W.

700. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, July 19, 1760.

Mr. Conway, as I told you, was with me at Oxford, and I returned with him to Park Place, and to-day hither. I am sorry you could not come to us; we passed four days most

Letter 699.—Dated in C. July 20.

[1] Sir John Germain, first Baronet (1650–1718), who inherited Drayton from his first wife, Lady Mary Mordaunt (the divorced wife of sixth Duke of Norfolk), and left it to his second wife, Lady Elizabeth Germain, *née* Berkeley.

agreeably, and I believe saw more antique holes and corners than Tom Hearne did in threescore years. You know my rage for Oxford; if King's College would not take it ill, I don't know but I should retire thither, and profess Jacobitism, that I might enjoy some venerable set of chambers. Though the weather has been so sultry, I ferreted from morning to night, fatigued that strong young lad, Lord Beauchamp, and harassed his tutors till they were forced to relieve one another. With all this, I found nothing worth seeing, except the colleges themselves, painted glass, and a couple of croziers. Oh, yes! in an old buttery at Christ Church I discovered two of the most glorious portraits by Holbein in the world. They call them Dutch heads. I took them down, washed them myself, and fetched out a thousand beauties. We went to Blenheim and saw all Vanbrugh's quarries, all the Acts of Parliament and gazettes on the Duke in inscriptions, and all the old flock chairs, wainscot tables, and gowns and petticoats of Queen Anne, that old Sarah could crowd amongst blocks of marble. It looks like the palace of an auctioneer, who has been chosen King of Poland, and furnished his apartments with obsolete trophies, rubbish that nobody bid for, and a dozen pictures, that he had stolen from the inventories of different families. The place is as ugly as the house, and the bridge, like the beggars at the old Duchess's gate, begs for a drop of water, and is refused.

We went to Ditchley[1], which is a good house, well furnished, has good portraits, a wretched *salon*, and one handsome scene behind the house. There are portraits of the Litchfield Hunt, in *true blue* frocks, with ermine capes. One of the colleges has executed this loyal pun, and made their east window entirely of blue glass. But the

LETTER 700.—[1] Lord Lichfield's seat, near Charlbury in Oxfordshire.

greatest pleasure we had, was in seeing Sir Charles Cotterell's at Rousham; it has reinstated Kent with me; he has nowhere shown so much taste. The house is old, and was bad. He has improved it, stuck as close as *he* could to Gothic, has made a delightful library, and the whole is comfortable—the garden is Daphne in little; the sweetest little groves, streams, glades, porticoes, cascades, and river, imaginable; all the scenes are perfectly classic.—Well, if I had such a house, such a library, so pretty a place, and so pretty a wife [2], I think I should let King George send to Herenhausen for a Master of the Ceremonies.

Make many compliments to all your family for me; Lord Beauchamp was much obliged by your invitation. *I* shall certainly accept it as I return from the north; in the meantime, find out how Drayton and Althrop lie according to your scale. Adieu! Yours most sincerely,

HOR. WALPOLE.

701. To SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Aug. 1, 1760.

I CAME to town to-day on purpose to see Stosch, who has been arrived some days; and to offer him all manner of civilities on your account—when indeed they can be of no use to him, for there is not a soul in town. There was a wild report last week of the plague being in St. Thomas's Hospital, and to be sure Stosch must believe there is some truth in it, for there is not a coach to be seen, the streets are new paving, and the houses new painting, just as it is always at this season. I told him if he had a mind to see London, he must go to Huntingdon races, Derby races, Stafford races, Warwick races—that is the fashionable route

[2] Jane, daughter of Charles Adelmare Cæsar. She married, secondly, General Parker.

this year—alas! I am going part of it; the Duchess of Grafton[1] and Loo are going to the Duke of Devonshire's, Lord Gower's, and Lord Hertford's; but I shall contrive to arrive after every race is over. Stosch delivered me the parcel safe, and I should have paid him for your Burgundy, but found company with him, and thought it not quite so civil to offer it at the first interview, lest it should make him be taken for a wine-merchant. He dines with me on Tuesday at Strawberry Hill, when I shall find an opportunity. He is going for a few days to Wanstead, and then for three months to a clergyman's in Yorkshire, to learn English. Apropos, you did not tell me why he comes; is it to sell his uncle's collection? Let me know before winter on what foot I must introduce him, for I would fain return a few of the thousand civilities you have showed at my recommendation.

The Hereditary Prince has been beaten[2], and has beaten, with the balance on his side; but though the armies are within a mile of one another, I don't think it clear there will be a battle, as we may lose much more than we can get. A defeat will cost Hanover and Hesse; a victory cannot be vast enough to leave us at liberty to assist the King of Prussia. He gave us a little transport the other day; outwitted Daun, and took his camp and magazines, and aimed at Dresden; but to-day the siege is raised. Daun sometimes misses himself, but never loses himself. It is not the fashion to admire him, but for my part, I should think it worth while to give the Empress a dozen Wolfes and Laudohns, to lay aside the cautious Marshal. Apropos to Wolfe, I cannot imagine what you mean by a design

Letter 701.—[1] Anne Liddel, first wife of Augustus Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Grafton. *Walpole.*

[2] On July 10 the Hereditary Prince was defeated at Corbach in Westphalia by the French under Broglio and St. Germain; on July 16 he defeated a body of Saxons and French near Ziegenhain in Hesse, and took their leader, General Glaubitz, prisoner.

executing at Rome for his tomb. The designs have been laid before my Lord Chamberlain several months; Wilton, Adam[3], Chambers[4], and others, all gave in their drawings immediately; and I think the Duke of Devonshire decided for the first. Do explain this to me, or get a positive explanation of it—and whether anybody is drawing for Adam or Chambers.

Mr. Chute and Mr. Bentley, to whom I showed your accounts of the Papa-Portuguese war[5], were infinitely diverted, as I was too, with it. The Portuguese, 'who will turn Jews not Protestants,' and the Pope's confession, 'which does more honour to his sincerity than to his infallibility,' are delightful. I will tell you who will neither turn Jew nor Protestant, nay, nor Methodist, which is much more in fashion than either—Monsieur Fuentes will not; he has given the Virgin Mary (who he fancies hates public places, because he never met her at one) his honour that he will never go to any more. What a charming sort of Spanish Ambassador! I wish they always sent us such—the worst they can do is to buy half a dozen converts.

My Lady Lincoln[6], who was ready to be brought to bed, is dead in three hours of convulsions. It has been a fatal year to great ladies: within this twelvemonth have gone off Lady Essex[7], Lady Besborough[8], Lady Granby[9], Lady

[3] Robert Adam (1728–1792).

[4] William Chambers (1726–1796), afterwards Knight of the Swedish Order of the Polar Star, architect and writer on architecture. His *Dissertation on Oriental Gardening* called forth Mason's *Heroic Epistle*, addressed to Chambers, but published anonymously.

[5] The Pope and the King of Portugal were at variance in consequence of the imprisonment and expulsion of the Portuguese Jesuits, who had taken part in the conspiracy against the King's life.

[6] Catherine, eldest daughter of Henry Pelham, wife of Henry Clinton, Earl of Lincoln, afterwards Duke of Newcastle. *Walpole.*

[7] Frances, eldest daughter of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams. *Walpole.*

[8] Caroline, eldest daughter of William, third Duke of Devonshire. *Walpole.*

[9] Frances, eldest daughter of Charles Seymour, Duke of Somerset.

Anson, and Lady Lincoln. My Lady Coventry[10] is still alive, sometimes at the point of death, sometimes recovering. They fixed the spring; now the autumn is to be critical for her.

I set out for my Lord Strafford's[11] to-morrow se'nnight, so shall not be able to send you any victory this fortnight.

General Clive is arrived all over estates and diamonds. If a beggar asks charity, he says, 'Friend, I have no small brilliants about me.'

I forgot to tell you that Stosch was to dine with General Guise[12]. The latter has notified to Christ Church, Oxford, that in his will he has given them his collection of pictures. Adieu!

702. To the Earl of Strafford.

My dear Lord, Strawberry Hill, Aug. 7, 1760.

You will laugh, but I am ready to cry, when I tell you that I have no notion when I shall be able to wait on you. —Such a calamity!—My tower is not fallen down, nor Lady Fanny Shirley run away with another printer; nor has my Lady D—— insisted on living with me as halfway to Weybridge. Something more disgraceful than all these, and wofully mortifying for a young creature, who is at the same time in love with Lady Mary Coke, and following the Duchess of Grafton and Loo all over the kingdom. In short, my Lord, I have got the gout—yes, the gout in earnest. I was seized on Monday morning, suffered dismally all night, am now wrapped in flannels like the picture of

Walpole.—She was the eldest daughter by the second wife.

[10] The beautiful Maria Gunning. *Walpole.*

[11] William Wentworth, second Earl of Strafford. See an account of his seat at Wentworth Castle, in the *Essay on Modern Gardening*, at the end of the fourth volume of *Anecdotes of Painting in England. Walpole.*

[12] General Guise did leave his collection as he promised; but the University employing the son of Bonus, the cleaner of pictures, to repair them, he entirely repainted them, and as entirely spoiled them. *Walpole.*

a Morocco ambassador, and am carried to bed by two servants. You see virtue and leanness are no preservatives. I write this now to your Lordship, because I think it totally impossible that I should be able to set out the day after to-morrow, as I intended. The moment I can, I will; but this is a tyrant that will not let one name a day. All I know is, that it may abridge my other parties, but shall not my stay at Wentworth Castle. The Duke of Devonshire was so good as to ask me to be at Chatsworth yesterday, but I did not know it time enough. As it happens, I must have disappointed him. At present I look like Pam's father more than one of his subjects; only one of my legs appears:

The rest my parti-colour'd robe conceals[1].

Adieu! my dear Lord.

Yours most faithfully,
Hor. Walpole.

703. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 7, 1760.

I can give you but an unpleasant account of myself, I mean unpleasant for me; everybody else I suppose it will make laugh. Come, laugh at once! I am laid up with the gout, am an absolute cripple, am carried up to bed by two men, and could walk to China as soon as cross the room. In short, here is my history: I have been out of order this fortnight, without knowing what was the matter with me; pains in my head, sicknesses at my stomach, dispiritedness, and a return of the nightly fever I had in the winter. I concluded a northern journey would take all this off—but, behold! on Monday morning I was seized as I thought

Letter 702.—[1] 'The rest his many colour'd robe conceal'd.' (*Rape of the Locke*, iii. 58.)

with the cramp in my left foot; however, I walked about all day: towards evening it discovered itself by its true name, and that night I suffered a great deal. However, on Tuesday I was again able to go about the house; but since Tuesday I have not been able to stir, and am wrapped in flannels and swathed like Sir Paul Pliant[1] on his wedding-night. I expect to hear that there is a bet at Arthur's, which runs fastest, Jack Harris[2] or I. Nobody would believe me six years ago when I said I had the gout. They would do leanness and temperance honours to which they have not the least claim.

I don't yet give up my expedition; as my foot is much swelled, I trust this alderman distemper is going: I shall set out the instant I am able; but I much question whether it will be soon enough for me to get to Ragley by the time the clock strikes loo. I find I grow too old to make the circuit with the charming Duchess[3].

I did not tell you about German skirmishes, for I knew nothing of them: when two vast armies only scratch one another's faces, it gives me no attention. My gazette never contains above one or two casualties of foreign politics:—overlaid, one king; dead of convulsions, an electorate; burnt to death, Dresden.

I wish you joy of all your purchases; why, you sound as rich as if you had had the gout these ten years. I beg their pardon; but just at present, I am very glad not to be near the vivacity of either Missy or Peter[4]. I agree with you much about *The Minor*[5]: there are certainly parts and wit in it. Adieu! Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

Letter 703.—[1] A character in Congreve's *Double Dealer*.

[2] John Harris, of Hayne, in Devonshire, married to Mr. Conway's eldest sister. *Walpole.*

[3] Anne Liddell, Duchess of Grafton. *Walpole.*

[4] A favourite greyhound. *Walpole.*

[5] A comedy by Foote, recently produced at the Little Theatre in the Haymarket.

704. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 12, 1760.

In what part of the island you are just now, I don't know; flying about somewhere or other, I suppose—well, it is charming to be so young! Here am I, lying upon a couch, wrapped up in flannels, with the gout in both feet—oh yes! gout in all the forms. Six years ago I had it, and nobody would believe me—now they may have proof—my legs are as big as your cousin Guilford's—and they don't use to be quite so large. I was seized yesterday se'nnight; have had little pain in the day, but most uncomfortable nights—however, I move about again a little with a stick. If either my father or mother had had it, I should not dislike it so much; I am herald enough to approve it if descended genealogically—but it is an absolute upstart in me; and what is more provoking, I had trusted to my great abstinence for keeping me from it—but thus it is; if I had had any gentlemanlike virtue, as patriotism or loyalty, I might have got something by them; I had nothing but that beggarly virtue temperance, and she had not interest enough to keep me from a fit of the gout. Another plague is, that everybody that ever knew anybody that had it, are so good as to come with advice, and direct me how to manage it—that is, how to continue to have it for a great many years. I am very refractory—I say to the gout, as great personages do to the executioners, 'Friend, do your work as quick as you can.' They tell me of wine to keep it out of my stomach—but I will starve temperance itself—I will be virtuous indeed; that is, I will stick to virtue, though I find it is not its own reward.

This confinement has kept me from Yorkshire; I hope, however, to be at Ragley by the 20th, from whence I shall

still go to Lord Strafford's, and by this delay you may possibly be at Greatworth by my return, which will be about the beginning of September. Write me a line as soon as you receive this; direct it to Arlington Street, it will be sent after me. Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. W.

P.S. My tower erects its battlements bravely; my *Anecdotes of Painting* thrive exceedingly, thanks to the gout, that has pinned me to my chair; think of Ariel the sprite in a slit shoe!

705. To the Countess of Ailesbury.

Whichnovre, Aug. 23, 1760.

Well, Madam, if I had known whither I was coming, I would not have come alone! Mr. Conway and your Ladyship should have come too. Do you know, this is the individual manor-house[1], where married ladies may have a flitch of bacon upon the easiest terms in the world? I should have expected that the owners would be ruined in satisfying the conditions of the obligation, and that the park would be stocked with hogs instead of deer. On the contrary, it is thirty years since the flitch was claimed, and Mr. Offley was never so *near* losing one as when you and Mr. Conway were at Ragley.

He so little expects the demand, that the flitch is only hung in effigie over the hall chimney, carved in wood. Are not you ashamed, Madam, never to have put in your claim? It is above a year and a day that you have been married, and I never once heard either of you mention a journey to Whichnovre. If you quarrelled at loo every night, you

Letter 705.—[1] Of Whichnovre, near Litchfield. *Walpole.*

could not quit your pretensions with more indifference. I had a great mind to take my oath, as one of your witnesses, that you neither of you would, if you were at liberty, prefer anybody else, *ne fairer ne fouler*, and I could easily get twenty persons to swear the same. Therefore, unless you will let the world be convinced, that all your apparent harmony is counterfeit, you must set out immediately for Mr. Offley's, or at least send me a letter of attorney to claim the flitch in your names; and I will send it up by the coach, to be left at the *Blue Boar*, or wherever you will have it delivered. But you had better come in person; you will see one of the prettiest spots in the world; it is a little paradise, and the more like the antique one, as, by all I have said, the married couple seems to be driven out of it. The house is very indifferent: behind is a pretty park; the situation, a brow of a hill commanding sweet meadows, through which the Trent serpentizes in numberless windings and branches. The spires of the cathedral of Lichfield are in front at a distance, with variety of other steeples, seats, and farms, and the horizon bounded by rich hills covered with blue woods. If you love a prospect, or bacon, you will certainly come hither.

Wentworth Castle, Sunday night.

I had writ thus far yesterday, but had no opportunity of sending my letter. I arrived here last night, and found only the Duke of Devonshire, who went to Hardwicke[2] this morning: they were down at the menagerie, and there was a clean little pullet, with which I thought his Grace looked as if he should be glad to eat a slice of Whichnovre bacon. We follow him to Chatsworth to-morrow, and make our entry to the public dinner, to the disagreeableness of which I fear even Lady Mary's company will not reconcile me.

[2] Hardwicke Hall, Derbyshire, a seat of the Duke of Devonshire.

My Gothic building, which my Lord Strafford has executed in the menagerie, has a charming effect. There are two bridges built besides; but the new front is very little advanced. Adieu, Madam!

Your most affectionate evidence,

Hor. Walpole.

706. To Sir Horace Mann.

Chatsworth[1], Aug. 28, 1760.

I am a great way out of the world, and yet enough in the way of news to send you a good deal. I have been here but two or three days, and it has rained expresses. The most important intelligence I can give you is, that I was stopped from coming into the north for ten days by a fit of the gout in both feet, but as I have a tolerable quantity of resolution, I am now running about with the children and climbing hills—and I intend to have only just so much of this wholesome evil as shall carry me to a hundred. The next point of consequence is, that the Duke of Cumberland has had a stroke of the palsy. As his courage is at least equal to mine, he makes nothing of it; but being above an inch more in the girth than I am, he is not yet arrived at skipping about the house. In truth, his case is melancholy: the humours that have fallen upon the wound in his leg have kept him lately from all exercise; as he used much, and is so corpulent, this must have bad consequences. Can one but pity him? A hero, reduced by injustice to crowd all his fame into the supporting bodily ills, and to looking on the approach of a lingering death with fortitude, is a real object of compassion. How he must envy, what I am sure I don't, his cousin of Prussia risking his life every hour against Cossacks and Russians! Well! but this risker has

Letter 706.—[1] Seat of the Duke of Devonshire in Derbyshire. *Walpole.*

scrambled another victory[2]: he has beat that pert pretender Laudohn—yet it looks to me as if he was but new gilding his coffin; the undertaker Daun will, I fear, still have the burying of him!

I received here your letter of the 9th, and am glad Dr. Perelli so far justifies Sisson as to disculpate me. I trust I shall execute Sophia's business better.

Stosch dined with me at Strawberry before I set out. He is a very rational creature. I return homewards to-morrow; my campaigns are never very long; I have great curiosity for seeing places, but I dispatch it soon, and am always impatient to be back with my own Woden and Thor, my own Gothic Lares. While the lords and ladies are at skittles, I just found a moment to write you a line. Adieu!

Arlington Street, Sept. 1.

I had no opportunity of sending my letter to the Secretary's office, so brought it myself. You will see in the *Gazette* another little victory of a Captain Byron[3] over a whole diminutive French squadron. Stosch has had a fever. He is now going to establish himself at Salisbury.

707. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Sept. 1, 1760.

I was disappointed at your not being at home as I returned from my expedition; and now I fear it must be another year before I see Greatworth, as I have two or three more engagements on my books for the residue of this season. I go next week to Lord Waldegrave, and afterwards to George Selwyn, and shall return by Bath, which

[2] On Aug. 15, 1760, at Liegnitz in Silesia.

[3] Captain (afterwards Vice-Admiral) Hon. John Byron (1723–1786), second son of fourth Baron Byron. He had destroyed some French shipping and stores in Chaleur Bay, New Brunswick.

I have never yet seen. Will not you and the General come to Strawberry in October?

Thank you for your lamentations on my gout; it was, in proportion to my size, very slender—my feet are again as small as ever they were; when I had what I called *big shoes*, I could have danced a minuet on a silver penny.

My tour has been extremely agreeable. I set out with winning a good deal at loo at Ragley; the Duke of Grafton was not so successful, and had some high words with Pam. I went from thence to Offley's at Whichenovre, the individual manor of the flitch of bacon, which has been growing *rusty* for these thirty years in his hall. I don't wonder; I have no notion that one could keep in good humour with one's wife for a year and a day, unless one was to live on the very spot, which is one of the sweetest scenes I ever saw. It is the brink of a high hill; the Trent wriggles through a lovely meadow at the foot; Litchfield and twenty other churches and mansions decorate the view. Mr. Anson[1] has bought an estate close by, whence my Lord used to cast many a wishful eye, though without the least pretensions even to a bit of lard.

I saw Litchfield cathedral, which has been rich, but my friend Lord Brook[2] and his soldiery treated poor St. Chadd with so little ceremony, that it is in a most naked condition. In a niche at the very summit they have crowded in a statue of Charles the Second, with a special pair of shoe-strings, big enough for a weathercock. As I went to Lord Strafford's I passed through Sheffield, which is one of the foulest towns in England in the most charming situation. There are two-and-twenty thousand inhabitants making knives and scissors; they remit 11,000*l.* a week to London. One man there has

Letter 707.—[1] Thomas Anson, of Shugborough, near Lichfield, elder brother of the Admiral.

[2] Robert Greville (1607–1643), second Baron Brooke, killed while directing an attack upon Lichfield Cathedral, which is dedicated to St. Chad.

discovered the art of plating copper with silver—I bought a pair of candlesticks for two guineas that are quite pretty. Lord Strafford has erected the little Gothic building, which I got Mr. Bentley to draw; I took the idea from Chichester Cross. It stands on a high bank in the menagerie, between a pond and a vale, totally bowered over with oaks. I went with the Straffords to Chatsworth, and stayed there four days; there was Lady Mary Coke, Lord Besborough and his daughters, Lord Thomond, Mr. Bonfoy, the Duke, the old Duchess[3], and two of his brothers—would you believe that nothing was ever better humoured than the ancient Grace? She stayed every evening, till it was dark, in the skittle-ground, keeping the score; and one night, that the servants had a ball for Lady Dorothy's[4] birthday, we fetched the fiddles into the drawing-room, and the Dowager herself danced with us!

I never was more disappointed than at Chatsworth, which, ever since I was born, I have condemned—it is a glorious situation; the vale rich in corn and verdure, vast woods hang down the hills, which are green to the top, and the immense rocks only serve to dignify the prospect. The river runs before the door, and serpentizes more than you can conceive in the next vale. The Duke is widening it, and will make it the middle of his park; but I don't approve an idea they are going to execute, of a fine bridge with statues under a noble cliff—if they will have a bridge (which by the way will crowd the scene), it should be composed of rude fragments, such as the giant of the Peak would place to step upon, that he might not be wet-shod. The expense of the works now carrying on will amount to 40,000*l.* A heavy quadrangle of stables

[3] Widow of the third Duke.

[4] Lady Dorothy Cavendish, only daughter of fourth Duke of Devonshire; m. (1766) William Henry Cavendish-Bentinck, third Duke of Portland; d. 1794.

is part of the plan, is very cumbrous, and standing higher than the house, is ready to overwhelm it. The principal front of the house is beautiful, and executed with the neatness of wrought plate. The inside is most sumptuous, but did not please me. The heathen gods, goddesses, Christian virtues, and allegoric gentlefolks, are crowded into every room, as if Mrs. Holman had been in heaven and invited everybody she saw. The great apartment is trist; painted ceilings, inlaid floors, and unpainted wainscot make every room sombre. The tapestries are fine, but not fine enough, and there are few portraits. The chapel is charming. The great *jet d'eau* I like, nor would I remove it—whatever is magnificent of the kind in the time it was done, I would retain—else all gardens and houses wear a tiresome resemblance—I except that absurdity of a cascade tumbling down marble steps, which reduces the steps to be of no use at all. I saw Haddon, an abandoned old castle of the Rutlands, in a romantic situation, but which never could have composed a tolerable dwelling. The Duke sent Lord John[5] with me to Hardwicke, where I was again disappointed—but I will not take relations from others—they either don't see for themselves, or can't see for me. How I had been promised that I should be charmed with Hardwicke, and told that the Devonshires ought to have established themselves there! never was I less charmed in my life. The house is not Gothic, but of that betweenity, that intervened when Gothic declined and Palladian was creeping in—rather, this is totally naked of either. It has vast chambers, aye, vast, such as the nobility of that time delighted in, and did not know how to furnish. The great apartment is exactly what it was when the Queen of Scots was kept there. Her council-chamber—the council-chamber of a poor woman, who had only two secretaries, a gentleman-

[5] Lord John Cavendish.

usher, an apothecary, a confessor, and three maids! is so outrageously spacious, that you would take it for King David's, who thought, contrary to all modern experience, that in the multitude of counsellors there is wisdom. At the upper end is a state, with a long table, covered with a sumptuous cloth, embroidered and embossed with gold—at least what was gold—so are all the tables. Round the top of the chamber runs a monstrous frieze, ten or twelve feet deep, representing stag-hunting in miserable plastered relief. The next is her dressing-room, hung with patch-work on black velvet. Then her state bed-chamber—the bed has been rich beyond description, and now hangs in costly golden tatters. The hangings, part of which they say her Majesty worked, are composed of figures as large as life, sewed and embroidered on black velvet, white satin, &c., and represent the virtues that were necessary for her, or that she was forced to have, as Patience and Temperance, &c. The fire-screens are particular; pieces of yellow velvet, fringed with gold, hang on a cross-bar of wood, which is fixed on the top of a single stick, that rises from the foot. The only furniture which has any appearance of taste are the tables and cabinets, which are all of oak, richly carved. There is a private chamber within, where she lay, her arms and style over the door. The arras hangs over all the doors. The gallery is sixty yards long, covered with bad tapestry, and wretched pictures of Mary herself, Elizabeth in a gown of sea-monsters, Lord Darnley, James the Fifth and his Queen, curious, and a whole history of Kings of England, not worth sixpence apiece. There is an original of old Bess of Hardwicke herself, who built the house. Her estates were then reckoned at 60,000*l.* a year, and now let for 200,000*l.* Lord John Cavendish told me that the tradition in the family is, that it had been prophesied to her that she should never die as long as she was building, and that at last she died in

a hard frost, when the labourers could not work. There is a fine bank of old oaks in the park over a lake—nothing else pleased me there. However, I was so diverted with this old beldame, and her magnificence, that I made this epitaph for her:

Four times the nuptial bed she warm'd,
And every time so well perform'd,
That when death spoil'd each husband's billing,
He left the widow every shilling.
Fond was the dame, but not dejected;
Five stately mansions she erected
With more than royal pomp, to vary
The prison of her captive Mary.

When Hardwicke's tow'rs shall bow their head,
Nor mass be more in Worksop said;
When Bolsover's[6] fair fame shall tend,
Like Oldcotes[7], to its mould'ring end;
When Chatsworth tastes no Candish bounties,
Let fame forget this costly countess.

As I returned, I saw Newstead[8] and Althorpe; I like both. The former is the very abbey. The great east window of the church remains, and connects with the house; the hall entire, the refectory entire, the cloister untouched, with the ancient cistern of the convent, and their arms on it, a private chapel quite perfect. The park, which is still charming, has not been so much unprofaned; the present Lord[9] has lost large sums, and paid part in old oaks, five thousand pounds' worth of which have been cut near the house. In recompense he has built two baby forts, to pay his country in castles for the damage done to the navy, and planted a handful of Scotch firs, that look like ploughboys dressed in old family liveries for a public day!

[6] Near Chesterfield in Derbyshire.
[7] In Nottinghamshire, near Tickhill.
[8] Lord Byron's seat in Nottinghamshire.
[9] William Byron (1722-1798), fifth Baron Byron.

In the hall is a very good collection of pictures, all animals; the refectory, now the great drawing-room, is full of Byrons; the vaulted roof remaining—but the windows have new dresses making for them by a Venetian tailor! Althorpe has several very fine pictures by the best Italian hands, and a gallery of all one's acquaintance by Vandyke and Lely. I wonder you never saw it; it is but six miles from Northampton.

Well, good night; I have writ you such a volume, that you see I am forced to page it. The Duke has had a stroke of a palsy, but is quite recovered, except in some letters, which he cannot pronounce; and it is still visible in the contraction of one side of his mouth. My compliments to your family.

Yours ever,
H. W.

708. To the Earl of Strafford.

My dear Lord, Strawberry Hill, Sept. 4, 1760.

You ordered me to tell you how I liked Hardwicke. To say the truth, not exceedingly. The bank of oaks over the ponds is fine, and the vast lawn behind the house: I saw nothing else that is superior to the common run of parks. For the house, it did not please me at all; there is no grace, no ornament, no Gothic in it. I was glad to see the style of furniture of that age; and my imagination helped me to like the apartment of the Queen of Scots. Had it been the château of a Duchess of Brunswick, on which they had exhausted the revenues of some centuries, I don't think I should have admired it at all. In short, Hardwicke disappointed me as much as Chatsworth surpassed my expectation. There is a richness and vivacity of prospect in the latter; in the former, nothing but triste grandeur.

Newstead delighted me. There is grace and Gothic

indeed—good chambers and a comfortable house. The monks formerly were the only sensible people that had really good mansions. I saw Althorpe too, and liked it very well: the pictures are fine. In the gallery I found myself quite at home; and surprised the housekeeper by my familiarity with the portraits.

I hope you have read Prince Ferdinand's thanksgiving[1], where he has made out a victory by the excess of his praises. I supped at Mr. Conway's t'other night with Miss West[2], and we diverted ourselves with the encomiums on her Colonel Johnston[3]. Lady Ailesbury told her that to be sure next winter she would burn nothing but laurel faggots. Don't you like Prince Ferdinand's being so tired with thanking, that at last he is forced to turn God over to be thanked by the officers?

In London there is a more cruel campaign than that waged by the Russians: the streets are a very picture of the murder of the innocents—one drives over nothing but poor dead dogs[4]! The dear, good-natured, honest, sensible creatures! Christ! how can anybody hurt them? Nobody could but those Cherokees the English, who desire no better than to be halloo'd to blood:—one day Admiral Byng, the next Lord George Sackville, and to-day the poor dogs!

I cannot help telling your lordship how I was diverted the night I returned hither. I was sitting with Mrs. Clive, her sister and brother, in the bench near the road at the end of her long walk. We heard a violent scolding: and looking out, saw a pretty woman standing by a high chaise,

Letter 708.—[1] An acknowledgement of the 'good conduct and valour' of the troops which took part in the successful engagement at Ziegenhain on July 16, 1760. (See *Gent. Mag.*, 1760, p. 386.)

[2] Eldest daughter of John (afterwards) Earl of de la Warre. *Walpole.*

[3] The late General James Johnston. *Walpole.*—To whom she was married in 1763.

[4] In consequence of an outbreak of hydrophobia, orders for the destruction of dogs found in the streets of London had been issued by the magistrates and Common Council.

in which was a young fellow, and a coachman riding by. The damsel had lost her hat, her cap, her cloak, her temper, and her senses; and was more drunk and more angry than you can conceive. Whatever the young man had or had not done to her, she would not ride in the chaise with him, but stood cursing and swearing in the most outrageous style: and when she had vented all the oaths she could think of, she at last wished *perfidion* might seize him. You may imagine how we laughed.—The fair intoxicate turned round, and cried, 'I am laughed at!—Who is it? What, Mrs. Clive? Kitty Clive?—No: Kitty Clive would never behave so!' I wish you could have seen my neighbour's confusion. She certainly did not grow paler than ordinary. I laugh now while I repeat it to you.

I have told Mr. Bentley the great honour you have done him, my Lord. He is happy the temple succeeds to please you.

I am your Lordship's most faithful friend and servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

709. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 19, 1760.

THANK you for your notice, though I should certainly have contrived to see you without it. Your brother promised he would come and dine here one day with you and Lord Beauchamp. I go to Navestock on Monday, for two or three days; but that will not exhaust your waiting[1]. I shall be in town on Sunday; but as that is a court-day, I will not—so don't propose it—dine with you at Kensington; but I will be with my Lady Hertford about six, where your brother and you will find me if you please.

LETTER 709.—[1] Mr. Conway was a Groom of the Bedchamber to the King, and then in waiting at Kensington. *Walpole.*

I cannot come to Kensington in the evening, for I have but one pair of horses in the world, and they will have to carry me to town in the morning.

I wonder the King expects a battle; when Prince Ferdinand can do as well without fighting, why should he fight? Can't he make the Hereditary Prince gallop into a mob of Frenchmen, and get a scratch on the nose; and Johnson straddle 'cross a river and come back with six heads of hussars in his fob, and then can't he thank all the world, and assure them he shall never forget the victory[2] they have not gained? These thanks are sent over: the *Gazette* swears that this no-success was chiefly owing to General Mostyn[3]; and the *Chronicle* protests, that it was achieved by my Lord Granby's losing his hat, which he never wears; and then his Lordship sends over for three hundred thousand pints of porter to drink his own health; and then Mr. Pitt determines to carry on the war for another year; and then the Duke of Newcastle hopes that we shall be beat, that he may lay the blame on Mr. Pitt, and that then he shall be minister for thirty years longer; and then we shall be the greatest nation in the universe. Amen! My dear Harry, you see how easy it is to be a hero. If you had but taken impudence and Oatlands in your way to Rochfort, it would not have signified whether you had taken Rochfort or not. Adieu! I don't know who Lady Ailesbury's Mr. Alexander is. If she curls like a vine with any Mr. Alexander but you, I hope my Lady Coventry will recover and be your Roxana.

Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

[2] Near Warburg in Westphalia, where on July 31, 1760, Prince Ferdinand had defeated the French reserves under the Chevalier de Muy—a victory largely due to the English cavalry under Granby and Mostyn.

[3] General John Mostyn (1710–1779), son of Sir Roger Mostyn, third Baronet; Governor of Minorca, 1768; Governor of Chelsea Hospital, 1768.

710. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 2, 1760.

I announce my Lady Huntingtower[1] to you. I hope you will approve the match a little more than I suppose my Lord Dysart[2] will, as he does not yet know, though they have been married these two hours, that at ten o'clock this morning, his son espoused my niece Charlotte at St. James's Church.

The moment my Lord Dysart is dead, I will carry you to see Ham House[3]; it is pleasant to call cousins with a charming prospect over against one. Now you want to know the detail; there was none. It is not the style of our court to have long negotiations: we don't fatigue the town with exhibiting the betrothed for six months together in public places. *Vidit, venit, vicit*; the young Lord has liked her some time; on Saturday se'nnight he came to my brother, and made his demand. The Princess did not know him by sight, and did not dislike him when she did; she consented, and they were to be married this morning. My Lord Dysart is such a brute that nobody will feel for him; he has kept his son till six-and-twenty, and would never make the least settlement on him: 'Sure,' said the young man, 'if he will do nothing for me, I may please myself; he cannot hinder me of ten thousand pounds a year, and sixty thousands that are in the funds, all entailed on me'—a reversion one does not wonder the bride did not refuse, as there is present possession too of a very handsome person, the only thing his father has ever given him. His

Letter 710.—[1] Charlotte (d. 1789), third daughter of Sir Edward Walpole, K.B.; m. (Oct. 2, 1760) Lionel Tollemache, styled Lord Huntingtower, who succeeded his father as fifth Earl of Dysart in 1770.

[2] Lionel Tollemache (1707–1770), fourth Earl of Dysart.

[3] Lord Dysart's seat at Richmond.

grandfather, Lord Granville, has always told him to choose a gentlewoman, and please himself—yet I should think the ladies Tweedale and Cowper [4] would cackle a little.

I wish you could have come here this October for more reasons than one. The Teddingtonian history is grown wofully bad. Marc Antony[5], though no boy, persists in losing the world two or three times over for every gipsy that he takes for a Cleopatra. I have laughed, been cool, scolded, represented, begged, and at last spoken very roundly—all with equal success—at present we do not meet—I must convince him of ill usage, before I can make good usage of any service to him. All I have done is forgot, because I will not be enamoured of Hannah Cleopatra too. You shall know the whole history when I see you; you may trust me for still being kind to him; but that he must not as yet suspect. They are bent on going to London, that she may visit and be visited, while he puts on his red velvet and ermine, and goes about begging in robes!

Poor Mr. Chute has had another very severe fit of the gout; I left him in bed, but by not hearing he is worse, trust on Saturday to find him mended. Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. W.

P.S. I have kept a copy of my last memorial, which you, who know all the circumstances, will not think a whit too harsh.

711. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Oct. 5, 1760.

I am afraid you will turn me off from being your gazetteer. Do you know that I came to town to-day by

[4] Aunts of Lord Huntingtower.

[5] Richard Bentley, whose friendship with Walpole came to an end in consequence of this quarrel.

accident, and was here four hours before I heard that Montreal[1] was taken? The express came early this morning. I am so posthumous in my intelligence, that you must not expect any intelligence from me—but the same post that brings you this, will convey the extraordinary *Gazette*, which of late is become the register of the Temple of Fame. All I know is, that the bonfires and squibs are drinking General Amherst's health.

Within these two days Fame and the *Gazette* have laid another egg; I wish they may hatch it themselves! but it is one of that unlucky hue which has so often been addled: in short, behold another secret expedition[2]. It was notified on Friday, and departs in a fortnight. Lord Albemarle[3], it is believed, will command it. One is sure at least that it cannot be to America, for we have taken it *all*. The conquest of Montreal may perhaps serve in full of all accounts, as I suspect a little that this new plan was designed to amuse the City of London at the beginning of the session, who would not like to have wasted so many millions on this campaign, without any destruction of friend or foe. Now, a secret expedition may at least furnish a court-martial, and the citizens love persecution even better than their money. A general or an admiral to be mobbed either by their applause or their hisses, is all they desire.—Poor Lord Albemarle!

The charming Countess[4] is dead at last; and as if the whole history of both sisters was to be extraordinary, the Duchess of Hamilton[5] is in a consumption too, and going

LETTER 711.—[1] Montreal surrendered to the united forces of Amherst, Murray, and Haviland, on Sept. 8, 1760.

[2] This force was first designed for an attack on Mauritius and Réunion, then for an attempt on Belleisle, but owing to the death of George II, and other circumstances, it was eventually countermanded.

[3] George Keppel, third Earl of Albemarle. *Walpole.*

[4] Maria Gunning, Countess of Coventry. *Walpole.*

[5] Eliz. Gunning, Duchess of Hamilton, and afterwards of Argyll. *Walpole.*

abroad directly. Perhaps you may see the remains of these prodigies, you will see but little remains; her features were never so beautiful as Lady Coventry's, and she has long been changed, though not yet I think above six-and-twenty. The other was but twenty-seven.

As all great ladies are mortal this year, my family is forced to recruit the peerage. My brother's last daughter is married; and, as Biddy Tipkin[6] says, though their story is too short for a romance, it will make a very pretty novel —nay, it is almost brief enough for a play, and very near comes within one of the unities, the space of four-and-twenty hours. There is in the world, particularly in my world, for he lives directly over against me across the water, a strange brute called Earl of Dysart[7]. Don't be frightened, it is not he. His son, Lord Huntingtower, to whom he gives but four hundred pounds a year, is a comely young gentleman of twenty-six, who has often had thoughts of trying whether his father would not like grandchildren better than his own children, as sometimes people have more grandtenderness than paternal. All the answer he could ever get was, that the Earl could not afford, as he has five younger children, to make any settlement, but he offered, as a proof of his inability and kindness, to lend his son a large sum of money at low interest. This indigent usurer has thirteen thousand pounds a year, and sixty thousand pounds in the funds. The money and ten of the thirteen thousand in land are entailed on Lord Huntingtower. The young Lord, it seems, has been in love with Charlotte for some months, but thought so little of inflaming her, that yesterday fortnight she did not know him by sight. On that day he came and proposed himself to my

[6] In Steele's *Tender Husband*. *Walpole.*

[7] Lionel Talmache, Earl of Dysart, lived at Ham House, over against Twickenham. *Walpole.*

brother, who with much surprise heard his story, but excused himself from giving an answer. He said he would never force the inclinations of his children; he did not believe his daughter had any engagement or attachment, but she might have: he would send for her and know her mind. She was at her sister Waldegrave's, to whom, on receiving the notification, she said, very sensibly, 'If I was but nineteen, I would refuse point-blank; I do not like to be married in a week to a man I never saw. But I am two-and-twenty; some people say I am handsome, some say I am not; I believe the truth is, I am likely to be large and to go off soon—it is dangerous to refuse so great a match.' Take notice of the *married in a week*; the love that was so many months in ripening, could not stay above a week. She came and saw this impetuous lover, and I believe was glad she had not refused point-blank—for they were married last Thursday. I tremble a little for the poor girl; not to mention the oddness of the father, and twenty disagreeable things that may be in the young man, who has been kept and lived entirely out of the world; he takes her fortune, ten thousand pounds, and cannot settle another shilling upon her till his father dies, and then promises only a thousand a year. Would one venture one's happiness and one's whole fortune for the chance of being Lady Dysart?—if Lord Huntingtower dies before his father, she will not have sixpence. Sure my brother has risked too much!

Stosch, who is settled at Salisbury, has writ to me to recommend him to somebody or other as a travelling governor or companion. I would if I knew anybody; but who travels now? He says you have notified his intention to me—so far from it, I have not heard from you this age: I never was so long without a letter—but you don't take Montreals and Canadas every now and then. You repose like the

warriors in Germany—at least I hope so—I trust no ill health has occasioned your silence. Adieu!

712. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 14, 1760.

If you should see in the newspapers, that I have offered to raise a regiment at Twickenham, am going with the expedition, and have actually kissed hands, don't believe it—though I own, the two first would not be more surprising than the last. I will tell you how the calamity befell me, though you will laugh instead of pitying me. Last Friday morning, I was very tranquilly writing my *Anecdotes of Painting*: I heard the bell at the gate ring—I called out, as usual, 'Not at home;' but Harry, who thought it would be treason to tell a lie, when he saw red liveries, owned I was, and came running up, 'Sir, the Prince of Wales is at the door, and says he is come on purpose to make you a visit!' There was I, in the utmost confusion, undressed, in my slippers, and with my hair about my ears; there was no help, *insanum vatem aspiciet*—and down I went to receive him—him was the Duke of York. Behold my breeding of the old court; at the foot of the stairs I kneeled down, and kissed his hand. I beg your uncle Algernon Sidney's pardon, but I could not let the second prince of the blood kiss my hand first. He was, as he always is, extremely good-humoured; and I, as I am not always, extremely respectful. He stayed two hours, nobody with him but Morrison; I showed him all my castle, the pictures of the Pretender's sons, and that type of the Reformation, Harry the Eighth's *measure*, moulded into a weight to the clock he gave Anne Boleyn—but observe my luck; he would have the *sanctum sanctorum* in the library opened: about a month ago I removed the MSS.[1] into another place—

Letter 712.—[1] Probably the MS. of the *Memoirs*.

all this is very well; but now for the consequences; what was I to do next? I have not been in a court these ten years; consequently have never kissed hands in the next reign. Could I let a Duke of York visit me, and never go to thank him? I know, if I was a great poet, I might be so brutal, and tell the world in rhyme that rudeness is virtue; or, if I was a Patriot, I might, after laughing at kings and princes for twenty years, catch at the first opening of favour and beg a place. In truth, I can do neither; yet I could not be shocking; I determined to go to Leicester House, and comforted myself that it was not much less meritorious to go there for nothing, than to stay quite away. Yet I believe I must make a pilgrimage to Saint Liberty of Geneva, before I am perfectly purified, especially as I am dipped even at St. James's. Lord Hertford, at my request, begged my Lady Yarmouth to get an order for my Lady Hervey to go through the park, and the Countess said so many civil things about me and my suit, and granted it so expeditiously, that I shall be forced to visit her, even before she lives here next door to my Lady Suffolk. My servants are transported; Harry expects to see me first minister like my father, and reckons upon a place in the Custom House. Louis, who drinks like a German, thinks himself qualified for a Page of the Back Stairs—but these are not all my troubles. As I never dress in summer, I had nothing upon earth but a frock, unless I went in black, like a poet, and pretended that a cousin was dead, one of the Muses. Then I was in panics lest I should call my Lord Bute, 'your Royal Highness.' I was not indeed in much pain at the conjectures the Duke of Newcastle would make on such an apparition, even if he should suspect that a new opposition was on foot, and that I was to write some letters to the Whigs[2].

[2] Horace Walpole had written *Letters to the Whigs* in the years 1747 and 1748.

Well! but after all, do you know that my calamity has not befallen me yet? I could not determine to bounce over head and ears into the Drawing-room at once, without one soul knowing why I came thither. I went to London on Saturday night, and Lord Hertford was to carry me the next morning; in the meantime I wrote to Morrison, explaining my gratitude to one brother, and my unacquaintance with t'other, and how afraid I was that it would be thought officious and forward if I was presented now, and begging he would advise me what to do, and all this upon my bended knee, as if Schutz had stood over me, and dictated every syllable. The answer was by order from the Duke of York, that he smiled at my distress, wished to put me to no inconvenience, but desired, that as the acquaintance had begun without restraint, it might continue without ceremony—now I was in more perplexity than ever! I could not go directly, and yet it was not fit it should be said I thought it an *inconvenience* to wait on the Prince of Wales. At present it is decided by a jury of court matrons, that is, courtiers, that I must write to my Lord Bute and explain the whole, and why I desire to come now—don't fear; I will take care they shall understand how little I come for. In the meantime, you see it is my fault if I am not a favourite—but, alas! I am not heavy enough to be tossed in a blanket, like Dodington; I should never come down again; I cannot be driven in a royal curricle to wells and waters; I can't make love now to my cotemporary Charlotte Dives; I cannot quit Mufti and my perroquet for Sir William Irby[3] and the prattle of a Drawing-room, nor Mrs. Clive for Ælia Lælia Chudleigh;—in short, I could give up nothing but an earldom of Eglington—and yet I foresee, that this phantom of the reversion of a reversion will make me plagued;

[3] Vice-Chamberlain to the Princess Dowager of Wales.

I shall have Lord Egmont whisper me again; and every tall woman and strong man that comes to town will make interest with me to get the Duke of York to come and see them. Oh! dreadful, dreadful! It is plain I never was a Patriot, for I don't find my virtue a bit staggered by this first glimpse of court sunshine.

Mr. Conway has pressed to command the new Quixotism on foot, and has been refused; I sing a very comfortable *Te Deum* for it. Kingsley[4], Crauford, and Keppel are the generals, and Commodore Keppel the admiral. The mob are sure of being pleased; they will get a conquest, or a court-martial. A very unpleasant thing has happened to the Keppels; the youngest brother, who had run in debt at Gibraltar, and was fetched away to be sent to Germany, gave them the slip at the first port they touched at in Spain, surrendered himself to the Spanish governor, has changed his religion, and sent for a whore, that had been taken from him at Gibraltar—*naturam expellas furcâ*—there's the true blood of Charles the Second sacrificing everything for popery and a bunter!

Lord Bolinbroke, on hearing the name of Lady Coventry at Newmarket, affected to burst into tears, and left the room, not to hide his crying, but his not crying.

Draper[5] has handsomely offered to go on the expedition, and goes. Ned Finch t'other day on the conquest of Montreal, wished the King joy of having lost no subjects, but those that perished in the *rabbits*. Fitzroy asked him if he thought they crossed the great American lakes in such

[4] Lieutenant-General William Kingsley (d. 1769).

[5] Lieutenant-Colonel William Draper (1721–1787), afterwards Lieutenant-General and K.B. He commanded at the capture of Manilla in 1762, and became Lieutenant-Governor of Minorca in 1779. In the latter capacity he quarrelled with General Murray, the Governor. After the capture of the island by the French in 1782, Murray was tried by court-martial on charges brought by Draper, but was acquitted on all but two trivial points, and Draper's conduct was severely censured by George III.

little boats as one goes in to Vauxhall? He replied, 'Yes, Mr. Pitt said the *rabbits*'—it was in the falls, the *rapids*.

I like Lord John[6] almost as well as Fred Montagu; and I like your letter better than Lord John: the application of Miss Falkener was charming. Good night.

Yours ever,
H. W.

P.S. If I had been told in June, that I should have the gout, and kiss hands before November, I don't think I should have given much credit to the prophet.

713. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Oct. 26, 1760.
I tell a lie, I am at Mr. Chute's.

Was ever so agreeable a man as King George the Second, to die the very day it was necessary to save me from a ridicule? I was to have kissed hands to-morrow—but you will not care a farthing about that now—so I must tell you all I know of departed majesty. He went to bed well last night; rose at six this morning as usual, looked, I suppose, if all his money was in his purse, and called for his chocolate. A little after seven, he went into the water-closet—the German *valet de chambre* heard a noise louder than royal wind, listened, heard something like a groan, ran in, and found the hero of Oudenarde and Dettingen on the floor, with a gash on his right temple, by falling against the corner of a bureau—he tried to speak, could not, and expired. Princess Emily was called, found him dead, and wrote to the Prince. I know not a syllable more, but am come to see and hear as much as I can. I fear you *will cry and roar all night*, but one could not

[6] Lord John Cavendish.

keep it from you. For my part, like a new courtier, I comfort myself, *considering what a gracious Prince comes next*[1]. Behold my luck; I wrote to Lord Bute, thrust in all the *unexpecteds*, *want of ambition*, *disinteresteds*, &c. that I could amass, gilded with as much duty, affection, zeal, &c. as possible. I received a very gracious and sensible answer, and was to have been presented to-morrow, and the talk of the few people that are in town for a week. Now I shall be lost in the crowd, shall be as well there as I desire to be, have done what was right, they know I want nothing, may be civil to me very cheaply, and I can go and see the puppet-show for this next month at my ease—but perhaps you will think all this a piece of art—to be sure, I have timed my court as luckily as possible, and contrived to be the last person in England that made interest with the successor—you see virtue and philosophy always prove to know the world and their own interest—however, I am not so abandoned a Patriot yet, as to desert my friends immediately—you shall hear now and then the events of this new reign—if I am not made Secretary of State—if I am, I shall certainly take care—to let you know it.

I had really begun to think that the lawyers for once talked sense, when they said the *King never dies*. He probably got his death, as he had liked to have done two years ago, by viewing the troops for the expedition from the wall of Kensington Garden. My Lady Suffolk told me about a month ago that he had often told her, speaking of the dampness of Kensington, that he would never die there. For my part, my man Harry will always be a favourite—he tells me all the amusing news; he first told me of the late Prince of Wales's death, and to-day of the King's.

Letter 713.—[1] 'Consid'ring what a *gracious Prince* was next.' (Pope, *Dialogue* I, 108.)

Thank you, Mr. Chute is as well as can be expected—in this national affliction. Sir Robert Brown[2] has left everything to my Lady, aye, everything, I believe, his very avarice.

Lord Huntingtower wrote to offer his father 8,000*l.* of Charlotte's fortune, if he would give them 1,000*l.* a year in present, and settle a jointure on her. The Earl returned this truly laconic, for being so unnatural, an answer: 'Lord Huntingtower, I answer your letter as soon as I receive it: I wish you joy: I hear your wife is very accomplished. Yours, Dysart.' I believe my Lady Huntingtower must contrive to make it convenient for *me*, that my Lord Dysart should die—and then he will. I expect to be a very respectable personage in time, and to have my tomb set forth, like the Lady Margaret Douglas's[3], that I had four earls to my nephews, though I never was one myself—Adieu! I must go govern the nation.

Yours ever,
H. W.

714. To the Earl of Strafford.

My dear Lord, Arlington Street, Oct. 26, 1760.

I beg your pardon for so long a silence in the late reign; I knew nothing worth telling you; and the great event of this morning you will certainly hear before it comes to you by so sober and regular a personage as the postman. The few circumstances known yet are, that the King went

[2] Sometime Consul at Venice. He died on Oct. 5, 1760.

[3] Lady Margaret Douglas, Countess of Lennox, daughter of Margaret Tudor, Queen Dowager of Scotland, by her second husband, Archibald Douglas, Earl of Angus. She died in 1577, and is buried in Westminster Abbey. A 'golden heart set with jewels, and ornamented with emblematic figures enamelled, and Scottish mottos; made by order of the Lady Margaret Douglas, mother of Henry, Lord Darnley, in memory of her husband, Matthew Stuart, Earl of Lennox and Regent of Scotland, murdered by the Papists,' was formerly in possession of Horace Walpole, and is now in the collection of his Majesty.

well to bed last night; rose well at six this morning; went to the water-closet a little after seven; had a fit, fell against a bureau, and gashed his right temple: the *valet de chambre* heard a noise and a groan, and ran in: the King tried to speak, but died instantly. I should hope this would draw you southward: such scenes are worth looking at, even by people who regard them with such indifference as your Lordship or I. I say no more, for what will mix in a letter with the death of a king!

I am my Lady's and your Lordship's most faithful servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

715. To GEORGE MONTAGU.

Arlington Street, Tuesday, Oct. 28 [1760].

THE day after I had writ to you last, I perceived that I had misdated my letter the 26th instead of the 25th, and that instead of the water-closet I should have said coming from the water-closet. In the relation of the death of a king these are important circumstances; pray correct them—Harry would call me an historian of no veracity[1].

The new reign dates with great propriety and decency. The civilest letter to Princess Emily, the greatest kindness to the Duke; the utmost respect to the dead body. No changes to be made but those absolutely necessary, as the Household, &c., and what some will think the most unnecessary, in the representative of power. There are but two new cabinet counsellors named, the Duke of York and Lord Bute, so it must be one of them. The Princess does not remove to St. James's, so I don't believe it will be she. To-day England kissed hands; so did I, and it is more comfortable to kiss hands with all England, than

LETTER 715.—[1] This paragraph is almost obliterated with ink in the original, by a later hand.

to have all England ask why one kisses hands—well! my virtue is safe; I had a gracious reception, and yet I am almost as impatient to return to Strawberry, as I was to leave it on the news. There is great dignity and grace in the King's manner—I don't say this, like my dear Madame de Sévigné, because he was civil to me[2]; but the part is well acted. If they do as well behind the scenes, as upon the stage, it will be a very complete reign. Hollingshed or Baker would think it begins well, that is, begins ill; it has rained without intermission, and yesterday there came a cargo of bad news, all which, you know, are similar omens to a man who writes history upon the information of the clouds. Berlin is taken by the Russians[3]; the Hereditary Prince beaten by the French[4]. Poor Lord Downe has three wounds. He and your brother's Billy Pitt[5] are prisoners. Johnny Waldegrave was shot through the hat and through the coat, and would have been shot through the body, if he had had any. Irish Johnson is wounded in the hand, Ned Harvey[6] somewhere, and Prince Ferdinand mortally in his reputation, for sending this wild detachment. Mr. Pitt has another reign to set to rights. The Duke of Cumberland has taken Lord Sandwich's in Pall Mall; Lord Chesterfield has offered his house to Princess Emily—and if they live at Hampton Court, as I suppose this court will, I may as well offer Strawberry for a royal nursery, for at best it will become a cakehouse; 'tis such a convenient airing for the Maids of Honour! If I was not forced in

[2] Having been treated with extreme graciousness on going to court at Versailles, she wrote, 'Le roi est le plus grand roi du monde.'

[3] The allied Austrian and Russian armies occupied Berlin from Oct. 9–13, 1760.

[4] At Kloster Kampen, in Rhenish Prussia, where on Oct. 16, 1760, a detachment under the Hereditary Prince was defeated in an attempt to surprise the French under De Castries.

[5] Lieutenant-Colonel William Augustus Pitt (1728–1809), fourth son of George Pitt, of Strathfieldsaye, Hampshire, and brother of George Pitt, afterwards Lord Rivers; K.B., 1792; General, 1793; Governor of Portsmouth, 1794–1809.

[6] Lieutenant-Colonel Edward Harvey.

conscience to own to you that my own curiosity is exhausted, I would ask you, if you would not come and look at this new world;—but a new world only reacted by old players is not much worth seeing; I shall return on Saturday. The Parliament is prorogued till the day it was to have met; the will is not opened—what can I tell you more? Would it be news that all is hopes and fears, and that great lords look as if they dreaded wanting bread? Would this be news? believe me, it all grows stale soon—I had not seen such a sight these three-and-thirty years: I came eagerly to town; I laughed for three days, I am tired already. Good night!

Yours ever,
H. W.

P.S. I smiled to myself last night. Out of excess of attention, which costs me nothing, when I mean it should cost nobody else anything, I went last night to Kensington to inquire after Princess Emily and Lady Yarmouth: nobody knew me; they asked my name—when they heard it, they did not seem ever to have heard it before, even in that house. I waited half an hour in a lodge with a footman of Lady Yarmouth's; I would not have waited so long in her room a week ago—now it only diverted me. Even moralizing is entertaining, when one laughs at the same time; but I pity those who don't moralize till they cry!

716. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Oct. 28, 1760.

The deaths of kings travel so much faster than any post, that I cannot expect to tell you news, when I say your old master is dead. But I can pretty well tell you what I like best to be able to say to you on this occasion, that

you are in no danger. Change will scarce reach to Florence when its hand is checked even in the capital. But I will move a little regularly, and then you will form your judgement more easily.

This is Tuesday; on Friday night the King went to bed in perfect health, and rose so the next morning at his usual hour of six; he called for and drank his chocolate. At seven, for everything with him was exact and periodic, he went into the closet to dismiss his chocolate. Coming from thence, his *valet de chambre* heard a noise; waited a moment, and heard something like a groan. He ran in, and in a small room between the closet and bedchamber he found the King on the floor, who had cut the right side of his face against the edge of a bureau, and who after a gasp expired. Lady Yarmouth was called, and sent for Princess Amelia; but they only told the latter that the King was ill and wanted her. She had been confined some days with a rheumatism, but hurried down, ran into the room without farther notice, and saw her father extended on the bed. She is very purblind, and more than a little deaf. They had not closed his eyes; she bent down close to his face, and concluded he spoke to her, though she could not hear him—guess what a shock when she found the truth. She wrote to the Prince of Wales—but so had one of the *valets de chambre* first. He came to town, and saw the Duke and the Privy Council. He was extremely kind to the first—and in general has behaved with the greatest propriety, dignity, and decency. He read his speech to the Council with much grace, and dismissed the guards on himself to wait on his grandfather's body. It is intimated that he means to employ the same ministers, but with reserve to himself of more authority than has lately been in fashion. The Duke of York and Lord Bute are named of the cabinet council. The late King's will is not yet opened. To-day

everybody kissed hands at Leicester House, and this week, I believe, the King will go to St. James's. The body has been opened; the great ventricle of the heart had burst. What an enviable death! In the greatest period of the glory of this country, and of his reign, in perfect tranquillity at home, at seventy-seven, growing blind and deaf, to die without a pang, before any reverse of fortune, or any distasted peace, nay, but two days before a ship-load of bad news: could he have chosen such another moment? The news is bad indeed! Berlin taken by capitulation, and yet the Austrians behaved so savagely that even Russians felt delicacy, were shocked, and checked them! Nearer home, the Hereditary Prince has been much beaten by Monsieur de Castries[1], and forced to raise the siege of Wesel, whither Prince Ferdinand had sent him most unadvisedly: we have scarce an officer unwounded. The secret expedition will now, I conclude, sail, to give an *éclat* to the new reign. Lord Albemarle does not command it, as I told you, nor Mr. Conway, though both applied.

Nothing is settled about the Parliament; not even the necessary changes in the Household. Committees of council are regulating the mourning and the funeral. The town, which between armies, militia, and approaching elections, was likely to be a desert all the winter, is filled in a minute, but everything is in the deepest tranquillity. People stare; the only expression. The moment anything is declared, one shall not perceive the novelty of the reign. A nation without parties is soon a nation without curiosity. You may now judge how little your situation is likely to be affected. I finish; I think I feel ashamed of tapping the events of a new reign, of which probably I shall not see half. If I was not unwilling to balk your curiosity,

LETTER 716. — [1] Charles Eugène Gabriel de la Croix (1727–1801), Marquis de Castries; Maréchal de France, 1783.

I should break my pen, as the great officers do their white wands, over the grave of the old King. Adieu!

P.S. I think this will be a lucky event for the sale of Stosch's cabinet.

717. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Oct. 31, 1760.

When you have changed the cipher of George the Second into that of George the Third, and have read the addresses, and have shifted a few Lords and Grooms of the Bedchamber, you are master of the history of the new reign, which is indeed but a new lease of the old one. The *favourite*[1] took it up in a high style, but having, like my Lord Granville, forgot to ensure either House of Parliament, or the mob, the third House of Parliament, he drove all the rest to unite. They have united, and have notified their resolution of governing as before. Not but the Duke of Newcastle cried for his old master, desponded for himself, protested he would retire, consulted everybody whose interest it was to advise him to stay, and has accepted to-day, thrusting the dregs of his ridiculous life into a young court, which will at least be saved from the imputation of childishness, by being governed by folly of seventy years' growth.

The young King has all the appearance of being amiable. There is great grace to temper much dignity and extreme good-nature, which breaks out on all occasions. He has shown neither inveteracy nor malice—in short we must have gained—he cannot be so unfeeling, so avaricious, or so German as his grandfather.

Even the Household is not settled yet. The greatest difficulty is the Master of the Horse[2]. Lord Huntingdon

Letter 717.—[1] Lord Bute.
[2] Lord Huntingdon became Master of the Horse.

is so by all precedent. Lord Gower, I believe, will be so, by that liberty of unreasonableness which the Duke of Bedford assumes, as heir of my Lord Russel. Poor Lord Rochford[3] is undone: nobody is unreasonable to save him.

The Duke of Cumberland has taken Schomberg House in Pall Mall; Princess Emily is dealing for Sir Richard Lyttelton's in Cavendish Square. People imagined the Duke of Devonshire had lent her Burlington House; I don't know why, unless they supposed that she was to succeed my Lady Burlington in *everything*.

A week has finished my curiosity fully; I return to Strawberry to-morrow; and I fear go next week to Houghton, to make an appearance of civility to Lynn, whose favour I never asked, nor care if I have or not; but I don't know how to refuse this attention to my Lord Orford, who begs it.

I trust you will have approved my behaviour at court, that is, my mixing extreme politeness with extreme indifference. Our predecessors, the philosophers of ancient days, knew not how to be disinterested without brutality; I pique myself on founding a new sect. My followers are to tell kings, with excess of attention, that they don't want them, and to despise favour with more good breeding than others practise in suing for it. We are a thousand times a greater nation than the Grecians; why are we to imitate them? Our sense is as great, our follies greater; sure we have all the pretensions to superiority! Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. W.

P.S. As to the fair widow Brown, I assure you the devil never sowed 200,000*l.* in a more fruitful soil: every guinea has taken root already. I saw her yesterday: it shall be some time before I see her again.

[3] He had been Groom of the Stole to George II.

718. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Nov. 1, 1760.

As I suppose your curiosity about the new reign is not lessened by being at such a distance, I am, you see, prompt in satisfying it, and I can do it in few words. It set out with great show of alteration; it soon settled into the old channel. The favourite appeared sole minister for a day or two. The old ministers agreed to continue as they were; and though the Duke of Newcastle attempted to pretend to have a mind of retiring, he soon recollected that he had no such inclination. Mr. Pitt on Thursday acquainted the King that he was content to manage the war, and wished to act in other things as he had done under the Duke of Newcastle in the late reign: the City have expressed the same advice; the Duke signified his acquiescence yesterday: and thus only the superficies of the Drawing-room is altered, not the government. The Household will probably not be settled till after the burial. The young King, you may trust me, who am not apt to be enamoured with royalty, gives all the indication imaginable of being amiable. His person is tall, and full of dignity; his countenance florid and good-natured; his manner is graceful and obliging: he expresses no warmth nor resentment against anybody; at most, coldness. To the Duke of Cumberland he has shown even a delicacy of attention. He told him he intended to introduce a new custom into his family, that of living well with all his family; and he would not permit anybody but the Princess to be named in the prayers, because the Duke of Cumberland must have been put back for the Duke of York. This is a nature that your own is suited to represent; you will now act in character.

I will tell you something,—the King loves medals; if you ever meet with anything very curious in that way, I should think you would make your court agreeably by sending it to him. I imagine his taste goes to antiques too, perhaps to pictures, but that I have not heard. If you learn that any purchases may be made in either kind, and that are beyond your own purse, you may acquaint him through the Secretary of State. I should like to have you make yourself necessary to him in his pleasures, as they are so reputable.

The Lord Mayor laid the first stone of the new bridge[1] yesterday. There is an inscription on it in honour of Mr. Pitt, which has a very Roman air, though very unclassically expressed[2]; they talk of the contagion of his public spirit. I believe they had not got rid of their panic about mad dogs.

The King's will was opened last night. He has given fifty thousand pounds between the Duke, Princess Amelie, and the Princess of Hesse[3]. The Duke, it is said, has relinquished his share. The interest of the whole is to be paid to the two Princesses for their lives, and the survivor is to have the principal. A strong box, containing about ten thousand pounds, is left to Lady Yarmouth. But there is besides an unrevoked deed, dated soon after the battle of Culloden, by which he has given the greatest part of his jewels, which are very fine, to the Duke, and about an hundred and fourscore thousand pounds. Unluckily, the chief part of this sum is upon mortgages in Germany; consequently, German and French armies are executors. What more was laid out thus, or remains, I know not—I cannot believe in this apparent poverty. It is pretended

LETTER 718.—[1] Blackfriars Bridge.

[2] The inscription was exceedingly ridiculed, particularly in a pamphlet written on purpose. *Walpole.*—For the inscription, see *Ann. Reg.* 1760, p. 143.

[3] Mary, the King's fourth daughter. *Walpole.*

that the present war exhausted all his savings[4]; I was going to say, *credat Judaeus*—but a Jew is the last man alive who would believe so.

I have just received yours of October 20, and thank you for supplying my seeming defect about Mr. Morris; but I assure you I had writ about him; the letter, I fear, miscarried; perhaps it was in that that I troubled you for a pattern of brocadella, which you have never mentioned. These are the dates of my letters of this year: Jan. 19; Feb. 6, 29; March 4, 26; April 20; May 9, 25; June 20; July 7; August 2; September 1; Oct. 5, 28. Pray examine them and tell me if any are wanting.

Don't say I have not announced to you the Duchess of Hamilton, and her husband General Campbell, Lady Ailesbury's brother. I have mentioned them to you already. They set out this week. I think the Duchess will not answer your expectation. She never was so handsome as Lady Coventry, and now is a skeleton. It is hard upon a standard beauty, when she travels in a deep consumption. Poor Lady Coventry concluded her short race with the same attention to her looks. She lay constantly on a couch, with a pocket-glass in her hand; and when that told her how great the change was, she took to her bed the last fortnight, had no light in her room but the lamp of a tea-kettle, and at last took things in through the curtains

[4] 'Mr. Onslow, the Speaker, showed me a remarkable paper, which had been brought to him at the King's command, in the year 1758, by Baron Munchausen, with whom Mr. Onslow had no acquaintance. In that memorandum the King declared that he had then expended on the war 2,500,000*l.*, the savings of thirty years; that he had borrowed above 200,000*l.* here in England, as much more in Germany, and that the Hanoverian chancery of war owed 200,000 rix-dollars. "The King," concluded the paper, "can do no more himself towards the war." If he did more in the two following years, and it has never been pretended that he stopped his hand in 1758, his remaining ability to go on induces a suspicion that there was as little exactness observed in stating the rest of the account. On the envelope of Munchausen's paper Mr. Onslow had written, "I could send no answer to this."' (*Memoirs of George II*, ed. 1822, vol. ii. pp. 457–8.)

of her bed, without suffering them to be undrawn. The mob, who never quitted curiosity about her, went, to the number of ten thousand, only to see her coffin. If she had lived to ninety like Helen, I believe they would have thought that her wrinkles deserved an epic poem. Poor thing! how far from ninety! she was not eight-and-twenty! Adieu!

719. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Nov. 4, 1760.

I am not gone to Houghton, you see; my Lord Orford is come to town, and I have persuaded him to stay and perform decencies.

King George the Second is dead richer than Sir Robert Brown, though perhaps not so rich as my Lord Hardwicke. He has left fifty thousand pounds between the Duke, Emily, and Mary; the Duke has given up his share. To Lady Yarmouth a cabinet, with the contents; they call it eleven thousand pounds. By a German deed, he gives the Duke to the value of 180,000*l.*, placed on mortgages, not immediately recoverable. He had once given him twice as much more; then revoked it, and at last excused the revocation, on the pretence of the expenses of the war; but owns he was the best son that ever lived, and had never offended him—a pretty strong comment on the affair of Closter-seven! He gives him besides all his jewels in England—but had removed all the best to Hanover, which he makes crown jewels, and his successor residuary legatee. The Duke, too, has some uncounted cabinets. My Lady Suffolk has given me a particular of his jewels, which plainly amount to 150,000*l.* It happened oddly to my Lady Suffolk. Two days before he died, she went to make a visit at Kensington, not knowing of the review; she found herself hemmed in by coaches, and was close to him, whom

she had not seen for so many years, and to my Lady Yarmouth; but they did not know her. It struck her, and has made her very sensible to his death.

The changes hang back. Nothing material has been altered yet. Ned Finch, the only thing my Lady Yarmouth told the new King she had to ask for, is made Surveyor of the Roads, in the room of Sir Harry Erskine, who is to have an old regiment[1]. He excuses himself from seeing company, as favourite of the favourite. Arthur is removed from being Clerk of the Wine-cellar, a sacrifice to morality. The Archbishop[2] has such hopes of the young King, that he is never out of the circle. He trod upon the Duke's foot on Sunday, in the haste of his zeal; the Duke said to him, 'My Lord, if your Grace is in such a hurry to make your court, that is the way.' *Bons mots* come thicker than changes: Charles Townshend, receiving an account of the impression the King's death had made, was told Miss Chudleigh cried—'What,' said he, 'Oysters?' And last night, Mr. Dawnay[3] asking George Selwyn if Princess Amelia would have a guard? he replied, 'Now and then one, I suppose.'

An extraordinary event has happened to-day; George Townshend[4] sent a challenge to Lord Albemarle, desiring him to be with a second in the fields. Lord Albemarle took Colonel Crauford, and went to Marybone. George Townshend bespoke Lord Buckingham, who loves a secret too well not to tell it; he communicated it to Stanley, who went to St. James's, and acquainted Mr. Caswall, the

LETTER 719.—[1] The 67th Foot. He had been dismissed in the preceding reign for parliamentary opposition.

[2] Thomas Secker.

[3] Probably Hon. John Dawnay (1728–1781), only brother of third Viscount Downe, whom he succeeded in Dec. 1760.

[4] Townshend was persuaded that a pamphlet, commenting on his assumption of a principal part in the capture of Quebec, had been written at the instigation of the Duke of Cumberland. He therefore challenged Lord Albemarle, the Duke's favourite.

captain on guard. The latter took a hackney-coach, drove to Marybone, and saw one pair. After waiting ten minutes, the others came: Townshend made an apology to Lord Albemarle for making him wait—'Oh,' said he, 'men of spirit don't want apologies—come, let us begin what we came for'—at that instant, out steps Caswall from his coach, and begs their pardon, as his superior officers, but told them they were his prisoners; he desired Mr. Townshend and Lord Buckingham to return in their coach; he would carry back Lord Albemarle and Crauford in his. He did, and went to acquaint the King, who has commissioned some of the matrons of the army to examine the affair, and make it up. All this while, I don't know what the quarrel was—but they hated one another so much on the Duke's account, that a slight word would easily make their aversions boil over.

Don't you, nor even your general, come to town on this occasion? Good night!

Yours ever,
H. W.

720. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Nov. 13, 1760.

Even the honeymoon of a new reign don't produce events every day. There is nothing but the common toying of addresses and kissing hands. The chief difficulty is settled; Lord Gower yields the Mastership of the Horse to Lord Huntingdon, and removes to the Great Wardrobe, from whence Sir Thomas Robinson was to have gone into Ellis's place, but he is saved, and Sir Thomas remains as lumber not yet disposed of. The City, however, have a mind to be out of humour; a paper has been fixed on the Royal Exchange, with these words, 'No petticoat Government, no Scotch minister, no Lord George Sackville.' Two hints

totally unfounded, and the other scarce true. No petticoat ever governed less; it is left at Leicester House; Lord George's breeches are as little concerned; and, except Lady Susan Stuart[1] and Sir Harry Erskine, nothing has yet been done for any Scots. For the King himself, he seems all good-nature, and wishing to satisfy everybody. All his speeches are obliging. I saw him again yesterday, and was surprised to find the levee-room had lost so entirely the air of the lion's den. This young man don't stand in one spot, with his eyes fixed royally on the ground, and dropping bits of German news; he walks about, and speaks to everybody. I saw him afterwards on the throne, where he is graceful and genteel, sits with dignity, and reads his answers to addresses well. It was the Cambridge address, carried by the Duke of Newcastle in his Doctor's gown, and looking like the *Médecin malgré lui*. He had been vehemently solicitous for attendance, for fear my Lord Westmorland, who vouchsafes himself to bring the address from Oxford, should outnumber him. Lord Litchfield and several other Jacobites have kissed hands; George Selwyn says they go to St. James's, because now there are so many *Stuarts* there.

Do you know, I had the curiosity to go to the burying t'other night; I had never seen a royal funeral; nay, I walked as a rag of quality, which I found would be, and so it was, the easiest way of seeing it. It is absolutely a noble sight. The Prince's Chamber[2], hung with purple, and a quantity of silver lamps, the coffin under a canopy of purple velvet, and six vast chandeliers of silver on high stands, had a very good effect. The Ambassador from Tripoli and

Letter 720.—[1] Lady Susan Stuart (d. 1805), daughter of sixth Earl of Galloway; m (1768), as his third wife, Granville Leveson-Gower, second Earl Gower, cr. Marquis of Stafford in 1786. She was appointed Lady-in-Waiting to the Princess Augusta.

[2] Near the House of Peers.

his son were carried to see that chamber. The procession through a line of foot-guards, every seventh man bearing a torch, the horse-guards lining the outside, their officers with drawn sabres and crape sashes on horseback, the drums muffled, the fifes, bells tolling, and minute guns, all this was very solemn. But the charm was the entrance of the Abbey, where we were received by the Dean and Chapter in rich copes, the choir and almsmen all bearing torches; the whole Abbey so illuminated, that one saw it to greater advantage than by day; the tombs, long aisles, and fretted roof, all appearing distinctly, and with the happiest chiaroscuro. There wanted nothing but incense, and little chapels here and there, with priests saying mass for the repose of the defunct—yet one could not complain of its not being catholic enough. I had been in dread of being coupled with some boy of ten years old—but the heralds were not very accurate, and I walked with George Grenville, taller and older enough to keep me in countenance. When we came to the chapel of Henry the Seventh, all solemnity and decorum ceased—no order was observed, people set or stood where they could or would, the yeomen of the guard were crying out for help, oppressed by the immense weight of the coffin, the Bishop read sadly, and blundered in the prayers, the fine chapter, *Man that is born of a woman*, was chanted, not read, and the anthem, besides being unmeasurably tedious, would have served as well for a nuptial. The real serious part was the figure of the Duke of Cumberland, heightened by a thousand melancholy circumstances. He had a dark brown adonis[3], and a cloak of black cloth, with a train of five yards. Attending the funeral of a father, how little reason so ever he had to love him, could not be pleasant. His leg extremely bad, yet forced to stand upon it near two hours, his face bloated and

[3] An 'adonis' wig.

distorted with his late paralytic stroke, which has affected, too, one of his eyes, and placed over the mouth of the vault, into which, in all probability, he must himself so soon descend—think how unpleasant a situation! He bore it all with a firm and unaffected countenance. This grave scene was fully contrasted by the burlesque Duke of Newcastle. He fell into a fit of crying the moment he came into the chapel, and flung himself back in a stall, the Archbishop hovering over him with a smelling-bottle—but in two minutes his curiosity got the better of his hypocrisy, and he ran about the chapel with his glass to spy who was or was not there, spying with one hand, and mopping his eyes with t'other. Then returned the fear of catching cold, and the Duke of Cumberland, who was sinking with heat, felt himself weighed down, and turning round, found it was the Duke of Newcastle standing upon his train to avoid the chill of the marble. It was very theatric to look down into the vault, where the coffin lay, attended by mourners with lights. Clavering[4], the Groom of the Bedchamber, refused to sit up with the body, and was dismissed by the King's order.

I have nothing more to tell you, but a trifle, a very trifle—the King of Prussia has totally defeated Marshal Daun[5]. This, which would have been prodigious news a month ago, is nothing to-day; it only takes its turn among the questions, 'Who is to be Groom of the Bedchamber?' 'What is Sir T. Robinson to have?' I have been to Leicester Fields to-day; the crowd was immoderate; I don't believe it will continue so. Good night.

Yours ever,

H. W.

[4] John Clavering, d. 1762.
[5] At Torgau in Saxony, on Nov. 3, 1760.

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